

# MUSEUM

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MARCH, 1830.

### OLIVER CROMWELL SUPPRESSING THE MUTINY IN THE ARMY.

(With an Engraving by Ellis, from a painting by Smirk.)

CROMWELL, being now entirely master of the parliament, and free from all anxiety, with regard to the custody of the king's person, applied himself seriously to quell those disorders in the army, which he himself had so artfully raised, and so successfully employed, against both king and parliament. In order to engage the troops into a rebellion against their masters, he had encouraged an arrogant spirit among the inferior officers and private men; and the camp, in many respects, carried more the appearance of civil liberty, than of military obedience. The troops, themselves, were formed into a kind of republic; and the plans of imaginary republics, for the settlement of the state, were every day the topics of conversation, among these armed legislators. Royalty it was agreed to abolish: nobility must be set aside: even all ranks of men be levelled; and an universal equality of property, as well as of power, be introduced among the citizens. The saints, they said, were the salt of the earth: an entire parity had place among the elect: and, by the same rule, that the apostles were exalted from the most ignoble professions, the meanest sentinel, if enlightened by the spirit, was entitled to equal regard with the greatest commander. In order to wean the soldiers from these licentious maxims, Cromwell had issued orders for discontinuing the meetings of the agitators; and he pretended to pay entire obedience to the parliament, whom, being now fully reduced to subjection, he purposed to make, for the future, the instruments of his authority. But the *Levellers*, for so that party in the army was called, having experienced the sweets of dominion, would not so easily be deprived of it. They secretly continued their meetings: they asserted, that their officers, as much as any part of the church or state, needed reformation: several regiments joined in seditious remonstrances and petitions. Separate rendezvous were concerted: and every thing tended to anarchy and confusion. But this distemper was soon cured by the rough, but dexterous hand of Cromwell. He chose the opportunity of a review, that he might display the greater boldness, and spread the terror wider. He seized the ringleaders, before their compa-

nions: held, in the field, a council of war: shot one mutineer instantly: and struck such dread into the rest, that they presently threw down the symbols of sedition, which they had displayed, and thenceforth returned to their wonted discipline and obedience.—*Hume.*

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

### THE GREEK REVOLUTION AND EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.\*

THE war of the Greeks against the Turks has nearly rivalled in duration their famous war against Troy, and has terminated, we trust, in a similar manner, by their final triumph over Asiatic barbarians. The prize which of late they had undertaken to recover, was not, as of old, a ravished beauty, but plundered freedom; and the result of the contest has been, not the sack of a city or the extinction of a people, but the establishment of national independence and enlightened institutions. Meanwhile, the character of the warfare and of the combatants, the wild atrocities which have distinguished the struggle, and the disasters which have left their traces at its close, are not very different in the two distant periods. Of the brave men who began the Greek contest, though fighting on their own soil, probably as small a proportion remain to celebrate its conclusion, as those who occupied the fleet which is said to have returned from the Asiatic shore some three thousand years ago.†

- \* 1. *Histoire de la Revolution Grecque*; par M. Alexandre Soutzo. Paris. 1829. 8vo.
- 2. *Histoire du Siège de Missolonghi*; par Auguste Fabre. Paris. 1829. 8vo.
- 3. *Mémoires sur la Grèce, &c.*, par Maxime Raybaud. Paris. 1825. 2 vols. 8vo.
- 4. *Mémoires Historiques et Militaires sur les Evénements de la Grèce*; par Jourdain. Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.
- 5. *Histoire des Evénements de la Grèce, &c.*; par M. C. D. Raffenel. Paris. 1822, 1824, et 1825. 3 vols. 8vo.
- 6. *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce*, par F. C. H. L. Pouqueville. Paris. 1824. 4 vols. 8vo.

† It has been calculated that more than 100,000 Greeks have perished in this struggle by battle, by massacre and by famine.

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It has been too much the habit in this country, of late, to represent the Greek question as devoid of political importance, and the Greek people as unworthy of national sympathy—to censure the Treaty of Intervention as the sacrifice of British interests to classical recollections, and to ridicule the friends of Greek independence as visionaries or pedants, influenced by the dreams of a college or the fashions of a coterie. Nothing, we think, can be more mischievous than such representations—nothing more misplaced than such ridicule. From a concatenation of events, which may be regarded nearly as necessary in all its links, it was easy to foresee, after the first year of the Greek insurrection, and nearly impossible not to acknowledge subsequently, that the Greek question was destined, till its final settlement, to become the pivot on which European policy was to turn. It was easy to see that Russia, by making the Greek struggle and the interests of the Greek people the constant object of her vigilance—the standing pretext for her interference, as she had attempted to do without the same motives, for the last fifty or sixty years—would confer upon it in the end a real or factitious importance. But the long and sanguinary conflict of a Christian people, against the forces of an infidel empire—destitute of the resources of civilization, and ready to crumble to pieces by the inherent vices of its frame, but making up for its want of real power by devastations and massacres, was calculated not to interest their co-religionists of Russia alone—it irresistibly engaged the sympathies of the whole Christian world. The success or failure of this persecuted people was to unsettle or to fix, for a long time, the line of demarcation for Asiatic conquest, which had been arrested in its progress westward by the ancestors of this same people, more than two thousand years ago, and which, when afterwards reinforced by a fiercer fanaticism, or opposed by a feebleness barrier, had swept over Greece and been repelled only from the ramparts of Germany. The establishment of Greek independence was to rescue another portion of Europe from its unchangeable barbarism—to drive it back to its more appropriate haunts, or to compel it to adopt the laws of good neighbourhood. The contest was not one between two bordering nations, acting under similar moral or political influences, or between different classes of the same nation, contending for political superiority or equal rights—but between two races, who residing in the same country, for centuries as oppressors and slaves, had never approximated more than ravenous animals and their prey in the same forest—between two religions, the one of which makes it a sacred duty to exterminate the professors of the other—between two marked stages of civilization, or at least between a capacity and an incapacity for civilization—in short, between barbarism on the one hand, created by oppression and aspiring at improvement, and, on the other, that barbarism which is preserved in civil and religious institutions, and which cannot be eradicated without changing the whole essence and structure of society. Another consideration could not fail to strike even

common humanity, divested of all regard for political freedom. The perseverance of the Greeks in resisting their tyrants for years, without almost an example of treachery or a proposal of submission—their declared determination never to return under their former yoke, proved by an unrelaxed hatred of their masters, and by sacrifices unknown in other conflicts—and, on the other hand, the fixed resolution of the Turks to consider the Greeks, if reconquered, not as insurgent subjects, but contumacious slaves—these circumstances, we say, afford sufficient evidence that no alternative remained for the former but independence or extermination. To massacre or to successful resistance, indeed, they seem to have made up their minds. Hence, when conquered, they never expected clemency—hence the population of whole towns, villages, or districts of country, fled to the caves, the forests, or the mountains, on the approach of an irresistible Mussulman force—hence each and all preferred the chances of an unsuccessful resistance, to the certain consequences of inactive submission—hence they had reached that state of mind where fear had ceased to act—*nam timor eventus deterioris abest*.

In such circumstances could even the most cold-blooded politician in Christian Europe—which has so laudably interfered to put a stop to the African slave trade—witness with indifference the extermination of a whole Christian people, like the inhabitants of Chios or Ipsara in the first years of the present war, or like 50,000 of the Moreots, in consequence of their unsuccessful insurrection at a former period? These are surely grounds for sympathy and interest in the Greek cause, independent of chivalry or the classics—of the influence of ancient names or the magic of Philhellenic anticipation. At the same time we must confess that we see no reason why we should be so fastidious on these points; why we should so strenuously resist the imputation of literary gratitude, to screen political indifference; why we should be so ashamed of testifying a little more regard to the Greeks than to any other people in similar circumstances of oppression, from the remembrance of the magnificent legacy, of knowledge, arts, and civilization, which their ancestors bequeathed us; though they themselves, alas! share so scantily in their paternal inheritance—and why we should be so rigorous in drawing the line of separation between the immortal people of ancient Greece and their unfortunate descendants; who, though debased by centuries of slavery, speak the same language, evince the same quickness of intellect, and display the same capabilities of improvement. What gives a value to the discoveries of HERCULANEUM and POMPEII beyond the trade price of the marble or the bronze which has been dug from their ruins, but the recollections of antiquity with which they are associated? And, shall we prize more the exhumation of a ruined city, than the resurrection of a fallen people?

The Greek revolution began at a period of general revolutionary agitation in the south of Europe. The year 1820, which preceded them, may be called the peculiar era of insurrections—the *annus mirabilis* of political

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changes. The standard of popular revolt against real or alleged abuses of government had been raised from the Pillars of Hercules, and beyond them, to the eastern shores of Sicily and Calabria; and in 1821 waved over the four kingdoms of the Spanish and Italian peninsulas. But the Greeks stood in a relation to their Turkish masters very different from that of any other European people to their Christian rulers, and their revolt is therefore to be justified on different grounds. The Mussulman oppressors, against whom the Greeks took up arms, were tyrants of a different race from themselves, and living under a different set of institutions. They were invaders who had overrun their country without attempting to form any political union with them—and who, having gained the ascendancy by military violence, only kept them in bondage by brute force. The Turk had encamped in Greece, but could scarcely be said to have settled, as he continued to rest on his arms, among reluctant slaves ready to assert their freedom whenever he was thrown off his guard.

"Schiavi siamo", si, ma schiavi ognor frementi."

Every thing reminded the Greek that he was a degraded being, and that the brand of degradation could only be obliterated in blood. The vilest Turk might insult him—rob him—or even kill him—with a great chance of impunity, or at the risk of only a small retribution. He could not wear the same dress, paint his house with the same colours, carry the same arms, or even walk the street with the same air as his Mussulman oppressor. Neither his person nor property was protected by any law to which he could appeal on the violation of either; and his wife and children might, at any time, be dragged from his dwelling to pamper the luxurious indolence, or gratify the brutal lusts of a barbarian, who in the wantonness of uncontrolled power, or the pride of unapproachable superiority, mocked his misery and despised his resentment. Their blood thus went for nothing, their fortune was always liable to illegal plunder—they only retained their lives, and enjoyed the fruits of their labour by sufferance. When the Romans renewed the assertion of their dominion over their conquered provinces, they sent a prætor with the *fascies* and the ensigns of justice;\* when the Turks renewed their lease of provincial tyranny they sent a military ruffian with three horse-tails, accompanied by fresh gangs of assassins and plunderers. The terms on which the Greek *rayas* were allowed to keep their heads on their shoulders, permitted them the exercise of their religion; but their most solemn rites were treated with contumely, and a profane traffic was made of the places of their clergy. The inherent and incorrigible vices of the Turkish character—the intolerant fanaticism on which their institutions are

founded—the ignorance which their religious pride guarantees as their national inheritance—their treachery, which in treating with infidels, becomes a principle of action—their total insensibility to moral considerations, and their recklessness of human blood, all tended to aggravate the pressure of a yoke, which nothing but military force could have kept so long on the necks of the Greek people.

It would be almost superfluous to enter into any course of reasoning to prove that a nation in such a state of oppression can owe no allegiance to their tyrants, and that they can break no moral obligation by attempting to assert their freedom.

We shall now proceed to give a short notice of the different works whose titles stand at the head of this article, after which, passing rapidly over the history of the successful efforts of the Greeks during the first years of their struggle, and their subsequent deplorable reverses, before the interference of the great powers of Europe in their favour, we shall proceed to detail at greater length what has been done for them, or in their names, by diplomacy or arms, since that interference. Had our limits allowed us, we should have willingly given a more copious summary of the events of the first period;\* as it is, we can only refer the reader, who may be desirous of more ample information, to the books before us. And we venture to hope, that the interest which is attached at this moment to the fate of Greece, and the importance of the information now given—much of which is new to the world—will sufficiently justify us to our readers, for the length of our details on the latter period.

I. The first of these works is by a Greek, Alexander Soutzo, who professes to have been an eye witness of the scenes which he describes, but whose connexion with them we have been unable to trace in the pages of any contemporary author. As his brother, Demetrius Soutzo, to whose *manes* he formally dedicates his labours, was one of the four commanders of the Sacred Battalion which, under Prince Alexander Ipsilanti, raised the standard of revolt north of the Danube, (before the rising in the Morea,) and perished on the plains of Dragatson, he is likely to have obtained authentic information concerning the conduct and influence of the Society of the *Heteria*, whose agent the prince was, and of which this sacred corps was an emanation. The first chapter of his book, therefore, which gives an account of the primary formation, confidential agents, secret proceedings, and revolutionary plots of this association, cannot fail to be read with interest. His subsequent narrative of the events of the war in Greece; his portraits of the chiefs who figured on the theatre of battles or intrigue; and his descriptions of the local scenery of his country, are characterized by considerable vigour of conception, and conveyed in elegant and flowing language. We cannot say so much for his candour or impartiality as a historian. We can

\* "Cur in Syracusæ," says a speaker in Livy, "atque in alias Siciliæ Græcæ urbes prætores quotannis cum imperio et virgis et securibus mittitis? Nihil aliud profecto dicatis, quam armis superatis vos in has leges imposuisse."

\* A very clear and well written resumé of the principal events of the Greek war, from its commencement, is given in the North American Review, No. 64, for July last.

forgive a Greek, living among the Philhellenic coteries of Paris, for being more inclined to a French than an English alliance for his country, and we can even surrender to his historical vengeance the late Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, who seems to be regarded by the Greeks as the English Polyphemus, ready to devour them when they landed on his shores. But why does he speak so incessantly of British intrigue, and forget so uniformly what British intervention did for his country's cause? This history, beginning with the insurrection in Moldavia, closes with the intervention of the Allied Powers by the treaty of London.

The five other books, whose titles stand at the head of this article, are written by Frenchmen, who, of late, have taken a greater interest in Greek affairs than the people of this country, whose attachment to Greece and respect for Philhellenes seem never to have recovered the blow which they received by the explosion of the Greek loan and steam-boat affair.

2. The "History of the Siege of Missolonghi" must, in all future ages, be read with admiration, sympathy, and melancholy interest; and, we are ready to acknowledge, that M. Fabre, though not personally acquainted with the events which he describes, has given the narrative of the heroic efforts and harrowing privations of the Greek garrison with considerable spirit and effect.

3. The *Mémoires sur la Grèce*, by M. Raybaud, is, without exception, the best book which any of the French Philhellenes have published on the subject of the Greek revolution. M. Raybaud, who had been an officer in the French army immediately before the peace of 1814, was among the first of the military foreigners who proceeded to the Morea with an offer of his sword to the Greek patriots. He sailed from Marseilles with Prince Mavrocordato, on the 18th of July, 1821, on board a Hydriote vessel, which, besides the prince and our author, carried to the succour of the insurgents five other French officers, three Piedmontese, and about seventy Greeks, hastening from France, Germany, or Italy, to join their countrymen in their glorious struggle. Having landed in the Morea before the siege of Tripolitsa, he gives a detailed account of the operations which led to its surrender, as well as the other events of the first and second campaign. Nothing can be more interesting than the details with which we are thus furnished respecting the first great successes of the insurgents, and every one of his readers must regret that M. Raybaud's narrative should close with the end of 1822, leaving us for subsequent events to far less instructive and trustworthy guides.

4. M. Jourdain is, likewise, a French officer, (a captain in the navy,) who has given us "Historical and Military Memoirs on the Events of the Greek Revolution." He entered the service of Greece in the spring of 1822, a year later than his countryman above-mentioned. He was employed in a greater variety of affairs, and continues his narrative till the Treaty of Intervention. One portion of his book details facts known but to himself, because it describes his own proceedings in a mission with which he was intrusted to the

Congress of Verona, which he was not allowed to approach, and in a treaty which he concluded with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. As his account of this last affair is, according to the phrase of the newspapers, "exclusive," and, as the series of transactions which, with unsuspecting simplicity, he describes, forms one of the most amusing episodes in the annals of the Greek Revolution—an episode, besides, which cannot find a place elsewhere, as it had no more influence on the result of the piece, than the intrigue of the pious Æneas with Dido on the settlement of the Trojans in Italy—we shall make no apology for alluding to it here, in our short notice of his book.

The Greek government being repulsed, in the person of their agent, by the Holy Alliance, and being extremely in want of money, (as they were not favourites with Jews or Christians of the Stock Exchange, who never allow classical recollections to influence their contracts,) M. Jourdain looked about for a political and financial ally, and discovered the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This once illustrious corporation, which had scarcely been heard of in Europe for the last five-and-twenty years, and was supposed to be as extinct as the Saxon Heptarchy, could still, it would appear, gather together its office-bearers, make political treaties, effect cessions of territory, and deal with islands as lavishly as the Knight of La Mancha.

Without a fortress, or a field, or a foot of ground, or a gun, or a sailor, or a soldier, or a shilling, they offered their offensive and defensive alliance to the struggling commonwealth of Greece. This sovereign, religious, and hospitable order, with its chancellor, grand prior, and commander, met in capitulary assembly, not in the chapter-hall of one of its ancient castles, but in a garret in Paris, and agreed to nominate a plenipotentiary to treat with our author, the accredited envoy of the Greek government. A plenipotentiary with a great host of titles was accordingly appointed, who, having exchanged his full powers with the Greek representative, contracted on the 23d July, 1823, in the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, an offensive and defensive alliance with the upstart republic. "The Sovereign Order," entitled to its rank by eight centuries of glory, assumed the right of patronage, and in the first article of the treaty solemnly recognised "the independence of the Greek nation." The "high contracting parties" then declared, in the second article, an alliance offensive and defensive "against all infidel powers." In the sixth article they agreed to look out for islands, or to conquer territory, to furnish dominions to the party which was still unprovided with such an attribute of sovereignty. The Knights, on their part, generously consented to permit the free exercise of the Greek religion in the dominions which the Greeks might procure them, and even to admit these heretics of the Eastern Schism to the honour of knighthood in their Catholic association. In return for an engagement, on the part of the Greeks, to hand them over an island on which to plant their standard, the other "high contracting party" surrendered all its



claims on the peninsula of the Morea and the great island of Negropont, which the Order had not possessed for four hundred years. Nay, besides this generous cession and patronising recognition, the plenipotentiary of the Knights consented to assist the struggling republic with a subsidy of £160,000, to be advanced by separate instalments at different stages, in the execution of the treaty. But how was this subsidy to be got? Was it to be granted from the treasury of the Order? No! for they frankly acknowledged that they had no money. Was it to be obtained from any of the states of Europe? No! for none of these states would give them a farthing to assist the Order itself, far less to subsidize rebels. Was it to be got by a loan on the credit of the Order? No!—for obsolete titles, and musty records, are not considered as good securities on the stock-exchange. Still, however, the *hocus pocus* by which this money was to be conjured into the coffers of the Order was to be a loan, and nothing but a loan. In whose name and on what guarantee? Why, in the name and on the security of the Greeks themselves! In other words, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were to grant a subsidy to the Greeks out of the produce of a loan concluded by the Greeks—secured on the credit of the Greeks, and to be redeemed, if ever redeemed at all, out of the revenues of the Greek islands which the Greeks engaged to conquer for their patronising allies. The whole sum to be thus raised was to be 10,000,000 francs, or about 400,000*l.* sterling, out of which the Knights were to pocket the lion's share of 6,000,000 francs, leaving the remainder to the Greeks, who had procured the whole!

When this treaty was concluded, our author and diplomatic agent, M. Jourdain, set out to Greece with the result, accompanied by an ambassador from the "Capital Assembly" of the Order, appointed to arrange with the Greek government the details of measures consequent on the new alliance, and to survey the islands on which they were first to plant their banners. This gentleman carried with him, like other great plenipotentiaries, two sets of instructions, one very secret, and the other of course exhibitible on proper occasions. The former, which is now published, lets us into the mystery of the intended fraud, and discloses the opinion which the knaves entertained of each other. Their diplomatic agent is reminded, that "the Greeks being a cunning, clever, false, and faithless people," he must be on his guard against them. He is requested to hold up to admiration the grandeur of the "Order," and the benefits of its alliance, while he himself is desired to recollect that they have neither money, nor credit, nor territory, nor ships, nor knights, nor soldiers, nor sailors!

But this was not the only envoy, whom the "Order" employed in consequence of the favourable state of their affairs, created by their new connexion. Impatient to realize alone the advantages of a partnership so dishonest, they despatched another plenipotentiary to London to conclude a bargain for themselves, by which they might cheat, not only the English loan-contractors, but their Greek allies.

The whole project was, however, blown up after the publication of a prospectus, and a list of subscribers to the loan; which in the new London edition of the treaty was to be for 15,000,000 of francs instead of 10,000,000. Thus ended the political alliance between the classic government of Greece and the "sovereign, military, and religious order" of Malta, which began and terminated in a transaction deeply embued with fraud and knavery—a transaction which presumed more upon the stock of English gullibility than any other swindle of that swindling period, and which, did it not eat a painful discredit on a good cause, would furnish, by its solemn forms and diplomatic jargon, a better topic for ridicule than any of the manœuvres of the Cacique of Poyais or the governor of Barataria.

Of the two remaining works at the head of this Article, we have scarcely left ourselves room to say anything. That of M. Raffenet (or at least some portion of it,) has the merit of being the first history of the Greek insurrection published among our neighbours, but has scarcely any other merit than priority of publication or minuteness of detail. The four volumes of M. Pouqueville (whose former work, "*Voyage de la Grèce*," has been already noticed in a previous number of this Journal) are of a more ambitious character, and display abilities of a higher order. His book communicates interesting details of the history of Greece and conduct of its chieftains, from 1740, or the earliest perceptible beginnings of Greek independence, to the success of the revolution in 1823. We regret, however, to say, that though full of information, it has many drawbacks. The exaggeration of his statements gives us often reason to question his veracity, and the inflation of his style affords us more than reason to censure his taste. His affected display of inaccurate learning, where facts only are required—his pedantic allusions to antiquity on the most trifling occasion—his ill-placed sentimentality and ambitious conceit—make it painful to read a work which otherwise would be perused with pleasure, evincing, as it does, the erudition of the scholar and the industry of the historian, in the recital of facts and events which the author had peculiar opportunities of knowing or studying with effect.

The first year of the war, (detailed in these works,) though marked by atrocities on both sides, was eminently successful on the part of the Greeks. In the course of a month from the commencement of the insurrection, the Turks in the Morea were driven into the fortresses or walled towns, and blockaded by undisciplined and half-armed bands of peasants and mountaineers. In the course of the summer and autumn the garrisons of Navarin and Monembasia, or Napoli di Malvoisie, were obliged to capitulate. Tripolizza, the capital of the peninsula, defended by 10,000 Turkish and Albanian soldiers, and containing within its walls nearly 30,000 Mussulmans, was taken by assault, and afforded immense treasures to the rapacious Greek chiefs. Demetrius Ipsilanti, Prince Mavrocordato, and other Fanariots joined the cause. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, converted their mercantile vessels into a little warlike navy, and, be-

sides blockading some of the Turkish ports, gained great success at sea, having on one occasion pursued and burnt a Turkish seventy-four-gun ship with 12000 men on board. Beyond the Morea the Greeks were likewise triumphant, having taken Missolonghi, and even besieged Athens. Towards the end of the year an attempt was made to organize further resistance, and to secure the fruits of victory, by the establishment of a regular government.

The second campaign scarcely yielded to the first in the importance of its results. The Acropolis of Corinth was taken, though afterwards recaptured; and an army of about 30,000 men, under *Dramali* Pacha, which attempted to penetrate into the Morea, was cut to pieces or dispersed. NAUPLIA, the Gibraltar of the Peloponnesus, (to raise the siege of which was one of the objects of this ill-fated expedition,) fell, towards the end of the year, into the hands of the Greeks. The Acropolis of Athens had previously surrendered; and Missolonghi had gallantly repulsed a large Turkish force from its walls. Every where the Greeks gained advantages over the Turks at sea during the course of this year, making prizes of Turkish merchantmen, and even attacking the largest ships of the line. Thus, at the end of the second campaign, the Morea had been cleared of the enemy, with the exception of Patras and one of the smaller fortresses, which were closely blockaded. Continental Greece was likewise in the power of its native inhabitants, and the little squadrons of the islands had set at defiance the whole naval force of the Turkish empire. Against these successes the Turks could place no countervailing advantage but the horrible massacre of Scio.

In the third campaign no remarkable success was gained by the Greeks, though no ground was lost, and but for the internal divisions of the chiefs, which increased in proportion as external danger was removed, the independence of Greece might have been placed beyond the reach of danger. Another national assembly distinguished the commencement of this year, and other provisions were made, without success, for carrying on a regular government. Had a government capable of directing the resources of the insurrection then been established, long years of war and blood might have been spared. Such a government could have disposed of nearly two hundred small men of war, which had already destroyed three Turkish line-of-battle ships and a frigate. It would have been served by nearly 15,000 of the most expert sailors in Europe. It could have sent into the field nearly 30,000 troops, as good at least as their antagonists, drawn from a population which had killed in battle, or by assassination, nearly 100,000 Turks, and it could have secured to itself the possession of the Morea, Eubœa, Livadia, Western Greece, and nearly all the islands of the Archipelago, which had been nearly if not altogether cleared of the oppressor.

In the fourth year of the revolution, the Greeks, though still in nearly the same condition as to political organization, presented to Europe, by the very continuance of their struggle a more inviting prospect of ultimate success, and attracted sympathy and confidence

from all quarters. Though, unfortunately, the patriotism of the people began to languish, by misdirection or inaction, and the rapacity and dissensions of the chieftains to be developed with more dangerous force as they were displayed on a more extended theatre, this sympathy and confidence for some time continued. Now was the golden era for stock speculations and Philhellenic missions,—for loan-contractors and constitution-mongers,—for military adventurers running after classical commissions, and philanthropic projectors prolonging the reign of anarchy,—for infidels preaching religious crusades, and Jews taking an interest in Christianity. Though the numerous committees of assistance formed in Europe, and the multitude of persons who proceeded to Greece, was gratifying and cheering, as showing the general sympathy in a persecuted cause, yet nothing could be more useless, misdirected, or absurd than the suggestions and interference of some of the parties. While the Turks still held unreduced garrisons in the country, and threatened to overwhelm it with the swarms of barbarians from Africa and Asia, one projector seemed to think that the chief want of the Greeks was a newspaper to record their victories,—forgetting, as a rude chieftain afterwards observed, that “the battle of Marathon was won before a newspaper was in existence.” Some legislative apostles took in charge the Greek judicial system, and insisted on the immediate necessity of trial by jury, when the nation ought only to have heard of trial by battle. Others went provided with schemes for establishing a permanent system of finance for the new state, when all its resources consisted in the plundered booty hoarded by its chiefs, and the deserted territory liable to be overrun by its enemies. One enlightened friend of humanity proposed to fight the Turks with Bibles and Primers—with broad-brims and Lancastrian schools.

“I am much disappointed,” says Colonel Stanhope in a letter, dated *Missolonghi*, February, 1824, “at your not having persuaded the Quakers to send out some schoolmasters. Had I at my disposal three well-qualified persons of this description, I would spread the Lancastrian system as far as the Grecian conquests have extended.” “With the press and the Bible,” he adds, “the whole mind of Greece may be put in labour.”

At another time, the colonel runs wild on the establishment and importance of posts and post-offices in a country where there was scarcely a road, and where few of the people could read or write. Hence we have such urgent demands, in the same correspondence, for founts of types and barrels of gunpowder,—for cannons and codes of law,—for New Testaments and case-shot,—for school books and field artillery,—for printing presses and Congreve rockets.

Agents like these were not fit for the crisis, and could have done little good to any cause; but among the vain, the hypocritical, and the interested, who flocked to Greece at this period, we find one immortal name, whose renown at least promised to be useful; we mean, of course, Lord Byron, who atoned for his juvenile scorn of the Greek people, “the

\* See Byron's hope's I

hereditary bondsmen," by sacrificing his life for their resurrection. Tired with pleasure and praise, the voluptuous Don Juan begirt himself for hardships which *Childe Harold* did not court—resolved to sharpen the edge of his enjoyments by tempering it in perils—and sought to heighten the lustre of his poetic crown by reflected light from the warrior's helmet. While he lived, it was necessary for him to live in the eye of the world, and Greece, deserted by the Holy Alliance, offered him the best stage for his exhibition. But though nothing could be more romantic than his expedition, probably nothing could have been more inefficient than his exertions. During the four or five months which he devoted to the cause in the Ionian islands or at Missolonghi, he talked and disputed, and reasoned on the state of Greece—wrote letters to factious chiefs—hired and discharged Souliot attendants—laughed at Mr. Jeremy Bentham and the Philhellènes—prepared for an expedition to Lepanto, which was always deferred—rode out, smoked cigars, and wrote verses. But during the whole of this interval, he did literally nothing for Greek independence. Indeed it seems to us extremely doubtful whether he ever could have performed any substantial service, or acquired any lasting glory in such a cause. Though his lyre was powerful, it was strung only for England—and to move the rude countrymen of Orpheus, it must have sounded the language of that rock-moving bard. In joining the factious bands, by whose co-operation alone he could execute any military enterprise—bands led by chiefs who could not appreciate his talents or respect his authority—he fell into a chaos where his voice could not have been heard. He was neither a Hercules to frighten the *kleftic* capitan, nor a prince to impose upon the intriguing *primates*, nor a military leader to inspire confidence into the ignorant soldier. He could neither head an army nor drill a company. The greedy members of the government looked upon him merely as the dispenser of the Greek loan, and his own mutinous Souliots bestowed upon him their rapacious idolatry only so long as they considered him a large sack of Spanish piastres.\*

Towards the end of this year, in which the Greeks gained some advantages at sea, without losing any thing by land on the continent, (though Ipsara was converted into a heap of ruins,) the executive and the legislative bodies, under the influence of the faction of the capitan and of the islands, came to blows, and the military party being overpowered, several of the chiefs (among the rest Colocotroni) were imprisoned, with the intention of trying and executing them. Notwithstanding these dissensions, the independence and the tranquillity which the Morea and continental Greece generally enjoyed, had produced a sensible improvement on the state of the country. Justice was administered with a certain degree of impartiality—violence was checked—the peasants had returned to their homes and again began to cultivate their fields.

\* See Count Gamba's Narrative of Lord Byron's last Journey to Greece.—Col. Stanhope's Letters, &c. &c.

This year, however, must be allowed to have seen the last of the unaided successes of the Greeks, for though the noble defence of Missolonghi, from the summer of 1825 to the spring of 1826, may be said to have been equivalent to any former victory, Greek affairs began rapidly to decline. The new enemy who now appeared in the field was more terrible than any former assailant whom the Greeks had encountered, while their powers of resistance had been weakened by a decline in their patriotic enthusiasm, by dissensions between the members of the government and the legislature, and by a civil war between the faction of the islands and the continental chiefs. Ibrahim Pasha landed in the Morea in the spring of this year, with an army of 20,000 disciplined troops, commanded by European officers, and provided with every kind of military means. This army, renewed or increased by reinforcement, never left the country till he capitulated for its evacuation with the French general in 1828. Though he met with a brave resistance in the capture of Navarin, the Egyptian chief encountered few obstacles in overcoming the rest of the peninsula. Missolonghi, which had been besieged in the summer of this year, by an army of 14,000 men, under Kiutachi Pasha, a commander of great reputation, did not surrender till his army had been strengthened by a reinforcement of 10,000 men from Ibrahim, commanded by that Pasha in person, assisted by French engineer officers. The alarm which these discouraging events inspired, and the hopeless weakness to which the government was reduced, by the insubordination of the troops and the dissension of the chiefs, was such, that some of the most intelligent members of the executive proposed to place their struggling cause under English protection—a proposition which met with a most unaccountable protest from two persons of the name of Roche and Washington, who being sent as agents for the distribution of charitable funds, by committees of their countrymen in France and the United States, assumed, in the masquerade of the moment, and amid the general confusion of every kind of authority, the character of political patrons and diplomatic missionaries.

In the latter months of the year 1826, and the commencement of 1827, the seventh year of the war, the Greeks made considerable efforts to raise the siege of Athens, which had been invested after the fall of Missolonghi, but no decisive advantage was obtained. The fleet, however, as usual, was successful in its attack on the ill managed squadrons of the enemy. The arrival of two Englishmen, Lord Cochrane and General Church—the one nominated high admiral and the other generalissimo, at the commencement of the seventh campaign, failed in producing the anticipated effect on the operations of the war;—and whatever may be said by some of the more ardent Philhellènes, the situation of Greece, immediately before the treaty of intervention, was deplorable, if not altogether hopeless. The Egyptian chief occupied with his Arabs and Nubians the whole of the Morea, with the exception of Nauplia, where the shadow of the Greek government resided. He had placed

garrisons, well supplied with arms, warlike stores, and provisions, in each of its fortresses, and he daily expected large reinforcements from Egypt, to enable him to extend the sphere of his pillage, devastation, and butcheries, beyond the Morea. Some guerilla parties took refuge in the mountains, but could not descend into the plain to narrow his operations or to resist his progress. The executive government, if such it could be called, was cooped up in its last remaining fortress, expecting an attack from Ibrahim, and suffering duress by rebel Greek chiefs—the victim of domestic faction—perhaps doomed to be the captive of foreign oppressors. Their lord high admiral and generalissimo could do little for the defence of the country in the absence of any central authority, and in the midst of general confusion. The produce of the loans being exhausted, the influence of the executive was at an end. Foreign intrigue, which had perhaps promoted the fall of Athens, and which was always sure to succeed in that demoralized region, if it came armed with the spell of money, was busy in stirring up parties against each other, and in fomenting intestine disorders, that it might lead to the surrender of the last strong hold of Greek independence, and thereby cut off all pretence for European interference.

The military vagabonds in possession of the different batteries of Nauplia were ready to fire on each other, and had actually cannonaded the town. The Sultan, perceiving the evils which had resulted from divided command, had relieved the son of the Pasha of Egypt from the presence of the capitan pasha, and had given him the sole direction of the war against the rebels by sea and land. The forces already in the Peloponnese, and the expedition expected from Egypt, afforded the hope that resistance would be overpowered, and the country reduced or depopulated in a single campaign, and thus that his highness would be freed from the importunities of the Christian powers in behalf of the insurgents.\*

\* That we may not be thought to exaggerate the gloom which hung over the prospects of Greece at this period, we shall make no apology for quoting a description of its situation by a Philhellene, (since dead,) M. Becker, the son of General Becker, who traversed the country, and was in Nauplia towards the end of August, 1827:—"Tableau de la Grèce en 1827," (published in the *Revue Française*, No. 9, May, 1829.)

"The hope of the Greeks in powerful protectors being deceived, they had begun to think of nothing but their private interests. Every one endeavoured to give himself some importance, to seize upon something, in order to have, at the moment of the final triumph of the Turks, the means of treating with the conqueror upon good conditions. The Gouras had wished to remain master of Athens, Grivas took possession of the upper fort of Nauplia, and Photomara took the lower, while the Hydriots separated themselves from the rest of the fleet. The chiefs of the English party were still intriguing; after having renounced independence, they wished a hospodarship, and Ziami

The important and memorable act of European diplomacy, the Treaty of London, which put an end to this state of things by throwing the weight of three squadrons into the scale of

aspired to be hospodar. He had assisted Captain Hamilton, in order to find in him a protector in time of need, but he was afraid that the military chiefs would oppose his views. Colonel Fabvier, in particular who had always been at the head of the partisans of absolute independence, and of a federative government, stood in his way. He therefore persuaded Hamilton to place at the head of the army a generalissimo who might direct the operations, and the opinions of the troops towards the object which England wished to effect. General Church was in consequence chosen. It was believed that he would have some ascendancy over the Greek chiefs, because the greater part of them had been formerly under his orders, in a regiment formed at Zante; Fabvier, being sent to Athens, was detained there indefinitely. Lord Cochrane, too, had been announced for more than a year, and was expected as the saviour of Greece. He at last arrived. A national assembly was convoked at Egina; it nominated Count Capo d'Istria President of Greece, Cochrane, High Admiral, and Church, Generalissimo of the forces. A provisional commission, composed of three members, held the executive power till the arrival of the president. The English presented to the Greeks their new chiefs as tutelary genii, who, with a touch of the ring, were about to save them. Ten thousand men were brought together to try the fortune of their new foreign commanders, but a handful of Turkish cavalry was sufficient to put to flight this army, the most numerous which the Greeks had ever collected since the beginning of the insurrection. The garrison of the Acropolis, despairing of succours, then offered to capitulate. It obtained a capitulation by the intercession of Admiral de Rigny. The Greeks had afterwards the effrontery to accuse the admiral of having sold Athens. The English did not fail to give countenance to so ridiculous a report; they were jealous of having had no part in the negotiation, and of an act of humanity they made an affair of interest. Cochrane having lost all respect, went to cruise with some vessels before Alexandria. This expedition only served to prove that he was not master of the crews of his own ships. After this nothing remained to be done. Succours and promises from abroad had been nothing but a last illusion, and the cause of the Greeks appeared for ever lost."

M. Becker observes, that the two chiefs in possession of the forts had cannonaded the town, and killed some fifty persons—that they had fired on the troops of Colocotroni—that Grivas, suspected of a design to deliver up the place to Ibrahim, was declared a rebel by the provisional commission, and ordered to surrender, but refused—that the disputes between the chiefs, and the plunder which they committed, had driven about four thousand of the inhabitants out of the city, who preferred the tender mercies of the infidel to the cruelties and exactions of their own military leaders.



the Greeks, was hastened both by the report of their increasing dissensions within, and the knowledge of their formidable dangers from without; for strong apprehensions were entertained by the allied negotiators in England, and by the allied ambassadors at Constantinople, that if the signature of that treaty had been much longer delayed, or had been postponed till the arrival of the new grand expedition preparing in the port of Alexandria, there might not be a government existing in Greece, to accept its mediation, or to comply with its provisions. The policy of this unprecedented measure, on which so much has been spoken and written by statesmen and publicists, we shall not at present discuss. But without entering into any examination of the treaty, or discussing the general principles of interference which it implies, we may be permitted to make one remark which has always appeared to us to be decisive of the question. The positive duty of preventing the effusion of blood by the sword, or checking the excesses of political oppression when in our power, being only limited by the danger of producing greater evils by our intervention, than might have occurred had we allowed violence and inhumanity to pursue their unobstructed course (as in the case of the boy relieved from punishment by the Knight of La Mancha in the wood, only to receive a more cruel flogging at home), the objectors must show, either that the counterbalancing mischiefs of interference in this particular instance threatened to be greater than its benefits, or that the example was liable to become a precedent for unjustifiable tampering with the relations of sovereign and subject in other instances, where the circumstances did not warrant a similar interposition. To the former class of objectors we need only reply by pointing to the ruins of Ipsara and recalling the massacres of Scio, which were to have been repeated in the Morea, and in every district and island of Greece. To the latter we may say, that when a whole people have risen on their conquerors, whom, whether right or wrong, they think their oppressors, and when they have maintained themselves in a state of insurrection for six or seven years, without any offer of submission or compromise, there can be little danger, from any foreign aid given to the establishment of their independence, that wars of intervention will be hastily undertaken, or revolt against lawful authority mischievously encouraged. Such a length of resolute and united resistance absolves the crime of rebellion, whatever was its original taint or justification.

Before we enter into a detail of the strange diplomatic transactions and proceedings which followed the conclusion of the treaty of London—transactions hitherto but partially disclosed and imperfectly known—transactions which must soon come under the notice of the British Parliament, while they are destined to form one of the most singular chapters in the annals of modern times, on which we are enabled to give unpublished information from sources, the official nature of which our diplomatic readers will be best able to appreciate, we must take a short retrospect of the anterior negotiations in which this treaty originated.

Although the Congress of Verona had resisted the application of the deputies sent from Greece in 1822, denying them even the privilege of coming within the walls of the city, honoured with its august presence, and allowing them to remain two or three months at Ancona, without even the shadow of an answer; although the Emperor Alexander, whom they supposed their friend, had solemnly renounced all connexion with their interests, and haughtily declined either to admit them into his presence or to dismiss them from his door; and although England, by her conduct in the Ionian islands, had appeared to discourage every effort of the Greek people to assert their independence, yet the cause of Greece had begun even at that early period to occupy the attention of the Northern autocrat, and to be pressed by him upon his allies, with a view to its permanent adjustment. The only determination which was adopted at the congress of Verona was, that the Greek question, whenever it came to be discussed, should be one of the Alliance, and not of Russia alone; and that no independent existence should be demanded for the Greek people. When the insurrection had gained consistency by the establishment of a government in Greece, the Emperor Alexander not only pressed the necessity of an accommodation with the insurgents on the part of the Porte, but made specific proposals of interference, similar in several respects to the stipulations in the protocol of St. Petersburg, April, 1826, and the treaty of London, July, 1827. In a memorial presented by Russia to the allied courts, so early as the winter of 1823, the emperor expressed his views for the pacification of Greece, and urged the necessity of it, from considerations affecting his own government in particular, and the interests of Europe in general, declaring that effective negotiations for that object could not be undertaken too soon, nor pursued too zealously. If this great point were settled, and the question of the Greek insurrection disposed of, his imperial majesty, who had had no mission at Constantinople since the year 1821, engaged to send an ambassador immediately to settle the subjects of his separate misunderstanding with the sultan. The earnestness of the court of St. Petersburg is evident from the following passage of the above memorial.

"Russia cannot see with indifference the prolongation of a state of things in the East, which interrupts her relations with the Levant, paralyses her trade, and affects her dearest interests. The other allied courts, it is true, have not the same reasons for interfering, but would it be consistent with true policy, and that generosity which is its first attribute, to refrain from putting an end to the evils under which both Greece and Turkey are labouring? These powers regard it as a sacred duty to unite in preserving the general peace, but while the struggle between the Porte and Greece continues, while revolutions and anarchy are perpetrated in that quarter, this peace, the object of such just solicitude, can neither be real nor complete. It cannot be so physically, for the struggle appears far from being terminated; it cannot be so morally, for this same contest maintains in the

public mind of Europe a disquietude, the existence of which is a real danger."

The emperor then calls upon his allies to interfere, upon the same principles, or from the same motives, as those on which they acted in putting an end to the revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, and Spain. He in fact proposes that in this case they should sanction an insurrection, in order to quiet the revolutionary spirit, or prevent future revolutions, and to remove from themselves a reproach which would be fatal to their security; namely, that of replacing a Christian people under a barbarous infidel yoke, and of thus showing an equal regard to Mahometanism and Christianity. The autocrat, after these observations, submits to his allies his plan of pacification, which proceeds on the supposition that the sultan will never consent to recognise the entire political independence of the Greeks, and that the Greeks will never consent to replace themselves under Turkish despotism, as exercised before the war. In order, therefore, not to excite the repugnance of the Turk, he takes as a model a kind of dominion already existing in the Turkish empire, namely, that of the provinces on the Danube, and proposes principalities or hospodarships in Greece, as in Moldavia and Wallachia. Three principalities are indicated by the position of the Greek territory, the first comprehending Thessaly, Bæotia, Attica, and the rest of Eastern Greece; the second, Epirus, Acarnania, and Western Greece; and the third, the Morea, or Southern Greece, and the island of Candia. The islands in the Archipelago would be subjected to a kind of municipal government, independent of Greece; similar in some respects to that which they have enjoyed for ages. The Porte would still preserve her sovereignty over these states, after the new arrangement, and would receive from them a stipulated tribute; but would not be authorized to send pashas or governors. Their trade would be entirely free—all employments, civil and military, would be held by natives—they would have their own flag, and would be represented at the Porte by the patriarch who would enjoy for this purpose the same rights as a foreign ambassador. The Turkish dominion, so far as it was to be maintained, would be preserved by garrisons in certain places, confined for subsistence within a circle beyond which the troops would not be allowed to forage. As some apprehension seems to have been entertained that the Turkish government would not be very quick-sighted in perceiving the benefits, or very eager in submitting to the humiliation of this arrangement, the memorial enters largely into the reasons why it ought to be adopted on the part of the sultan. His tributes would be better paid, and his authority would be less contested by the rebellious movements of such pashas as that of Epirus. Principalities, with limited submission to the Porte, would be no novelty to the empire, and the admission of foreign interference was likewise no novelty. On the other hand, the Greeks could not be supposed to object. They had now concluded their third campaign with success, but if the contest were continued, there was still a danger of their final overthrow. If

they adopted the proposition, their trade would be free, and they would acquire every means of securing their repose, and extending their prosperity by wise and salutary laws. "Even, however, though they might make objections," the memorial adds, in the peculiar spirit of the emperor, "the allied courts could not recognise their entire independence, without deviating from those maxims which have established the safety of Europe."

This representation was pressed on the chief governments of Europe towards the beginning of 1824, two years before the death of the Emperor Alexander, and the Porte was constantly solicited by the ambassadors of the Christian powers to enter into some accommodation with its revolted Greek provinces. Negotiations meanwhile for a more effective interference went on slowly, as Austria was opposed to the measure, and the Greeks, so far as they were made acquainted with it, denounced its conditions. The following campaigns were unsuccessful, and what the Emperor had dreaded, to a certain extent took place;—Greece became the rendezvous of revolutionists from other countries of Europe. The death of the Emperor Alexander brought things to a crisis. Assured that Russia would take the affair into her own hands, and settle her own as well as the Greek quarrel with Turkey, unless some arrangement were immediately adopted, Mr. Canning took advantage of the accession of the new Emperor, and deputed the Duke of Wellington to Petersburg in the beginning of 1826, under pretence of congratulating the Emperor Nicholas, but with the real design of arranging the Greek question. The protocol, dated April 4th of that year, which was the foundation of the treaty of London, was the result. The English government, under the direction of Mr. Canning, had interfered with the Greek contest even before this mission; for on the 18th of February, 1826, Sir Harry Neale, our admiral on the Mediterranean station, had received a commission to proceed to Ibrahim Pasha, and to inform him that the English government would view with displeasure, and would even interrupt by its naval force a project which he was said to have entertained of exterminating the inhabitants of the Morea, or of carrying them off as slaves to Egypt. The protocol of St. Petersburg, though formed with such apparent urgency, was not immediately communicated to the other courts of Europe; which continued separately, during the year 1826, to press upon the Porte the necessity of a pacification of Greece. In visiting Paris during the autumn of that year, Mr. Canning sounded the French ministry on the subject, but met with little cordiality or confidence. Subsequently, the protocol was communicated to the courts of Austria and Prussia, with an earnest request that they would adopt its resolutions, and enter into the proposed alliance. The Emperor of Austria returned his definitive answer by Prince Metternich, on the 29th or 30th of December, 1826, and the King of Prussia on the 4th of January, 1827. The former, in a note addressed to the English and Russian ambassadors at the court of Vienna, (never yet published,) acknowledges the receipt of the protocol of St. Peters-

burgh, thanks the allied courts for their confidential communication, and eulogizes the spirit in which their humane project originated. Before, however, his Imperial Majesty can actively accede to the proposed treaty, he requests additional information on the proposed mode of its execution, and takes the opportunity of giving his views on the question. "His Majesty has always objected, and still objects, to any interference *by force*; to any attack on the rights of the Turk, and even to any menace of that power." Throughout this document, the Greeks are regularly styled insurgents, whom the Porte was called upon to put down if it could. It even predicts the dangers which would result from giving countenance to a system of policy tending to justify insurrection and encourage rebellion, by enabling them to triumph. This last argument, addressed to the fears of politicians, had often succeeded with the late Emperor Alexander, but was lost upon his brother Nicholas and the English minister, who had resolved to break up the Holy Alliance by destroying the principle of its union. Count Bernstorff, the Prussian minister, returned a more liberal answer, but declined making his country a party to the treaty, on the ground that she had no immediate contact with Turkey, having no fleet in the Mediterranean, and that the Prussian ambassador might be useful in mediating between the other powers and the Porte, in the event of their withdrawing their ministers. The negotiations at London between the three courts did not commence till the spring of 1827, as some coolness had taken place between Mr. Canning and the Court of the Tuilleries, occasioned by his speech on the Portuguese question. But so keen did the French government afterwards become in the formation and support of the alliance, that His Most Christian Majesty has more than once styled himself its chief pillar and promoter.

The treaty (to whose provisions we need not now further allude, as they will explain themselves in the sequel), was no sooner concluded and ratified, than the contracting parties began to act upon it. It was submitted to the Greek government, which joyfully acceded to its terms, and to the Turkish, which as unequivocally refused them. Two of the contracting parties already possessed a considerable naval force in the Levant, which had been gloriously employed in the work of humanity—in enforcing on belligerents, who knew them not, the rights of civilized warfare, in repressing piracy, in aiding the execution of capitulations, in preventing the repetition of general massacres, and in affording the unfortunate victims of barbarous hostility on both sides an inviolable asylum. These already useful squadrons it became necessary to augment, as their duties were now to be enlarged, their influence to be rendered more imposing, and the chance of a collision with the forces of the Porte to be increased. Accordingly, some additional ships of the line, and other smaller vessels, were despatched to the Mediterranean on the part of England, and France likewise sent an additional detachment. Both were to be joined by the Russian squadron, which passed our shores for the Mediterranean in the month of August.

Secret instructions, dated the 12th July, which have never yet been officially published, were sent out to our Admiral, Sir E. Codrington, who received them, along with a copy of the treaty which they directed him to execute, on the 10th of August. The object of these instructions, so far as they related to an interference with the belligerents, was to enforce an armistice or suspension of hostilities by sea, and to prevent the landing on the coast of continental Greece, the Morea, or the neighbouring islands, of any reinforcement of troops from Asia, the Dardanelles, or Africa. This order of course deprived the Egyptian armies or garrisons in the Morea of all supplies or assistance from home, and the Turkish troops or garrisons north of that peninsula of all reinforcements from other parts of the empire by maritime conveyance. Before these instructions had been enlarged or explained by the allied ambassadors at the Porte, to whom the admirals were referred, and even before all the allied force which was to carry them into execution had reached its destination, a large fleet of Egyptian ships of war and transports with troops on board—the expedition so long preparing in the port of Alexandria—swept by the island of Crete, and the southern shores of the Morea, and anchored on the 9th of September in the bay of Navarin. This reinforcement to an army which had already nearly succeeded by massacre, pillage, and devastation, in exterminating the inhabitants, and destroying the towns and villages of this portion of Greece, threatened the cause of the Greeks with total ruin, if the ships were allowed to act freely along the coast, to convey troops from one part of it to another, and to revictual the fortresses which were now again, with one or two exceptions, in the hands of the Turks. The instructions of the admirals, however, made no provision respecting the interruption of communications from one part or port of Greece in possession of the Turks to another likewise in their possession. Our admiral, for instance, might, had it been in his power, have intercepted the Egyptian fleet in coming from Alexandria to the Isle of Hydra, which was supposed at first to be its destination, and where he had stationed himself to intercept it, or to the Morea; but he was not instructed how to deal with it if it should proceed from Navarin to Patras. He therefore wrote home for information on this point, and being in his original instructions referred to our ambassador at Constantinople for any necessary explanation of them, he applied likewise to Mr. Stratford Canning for his directions. The latter sent him the result of a protocol of conferences held at Constantinople between the three allied ambassadors on the 4th of September, which may be regarded as his second set of instructions, and which not only warranted the allied fleets in stopping these hostile coast expeditions from one port to another, but gave them the power of escorting safely to their ultimate destination any part of the Egyptian or Turkish fleets which should engage to leave Greece, and to return either to Alexandria, the coast of Asia, or the Dardanelles. Thus the means of bringing the war on land to a speedy termination by enforcing an armistice at sea were completed, in the

power granted to the admirals, first, of preventing all fresh supplies from the Turkish dominions without the limits of Greece; secondly, of preventing the naval transport of forces from one part of Greece to another; and, lastly, of protecting from any Greek attack, any portion of the Turkish forces either naval or military which might consent quietly to leave the Greek territory. The answer which our admiral subsequently received from home, dated the 16th of October, was in substance the same as the instructions communicated from Constantinople founded on the protocol of the 4th September. As this latter document has never yet been published, and is of extreme importance, not only from extending the powers of the allied admirals to new points, but in fixing provisionally the line of demarcation for the Greek commonwealth taken under the allied protection, and which was afterwards confirmed at Poros by the same ambassadors, we shall make no apology for giving an outline of its chief provisions. It is signed by the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, and Russia, and consists of seven articles.

"The first states that the armistice, being refused by the Turks, must be enforced by the allied fleets permitting no troops, military stores, or ships of war belonging to the Porte to reach Greece.

"2. The Greeks may be invited to assist the allied squadrons in enforcing a blockade of the ports in which the Turks maintain themselves.

"3. The allied admirals are to adopt the most rigorous measures for the suppression of piracy.

"4. The continental coasts of Greece must be protected from the attacks of the Turks along with the adjacent isles.

"5. In order to prevent mistakes, the line of coast which comes in the range of allied protection is defined to be the whole of the coast of continental Greece and the adjacent islands, between the gulf of Volo on the east, and round to the mouth of the river Aspropotamos on the west, including besides the island of Eubœa or Negropont, Salamis, Egina, Poros, Hydra, Spezzia, and the other neighbouring islands, but excluding Rhodes, Samos, and Candia."

The 7th article, which is extremely important as seeming to give a warrant for the battle of Navarin, or at any rate as relating to the force there assembled, is as follows:—

"The admirals shall act with the object of fulfilling the treaty, so as to protect, in case of need, every portion of the Egyptian or Turkish fleets, which shall engage not to take any part in the existing hostilities, favouring, according to this principle, the return either to Alexandria or to Constantinople of every ship of war, Egyptian or Turkish, and every transport of either navy having troops on board. As for the Turkish and Egyptian ships, which being now in the ports of Navarin and Modon, shall obstinately resolve to remain there, they must, as well as the fortresses, run all the chances of war."

It was, we may remark by the way, to obviate these chances of war, that the allied squadrons on the 20th of October, (a few weeks

after receiving these instructions,) entered the bay of Navarin, TO RENEW THE PROPOSITION FOR THE INFIDEL FORCES LEAVING THE MOREA, and thus brought on that collision which it was their wish to avoid. On receiving the latter instructions, the English and French admirals (previous to the arrival of the Russian squadron,) sent notice to the Ottoman admiral in Navarin that they had been ordered to prevent any hostile movement by sea against Greece, and they therefore besought him not to attempt any. They had afterwards, on the 25th of September, an interview with the Egyptian admiral, Ibrahim, which took place at his own request in the presence of his chiefs, assembled by the desire of the English commander to witness the transaction, and to increase its solemnity. At this interview the Ottomans formally agreed to an armistice, and the agreement was attested by all the chiefs, to whom it was explained, this being considered a more binding and impressive manner of making a compact than a written convention. The armistice thus concluded, extended both to the land and sea forces then in the harbour of Navarin, or, in other words, to every part of the expedition lately arrived from Egypt, many ships of which were outside the harbour when the convention was made. It was to continue in force till Ibrahim should receive an answer from the Porte, or from his father, directing his future operations; and, if not finally ratified by these parties, was to terminate only after due notice to the allied admirals. The English and French ships meanwhile were ordered, in expectation of the final departure of the Ottomans, to prepare for escorting them to Alexandria or the Dardanelles—so much did the allied commanders calculate on the accommodating disposition by which their proposals had been received, and on the perfect good faith with which the convention would be kept. An answer could not be expected in less than twenty days; but a week had scarcely elapsed when a detachment of upwards of forty sail of the Egyptian fleet came out from Navarin, and proceeded towards the north. Notice of this event being communicated to Admiral Codrington, who after the conclusion of the armistice had unsuspectingly gone to Zante, the admiral in the *Asia*, assisted only by two smaller vessels (the *Talbot* and *Zebra*), got a-head of them, and prepared to oppose their entrance into the gulf of Patras. On this the commander of the detachment asked permission to enter Patras, but was refused and reminded in terms of indignation of his breach of faith in leaving Navarin after the armistice, the solemn conclusion of which he had himself witnessed. That detachment then returned towards the south, under the escort of the English ships, always prepared for action; but when it had proceeded as far as between Zante and Cephalonia, Ibrahim himself, with two other admirals, joined it on the 3d of October with fourteen or fifteen ships of war. The Ottoman force was now greatly more than a match for the small English squadron, but the English commander, sensible of the great interest at stake, and impressed with the terrible hazard of wavering or indecision in the pre-



sence of barbarians, who had already broken their pledged honour, bore down upon them to enforce respect for the armistice. On seeing this resolute demonstration, the whole Ottoman force returned to the south, though the wind was still fair for Patras. On the following day, however, Ibrahim, with the four other admiral's flags, and several vessels of a lighter class, were seen in the gulf of Patras, having taken advantage of the darkness of the night and a squall of wind to run in. The English little squadron again, on the 4th, bore down upon and fired at them, till they showed their colours, which, as if conscious of their breach of faith, they seemed reluctant to do. The wind on the following night blew a hurricane, and Ibrahim took advantage of the darkness to make the best of his way out to sea, and at daylight on the 5th, as the English squadron was proceeding to Patras, whence they had been blown by the gale, they observed thirty of the Ottoman ships between Zante and Cephalonia. The whole of these ships were turned back by the English admiral after considerable damage had been done to some of them. We mention the facts connected with this gallant and perilous service, which have hitherto been strangely overlooked, in forming an estimate of the vigilant intrepidity of Admiral Codrington at that period, both because they show that the armistice had been audaciously violated on the part of the Ottomans, and because they explain the disposition in which the latter must have been, thus conscious of their breach of faith, when the allies entered Navarin on the 20th of October. On the 13th the Russian squadron arrived, and the English reinforcement from Malta having likewise joined the fleet, the allied force was complete. As Ibrahim had been foiled at sea by the English ships alone, his devastation and butcheries on land increased. The allied admirals therefore decided, after mature deliberation, that they would make him a proposition in the name of their governments to return with his fleet to Egypt, as the only means of saving the inhabitants of the Morea from destruction, and thus executing the object of the treaty. To induce him to adopt this proposition, they deemed it best to enter the Bay of Navarin with all their force, and as the Pasha had, when at sea returned to port rather than venture hostilities against the small English squadron, it was scarcely to be anticipated that he would resist the imposing force of the whole allied fleet, demanding his unmolested return to Egypt, for which he was at one time supposed only to want a convenient pretext, as an excuse to the Sultan. It is needless to mention that the result was the celebrated battle of Navarin, which ended in the complete destruction of the whole Ottoman naval force on the coast of Greece.

The great and the only important question which will here occur is, were the admirals entitled by the conditions of the treaty, or the contents of their instructions, to propose the terms, and to press the adoption of an immediate return to Egypt on the part of Ibrahim? If the answer be in the affirmative, then they must have contemplated the use of force; or, in other words, a battle, upon his refusal, as

much as if he had been met at sea in the first instance, and refused to return before he reached the shores of Greece, when an hostile proceeding to compel compliance was always within the contemplation of the treaty. The object of the league was to cause the cessation of hostilities, or to establish an armistice in order to lead to a peace, and the means consisted in separating the belligerents at sea from one another, and in cutting off the Turk, who refused to accede to the allied propositions, from all supplies or reinforcements. As the Egyptian reinforcement to the Morea had arrived after the treaty, and had entered the Bay of Navarin by eluding the admirals whose clear right it was to intercept it, were they, from a view of its eventually disregarding their orders, and continuing its barbarous warfare by a breach of faith, similar to that which had been exhibited on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of October, entitled to require its departure home, unmolested, and under a safe convoy? If they were, their entry into the Bay of Navarin on the 20th was strictly in execution of their duty, and for the consequences, had they unfortunately been defeated instead of being victorious, they could not have been responsible on any other ground than that of imprudent miscalculation. A great portion of the mystery which has hitherto hung over the transaction, arises from the perhaps unintentional concealment or suppression of Admiral Codrington in his despatch, of the nature of the "propositions in the interest of the Porte itself," (as he vaguely expresses it,) which the allied squadrons entered into the bay in battle order and with lighted matches to submit to Ibrahim. These "propositions in the interest of the Porte itself, and entering into the spirit of the treaty," were nothing more or less than the departure of the Ottoman fleet from Navarin, one portion of it to Egypt and the other to the Dardanelles. The instructions of the admirals authorized them to escort it safe if it chose to sail; but did they warrant them to require its departure? Probably not: but if the menace, independent of the battle, had succeeded, all the world would have rung with praises of their extraordinary dexterity; and by every calculation of probabilities were they not entitled, from the foregoing statement, to anticipate such a result? The treaty must, sooner or later, have been enforced by an act of hostility, unless the crafty and faithless barbarian had consented to depart; as by their instructions the admirals were empowered to prevent his movements along the coast, and consequently to paralyze his operations against the Greeks. And if such an event was inevitable, it was fortunate that the conflict which ended in disabling him from the commission of farther barbarities was commenced by himself.

Never did a victory produce such astonishment and dismay among the rulers of the victorious party as the triumph of Navarin did in England. France and Russia rejoiced that their naval forces had crowned themselves with glory in the cause of humanity, but the English government, while it sent out decorations to the officers who had distinguished themselves in gaining the victory, sent a string of questions to the admiral on his res-

sons for fighting the battle.\* It is but right to mention that the English ministry at this period, though composed of the liberal statesmen who had joined Mr. Canning, and who still professed to act on Mr. Canning's principles, was too doubtful of its own strength, and too uncertain of the royal confidence, to follow up his measures with decision and vigour; while the change of cabinet which soon afterwards ensued brought in the Duke of Wellington at the head of an administration secretly adverse to his policy, though unwilling ostensibly to renounce it. Hence an event which the former thought deserving of inquiry, was declared by the latter an act to be deprecated.

We think ourselves warranted in saying that the wavering course of policy adopted by the British government, in thus repudiating a victory which ought to have been frankly adopted into our annals as one of the title-deeds of our national glory, was followed by consequences most detrimental to the real interests of our "ancient ally." There can be no doubt that a vigorous prosecution, by the joint forces, of the offensive operations then commenced, would have speedily accomplished the object which the three allied powers had bound themselves to effect. The Porte, as usual, deaf to the remonstrances of reason, would have submitted to the *decrees of fate* in seeing the amputation of its mortified Greek limb, while it could never be expected to yield to the persuasions of diplomacy. Having thus procured satisfaction by the influence of the triple alliance on the south, the remaining two allies, disposed to support the Turkish power, might have offered to defend against the attacks of the Russians their "ancient ally" on the north.

After the battle of Navarin, the Emperor Nicholas still continued to make propositions for a concerted armed interference. He proposed, and the proposition was sent on to his admiral in the Mediterranean, that the Porte should be compelled to come to terms by the united squadrons in the Archipelago, and by a menace of invasion of the principalities on the north. Instructions for Admiral Heyden were sent from St. Petersburg on the idea that the allies would follow up the blow given at Navarin, till their object was finally accomplished. This communication was handed over to Admiral Codrington, and by him transmitted to the British government. The contemplated

\* We have seen a copy of the queries sent out to the admiral, with the admiral's replies: they amounted to nine. The most important of them related to the nature of the armistice, said to have been concluded with Ibrahim by the two admirals. Whether it was a written or a verbal convention? How long it was to last? What notice was to be given of its termination? How long an answer would be on the way between Navarin and Constantinople or Alexandria? and whether Ibrahim had received any answer before the 20th of October? One of these questions was, What were the propositions which the allied commanders meant to renew to Ibrahim in entering the bay? The answer was, *To propose his departure from Greece.*

hostilities would have required only a few more ships to be put in commission, and Greek independence would have been decided in six months. Thus, if even it had been necessary to seize on the castles of the Dardanelles, and the fortresses of the Bosphorus, they would have at least been occupied by an allied force instead of being taken possession of by the Russian army, and would have been evacuated, like France in 1818, without any danger of future invasion. The government of England, however, adopted neither side of this alternative—would neither execute nor renounce the treaty, and thus misled its Ottoman ally, without restraining its northern rival. The Sultan consequently, emboldened in his obstinacy by an absurd hope of our support, or of the breaking up of the triple alliance, issued his hattı scheriff against the treaty of Ackerman, and the Russian armies passed the Pruth.

But we must pursue a little farther our history of European diplomacy and of interference in Greek affairs. After the arrival of the news of the battle of Navarin at Constantinople, the allied ambassadors, who had been constantly resisted in their applications to the Sultan for his accession to the Greek treaty, were now more solemnly refused all compliance. They threatened, in consequence, an immediate departure; and, at last, after a meeting of the divan, at which a perfect mob of viziers, pashas, mullahs, heads of corporations, and other officers were present, consisting in all of a hundred and sixty persons, at which the Grand Vizier presided, and which the Sultan, who held the strings of the puppets who acted in this scene, surveyed from a window opening into the council chamber, the die was cast for war, rather than concession. The capital was afflicted, but the obstinacy of the Sultan was gratified. It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the alarms, real or pretended, of the Franks in the Levant, not a single attempt at retaliation was made, nor a single individual molested in consequence of the battle of Navarin.

The allied commanders, having thus destroyed the naval power of the Ottomans, enjoined the Greek fleet to blockade those ports which they were about to leave. As the Greeks were now secured against any attack from the larger Turkish ships of war, this was a service for which they were peculiarly fitted, from the nature of their vessels and their eager desire to make prizes. After the allied admirals had secured the Frank population in the East against their own alarms, and ordered the Greeks to enforce a rigid blockade, they undertook the performance of another part of their duty, namely, the suppression of piracy. The great nest of the pirates at this time was a small island called Carabusa, off the coast of Candia, which had a harbour so shallow that only private vessels could enter, and a fortress on the top of a neighbouring hill so strong that it afforded a secure retreat both to the pirates and to the dépôt of their rapine. When attacked by Sir Thomas Staines, it harboured no less than twenty-eight pirate ships, which were looked upon with some favour by the Greeks, as maintaining a position convenient for an attack upon Candia. The operations of the squad-

rons succeeded, and this nest of pirates was effectually destroyed. The last act of sailor diplomacy, which took place in these seas, was a treaty between Sir E. Codrington and the Pasha of Egypt, for the evacuation of the Morea by the Egyptian troops. This negotiation was undertaken by the English admiral, after a conference with his Russian and French colleagues, on the 25th of July, 1828; being managed with great dexterity and skill, the negotiation terminated in an agreement on the part of the Pasha to withdraw all his troops from the Peloponnesus, with the exception of twelve hundred left to maintain nominal possession of the fortresses. On the 22d of August, 1828, Sir E. Codrington delivered up the command of the squadron to his successor, having held it from February 28, 1827, to that day.

We have already mentioned the points on which the allied admirals demanded and obtained instructions at the commencement of the mediation. Another point remains, on which they ought probably to have required advice, on which they had no instructions, which had never entered into the contemplation of their governments, nor occurred to the ambassadors at the Porte—but the neglect of which was ultimately assigned as the cause of the recall of the British admiral. The point to which we refer, was the right to search such Ottoman ships of war or transports as should offer to leave the shores of Greece on their way homewards. The occasion on which a practical decision of this question was demanded, occurred two months after the battle of Navarin. It was plain that after that event, Ibrahim Pasha, desponding and disgusted with a situation which placed him in collision with the great naval powers of Europe, and which left him so little chance of ultimate success in the Morea, meditated a retreat to Alexandria, as soon as his personal honour or his father's safety would permit. That he might at once begin his retrograde movement, and relieve himself, while he remained, of those who consumed his stock of provisions, without increasing his military strength, he prepared the shattered remains of his ships of war and transports to convey home the sick and wounded, and the women and children connected with the expedition. This fleet, consisting of forty-five ships, thirty of which were ships of war, set sail from Navarin, unobserved, on the 17th or 18th of December; although an English brig and several French vessels were stationed near the port to observe the Pasha's movements. Had all the persons on board been Turks, or Turkish troops, their escape could only have been a subject of congratulation to the allies, who had no wish to intercept them, or of regret to the Greeks, who might have made a good prize; but this fleet carried away a number of Greek slaves, which have been variously stated at seven thousand, five thousand and six hundred, and which probably did not so much exceed the last, as it fell short of the first computation. When the ships reached Alexandria, these live cargoes were in the most horrible situation of want and wretchedness, and an account, probably an exaggerated one, being sent home, of the supply thus af-

forded to the slave market, our admiral was censured for not preventing this exportation. He had himself written home an account of the proceeding, without being conscious that it was in his power to prevent it. He was answered by an angry note a month afterwards, (about the 18th of March,) stating that by his instructions he ought to have taken measures against the perpetration of such an enormity, that he should have kept a strict blockade of the Greek ports, which the escape of the Egyptian fleet showed he had not done, that he ought to have examined if troops were on board its vessels, and on seeing the Greek slaves ought to have relieved them: and that as he had done neither, he had no security against the return of this fleet from Alexandria with fresh supplies of men and provisions.

The answer which Sir E. Codrington returned to this rebuke was a conclusive justification of his conduct, though, perhaps, not a satisfactory excuse for his government. It was that he was there to execute the treaty of London in the spirit of peace, and that a blockade was the proceeding of a belligerent, which he was not warranted to undertake; that after the battle of Navarin, the Greeks possessing strength enough for that purpose, were invited to form blockading squadrons, which suited their character of belligerents; that the escape of the Egyptian fleet without observation, did not betray negligence, as it had sailed so unprepared that its provisions ran short before it reached Alexandria, the ships themselves being in such a state of disrepair, that one of the largest (a seventy-four gun ship) sunk by the way; that even though he had met them at the mouth of the harbour, he had no instructions to inquire into the composition of the force on board, if he were assured that they were proceeding home; that the persons called slaves composed the harem of the Pasha, and the wives of the Turks, who could not be either examined or taken away without an act of hostility, and finally that most of those who were thus transported, departed with their own consent, and would have resisted any attempt at their rescue.

Whether every assertion or allegation in this defence be correct or not, we are unable to say; but one thing is certain, that the admiral had no instructions on the subject, and that the question had not even occurred to the ministry at home. The only circumstance to which he was referred by the minister for foreign affairs, from which he was to draw a rule for the direction of his conduct, was the declaration which his predecessor, Sir H. Neale, in 1826, was empowered to make to Ibrahim, that the British government would not see with indifference the inhabitants of the Morea either massacred or carried off into slavery. To this the admiral replied that nothing was ever done on that declaration, and that his own instructions, which were eighteen months later, had never made the slightest allusion to it. We must add (and it is but fair that the circumstance should be as universally known as it has hitherto been unaccountably concealed) that the French and Russian commanders, the colleagues of Admiral Codrington, and acting under the same set of instructions, when ap-

pealed to by him, wrote him letters, expressing an entire concurrence in his view of the case. They both confirmed his assertion that they had no directions how to act in the case of the deportation of slaves from the Morea, and that had they met Ibrahim's fleet on its way to Alexandria, they would not have conceived themselves warranted to stop and search his ships of war to release them. Sir E. Codrington repeatedly applied to the government at home for fresh instructions on the subject, between the month of March and the receipt of his letter of recall; but the only answer which he received was, an intimation that his majesty had appointed his successor. Thus the gallant admiral lost the favour of the government, because he gained a victory for the liberation of Greece, and was finally disgraced, on pretext of having allowed the Greeks to be carried into slavery.

The treaty for the evacuation of the Morea, which the English government had allowed their admiral to conclude at Alexandria, nearly three months after an intimation of his recall, was found to be a piece of useless paper, (for on this occasion he took care that the engagement should be a *written* one,) by the negotiations going on in London, and the expedition preparing in the Mediterranean ports of France. When Capo d'Istria arrived in Greece about the middle of January, 1825, he had expressed a vague hope that the Morea could be cleared of the enemy without foreign aid. In this expectation he had been disappointed by the prolonged stay and obstinate valour of the Egyptian chiefs, and therefore either suggested or listened to a proposal for French assistance. The English government at first objected to this expedition, and numerous were the conferences held, and the protocols drawn up on the subject. The cabinet of the Tuilleries was, however, firm, and persisted in its purpose. At first our foreign minister insisted that it was contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of London to employ force to drive out the Ottomans; and unquestionably the objection was valid, if the battle of Navarin, which was intended for precisely the same object, was an "untoward" breach of that compact. The noble lord next alleged that an expedition to the Morea was contrary to the wishes of the President of Greece, and would be looked upon as a violation of his authority. The answer of the President, which was transmitted by the return of the courier, not only expressed his consent to the proposition, but his ardent desire for the speedy arrival of the French troops. The next set of difficulties thrown in the way of the measure related to the limits of the advance of the French troops in the country, and the term of their stay. At length, however, the final determination of the French government to send their expedition, was announced on the 23d of June, 1825, and the British ministry not only acquiesced, but (declining to take any part in the land operations) offered its ships of war as transports for carrying out the French troops!! After a conference between the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in London on July 19, 1825, at which all the details of the measure were finally arranged, the English minister requested permission to record an ex-

planatory declaration, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy, which for the elucidation of our ministers' views we here insert.

"Project of an English declaration, to be added to the protocol of July 23, 1825. The principles on which the treaty of the 6th of July was founded were not to make a conquest of Greece, not to deprive the Ottoman Porte of a valuable province, not even to establish the Greeks in a state of qualified independence in relation to the Porte, but to re-establish peace on a permanent basis in the Levant—a peace not less required by humanity than by the interests of all the powers of Europe. The measures proposed by the treaty were,—first those of friendly remonstrance and persuasion, and next those of a coercive nature, calculated to prevent the collision of the parties to the war, and even measures of war are not excluded from those which the three powers contemplated the necessity of adopting in order to obtain their object. But the three powers positively engaged to each other, and to the world, that they would not become parties to the hostilities carrying on in this contest. For these reasons, and because His Britannic Majesty's government entered into these engagements with the belief that the government of the Ottoman Porte were unable to re-establish their authority by force of arms, his Majesty's plenipotentiary has always been instructed to object to measures of actual hostility, unless positively forced upon the allies in the course of the execution of those operations which have been undertaken to prevent the collision of the belligerent parties. It was besides the fact, that the president, Count Capo d'Istria, objected to the introduction into the Morea of troops of any of the European powers.

"Events have, however, materially altered the situation of affairs. It might have been expected, Ibrahim Pacha occupying only the three forts of Navarin, Coron, and Modon, that twelve sail of the line, and more than the usual proportion of vessels of a smaller size, would have been able to cut off from him all communication with, and supplies from, Egypt and elsewhere; and that the Greeks might have been able to make an effort to prevent him from separating his forces, to reap the harvest of Greece, and applying the means of transport to collect it. That various circumstances have contributed to disappoint the first of these expectations; and in respect to the last, it is quite clear that the Greeks can do nothing to remove Ibrahim Pacha from the country, or to render the tenure of his position in it difficult to him. Count Capo d'Istria also seems now to express his wish to receive the aid of foreign troops. In the mean time, important events are occurring in other quarters; and it is necessary that the allies should be prepared for the probable consequences. Under these circumstances, his Majesty's government adopt the measures proposed by His Most Christian Majesty. His Majesty does not feel himself enabled to employ any troops in the Morea, but he is willing, by every means in his power, to promote the success of the measures, either by augmenting his naval



force in the Mediterranean, should it be thought desirable by the allies, or use it, as may tend to give His Most Christian Majesty most facility in the execution of the project; trusting to His Most Christian Majesty, that this measure will be effected in the true principle of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, that the operations which shall be carried on will be limited by the necessities of the case, and that the troops will be withdrawn as soon as Ibrahim shall have evacuated the Morea by land and sea."

The French expedition sailed in about two months afterwards; and, by a mere exhibition of military parade, and the firing of a few guns for form's sake, ended—by the retirement of the Egyptians—a campaign, the chief interest of which was to have brought a marshal of France and a pacha of three tails to bandy compliments, to attend reviews, and to drink coffee together. Having found nothing to do in the Morea, the white flag was about to pass the Isthmus of Corinth, with the connivance, if not at the secret instigation of the French government, when it was arrested by the alarms of the English ministry, who engaged France to use the telegraph to convey the order to halt, it being decided by the wise Athenians on this side of the water that the Morea was Greece, and that Attica should still continue the appanage of the black eunuch of the seraglio. When the French expedition had effected the only object which the government of England would consent that it should attempt, namely, the evacuation of that part of Greece by the Ottoman forces, and the news of the event had arrived in England, the ministers of the three powers again met in one of their interminable conferences, and drew up another of their thousand and one protocols. The later, dated the 16th of November, 1828, contains two resolutions of importance; the first declaring that France was left to judge whether it would be necessary, or not, for the objects of the alliance, to have a part of an expeditionary force in the Morea for some time longer; the second resolution was of greater consequence, *declaring that the allied powers took under their provisional guarantee the Morea and the Cyclades, without prejudicing the question of the future boundaries of Greece*, which should be decided in the negotiations relative to that country to be opened with Turkey, which negotiations that power should be invited to resume. This protocol was communicated to the sultan, and its limited object was at least not opposed, but it was kept an official secret from the president of Greece, (who ought to have been apprized of its contents,) till it was brought forward in consequence of the publicity given to a subsequent famous protocol, that of March 22, in the present year, 1829. The first transaction is chiefly remarkable as connected with an excellent memorial presented by the French minister at the conference.

"To attain the object which the allies had in view," said this document, "they had to choose between two results; the first consisted in protecting the Greeks against the Turks, and the second in putting the Greeks in a situation to defend themselves. The first of

these results might be obtained by an armistice, consented to by the Turkish government, or by a declaration of the allies to the Porte that they took the Morea and the Cyclades under their provisional protection; the second result could only be obtained by the march of the French army beyond the Morea, for the purpose of giving the Greeks a frontier forbidding an attack, or easy of defence. In this latter case the French expedition would act in concert with the English marine, in liberating Attica and Eubœa, and in enlarging the Greek limits to the gulfs of Arta and Volo."

The minor proposition was of course adopted.

This again introduces to our notice the question about the boundaries of Greece, and the numberless conferences and negotiations to which it has given rise. It will be remembered, that when the allied fleets began to act in the Mediterranean, in execution of the treaty of London, a certain line of coast was designated, to which they were to prevent the approach of any Turkish armament, military stores, or provisions. That line comprehended the limits above mentioned: the sultan refused to negotiate on these boundaries or any other; but as the Greeks had accepted the treaty which the allies intended to execute, it became a matter of necessity to fix provisionally some limits for their operations. The allied ambassadors, after they had left the Porte and dispersed, towards the end of 1827, assembled at Poros in the summer of 1828, where, in communication with the Greek government, and with access to the best means of information, they examined the question of a convenient boundary, and consigned their resolutions to a protocol, fixing nearly the same limits as they had done at Constantinople. General Guilleminot, one of these diplomats, subsequently drew up a luminous and convincing memorial on the subject; the substance of which follows.

"Five lines of demarcation had been proposed at different times, and by different parties, the smallest including only the territory south of the isthmus of Corinth, and the largest comprehending Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, as originally suggested by the Russian government. Between these two, that fixed upon by the ambassadors at Poros and Constantinople, (which they thought might be still farther restricted,) so as to include only the Peloponnesus, the Cyclades, Boeotia and Attica. This would of course leave out Western Greece and Missolonghi, the scene of the most brilliant Greek exploits, and the greatest Greek sacrifices, the grave of Lord Byron, and of Marco Botzaris, the most devoted Greek hero. The smaller limit of the Morea would be entirely out of the question, if either political security or tranquillity was the object, as the gulf of Lepanto, with the castles on the opposite shores, would provoke endless contests, and invite perpetual invasions. Besides, if Europe interfered at all to establish a Greek commonwealth, it would be disgraceful to leave the Acropolis of Athens, the harbour of the Piræus, the scene of so many brilliant exploits, and the theme of so many classical recollections, to infidel barbarians."

The advantages of the line drawn between  
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Arta and Volo are pointed out by the diplomatic general at some length.

"It would afford the means of easy defence, it would give a territory large enough for the formation of a considerable state, it would contain all that is classically striking within the range of ancient Greek history, and being already almost entirely in possession of the Greeks, would be conveyed to them with little disturbance to property or population. Within the districts between the above line and the isthmus of Corinth, there are at present to be found a hundred and eighty thousand Greeks, while the inhabitants in the Turkish garrisons, together with the troops, do not amount to more than seven or eight thousand men. If these provinces were again surrendered to the sultan, the Greek population would take to the mountains, and the contest would be again renewed. Though Eubœa must of course be added to this state, Candia, the loss of which would be much felt by the Turks, is proposed to be excluded. At all events, the two populations, Greek and Turkish, must be separated from each other, and have each their distinct line of defence, an advantage which would be gained by the proposed limit of Arta and Volo, connected with each other by about fifty-five leagues of a mountainous range."

Representations and discussions on this point, as well as on the nature of the Turkish suzeraineté, and the amount of the Greek tribute, have continued down to the present hour, though the memorial to which we have referred was presented to the conferences at the beginning of the year. Nay, so zealous was the English ministry that the smaller limits should be adopted, and the chances of extending Greece into Greece should be cut off, that armed with the protocol of the 22d of March, it desired our consul general in Greece to require the withdrawing of the Greek troops within the Morea, and ordered the Ionian government to raise the blockade of Prevesa. The refusal which Capo d'Istrias gave to this extraordinary mandate, showed that he knew his ground, and was fit for the crisis—and the French government, by a despatch dated the 23d of June, was as peremptory in demanding an explanation of the unwarrantable proceeding of the authorities at Corfu.

"Up to this time," said in substance His most Christian Majesty, "he had never taken a step in Greek affairs without consulting his allies—up to this time he considered the treaty of London as a guarantee against a collision between the great powers on whom the repose of Europe so essentially depended—up to this time each of the allies had endeavoured in concert to fulfil the duties which their league imposed upon all. But if one of them (as in this case) proceeded to act alone, the common cause would be put in jeopardy, and the alliance speedily dissolved."

Of the famous protocol of the 22d of March, so often alluded to, and to which the Porte has by the treaty with Russia since declared its adhesion, the following is an outline.

"1. The continental boundary line of the Greek state is to be drawn from the gulf of Volo to the gulf of Ambracia. All countries

south of this line to be included in the Greek state, to which the adjacent islands, comprehending Eubœa or Negropont, and the isles of the Cyclades, are likewise to belong.

"2. An annual tribute of 1,500,000\* Turkish piastres to be paid by this Greek state. Greece is to pay the first year only a third, to be gradually increased till it reaches the maximum in the fourth year.

"3. Turkish subjects who may be forced to depart from the Greek territory, to be indemnified.

"4. Greece is to remain under the suzeraineté of the Porte, with the form of government best calculated to secure its religious and commercial liberty. The government is to approach as nearly as possible to a monarchical form, and to be hereditary in the family of a Christian prince, to be chosen, for the first time, by the three powers, in concert with the Porte. He is not to be a member of the families reigning in the states which are parties to the treaty of July 6."

The sultan still resisted the proposed terms, because he saw that they had not been made an *ultimatum*, and that no unity of feeling existed in the joint proceedings of the two ambassadors. Having refused to admit, in any shape, the treaty of London, we had withdrawn our minister on account of his obstinacy. In the absence of our envoy he still continued to refuse, and we sent him back apparently to justify that obstinacy. The cabinet of the Tuilleries, joined by that of St. Petersburg, proposed to precede the return of the ambassadors by a declaration explanatory of the ground on which the negotiations were renewed, in order to secure their dignity, in case of another repulse. To this we objected—declaring that we trusted in the generosity and accommodating disposition of our "ancient ally." Our French ally, on the other hand, refused to expose his representative to another chance of insult, unless this point were conceded; and it was only by the departure of Prince Polignac from his instructions—a conduct with the French ministry in their vacillating condition, last spring, could neither resent nor disavow—that their envoy was despatched along with ours. Their consent to this measure, however, was not obtained to its full extent—General Guilleminot being sent only as an ambassador extraordinary, for the specific purpose of negotiating a treaty on Greek affairs, and not as a resident ambassador to the Porte, till these affairs were arranged. Hence the difference of treatment

\* The amount of the proposed tribute is comparatively of little moment. It would scarcely be pin-money for one of the favourites of the sultan's harem—and does not amount to the rent of some English country gentlemen, at the present rate of the Turkish piastre. When the Morea paid its full quota before the Revolution, its tribute was calculated at 12,000,000 of piastres. The piastre was then 20 pence—as appears from Lord Byron's notes to Childe Harold. It is now about 5 or 6 pence. But the tribute of one piastre, or one barley corn, infers feudal subjection—and feudal subjection to the Turk is a brand of infamy.

shown to him and Mr. Gordon, on their arrival, and the additional number of shawls and Arabian horses bestowed upon the latter. Still the sultan was as inexorable on the subject of their mission, as when he dismissed them some eighteen months before, and allowed them to wander over the *Ægean*, looking out for a place of safety for depositing their protocols and protests, like the persecuted goddess before she discovered the isle of *Delos*. The sultan in fact refused for the *fourteenth time*, to listen to any tender of accommodation. On the arrival of this news in London, about the end of August, along with the intelligence of the Russian successes, a conference was again called, at which the French and Russian ministers were surprised to hear a proposal from the noble duke at the head of the English government, to disregard in future, the obstinacy of the sultan, and to decide on the fate of Greece with or without his interference—giving him, unless he mended his manners, neither *hospodarship* nor tribute. A resolution to this effect was assigned to a protocol, and all parties rejoiced in the spirited conduct which they had at last been able to exhibit.

The next despatch from our ambassador at Constantinople brought the intelligence that the Russians had passed the Balkan, and that the sultan had at last yielded to the Greek treaty. How? and on what conditions? Why, on condition of placing the *Morea* under a *hospodar* of his choice, of restricting Greece to that Peninsula, of receiving a high tribute, and of refusing a public force, a national flag, or any sign of independence to the new state. Only one member of the conference could see in this illusory proposition a satisfactory accession to the treaty of London; and, accordingly, the other two resolved to wait. This most extraordinary political *imbroglio*—this confusion of tongues and purposes in one great enterprise, comparable to nothing since the building of *Babel*, would very likely have left the edifice of Greek independence as unfinished as that celebrated tower, had not the chapter of accidents and the ambition of conquest done more than the wisdom or humanity of its original architects towards its completion.—For, on the 13th of August, General *Diebitsch* entered *Adrianople*, pushing on his *Cossacks* towards the *Seraglio*. The empire and the nerves of the sultan were shaken, and the following article in the treaty signed a month afterwards, decided, by the separate authority of Russia, a question which the triple alliance might have settled with more mercy to the Turk, and with a less effusion of blood, two years before.

"Art. 10. The Sublime Porte, whilst declaring its entire adhesion to the stipulations of the Treaty concluded in London on the 24th of June (the 6th of July), 1827, between Russia, Great Britain, and France, accedes equally to the Act drawn up on the 10th of March (22d), 1829, by mutual consent, between these same Powers, on the basis of the said Treaty, and containing the arrangements of detail relative to its definitive execution. Immediately after the exchange of the ratification of the present Treaty of Peace, the Sublime Porte

shall appoint Plenipotentiaries to settle with those of the Imperial Court of Russia, and the Courts of England and France, the execution of the said stipulations and arrangements."

Whatever conditions the autocrat of all the Russias had imposed upon the Grand Seigneur in this capitulation (for it deserves more to be called so than a treaty of peace), the Turkish empire in Europe was virtually at an end, and Greek independence would have been secured. Hitherto this colossus of barbarism, though frequently shaken by external violence, and long threatened with ruin from internal decay, still kept on its broad base, and maintaining a hollow defiance to Christian Europe, could impose upon its vassals by its haughty demeanour and its hypocritical pretences to power. Its northern provinces might be invaded—its pashas might rebel and maintain their mutinous independence till their successors arrived with the bowstring; but its vital principle was not extinct, and its fanaticism united the mass when the disturbing force was withdrawn. The last entrenchments of its camp had not been forced—the *prætorium* of its chief was still unviolated, the minarets of "*Stamboul*" had not been seen by an invading army, the sacred standard had not been unfolded for the protection of the imperial harem, and the Bosphorus had not been passed by Asiatic hordes flying from Europe to their original seats. Now the magic of inviolability is gone, the fanaticism of a barbarous creed has ceased to act on those who were its champions, the magnificent pretensions of the Sublime Porte have become a subject of derision to its own vassals, and the sacred banner of the prophet is found to be only a tissue of silk, embroidered with gold. A small body of insurgent slaves—of wretched rayas—of Christian dogs, without a rebel pasha to lead them, or a single European state to assist them, braved the whole forces of the empire for seven years; and the troops of Russia in eighteen months forced the ramparts of the Balkan, and compelled the haughty Barbarian to sue for peace; having neither a ship to resist at sea, nor a regiment to keep the field, and seeing around him the long arms of the "northern giant" extending from the sources of the Euphrates to the north of the Danube, pressing upon the centre and extremities, and able to crush him to death by a single effort.

"—Ingentes artus præcelsus Argyllæus  
Sponte premit, parvumque gemens duplicatur  
in hostem,  
Et jam alterna manus, frontemque, humerosque,  
latusque,  
Collaque, pectoraque, et vitantia crura lacescit."

The pride of the Ottoman race is subdued. They have seen the conqueror in their cities, they have welcomed him as a relief, and they have learnt to respect the protector of their persons and property. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are opened, and as the Russians sweep by his *seraglio* without his permission, the sultan will be exhibited to his subjects, not as the king of the kings of the earth, but as the vassal of a Christian power. They will thus be taught to reverence the masters of their

master, and be checked in the insolence of their fanatic pride, which led them to the amusement of killing *rayas* at their pleasure.

We rejoice at this result, though we regret that it was not accomplished by a combined effort, and that its accomplishment was reserved to confer undue aggrandizement on a power already gigantic; for, in order to maintain the political balance of Europe, we never could be persuaded that it was necessary to preserve, with all its ancient appendages, in one of the scales, the revolting despotism of infidel barbarians, to prop up in the heart of civilization, and among the ruins of Grecian art, a power which contemns the lights of knowledge, and tramples on the rights of humanity; whose scorn of the opinions, manners, and arts of more enlightened nations, constitutes a chief condition of its existence, and its preservative against the contagion of improvement; which, as in the last Greek war, insisted on its privilege of murdering its prisoners,\* and made piles of heads and sacks of noses and ears, the monuments of its successes and the vouchers of its triumphs; which employs assassination and massacre as the regular means of civil government; which degrades both sexes by sanctioning the abominations of polygamy and the imprisonments of the harem; and which maintains white slave markets in Europe, where Christian women and children are consigned for a few dollars, not only to the hardships of forced labour, but to the horrors of brutal lust.

The secure establishment of a Greek state, and the independence of the provinces north of the Danube, are the first fruits of this mighty revolution. For the former we must now have the larger boundary; no signs of Turkish vassalage, and no tribute money. Plenipotentiaries from Greece must be invited to the conferences which are to determine their fate, as well as the agents from the sultan; for though the allied monarchs at first kept aloof from the Greeks in their struggle, and like their protecting goddess in Homer only said, "let us succour and preserve them, lest they perish,"† without condescending to treat with them, the case is now altered, since their government has been acknowledged by the presence of consuls and the establishment of other diplomatic relations. Capo d'Istria, the recognised provisional president of Greece, foreseeing the result of the Russian campaign, had prepared for this crisis of his country's fate. He convoked a new national assembly of the Greek states, which met at Argos on the 23d of July and continued in deliberation till the 18th of August last, having in that interval held twenty-three sittings, and passed thirteen decrees, after having heard accounts of all the diplomatic proceedings of the government with foreign

powers, received a full disclosure of the financial condition of the country, of the plans adopted or executed for its internal amelioration, of the amount and condition of the army and fleet, and of the budget or estimates for the ensuing year. The diplomatic documents and financial vouchers were laid before the assembly, and examined by commissioners, who reported upon them. Nothing could be more orderly than the proceedings of this meeting, nothing more flattering than the approbation bestowed on the president's conduct in its addresses to him, both after hearing his statement at the opening, and his speech at the conclusion of its interesting session.

This assembly not only sanctioned all the acts of the President in the most enthusiastic manner (praising particularly the generosity by which he had given all his fortune—about £30,000—to the state), but conferred upon him full powers to treat with the allies in the conferences about to be opened on Greek affairs. The Count has thus put in a strong claim not only for a provisional but a permanent reign.

With the support of the European powers, he must make an unexceptionable chief magistrate for Greece. The allies have bound themselves to propose no prince belonging to their respective reigning families, and any prince unconnected with the great powers would have just as little of an imposing character for the Greeks as their present president. The Count was elected to his high office by the Greek people themselves before the declaration of European interference, and having arrived in Greece afterwards, he assumed the government with the consent of the allies. Though a Russian ex-minister, he was conveyed in an English ship of war from Ancona to Malta, where he met with the British admiral to concert measures for executing the treaty of London, and from Malta to Greece, where he landed on the 8th of January, 1828, a year after his election by the general assembly of the Greek people in the congress of Trázeno. It is needless, after what we have stated, to describe the condition in which he found the country. Himself a Greek, he is passionately attached to the independence of Greece, for which he had made greater sacrifices of fortune and personal ease than any other man. Since he has occupied his present exalted station, he has displayed abilities of a high order, and a political discretion as well as sagacity rarely possessed.\* The part which he had to

\* The following is an extract of a recent letter from Malta:—"On the arrival of Capo d'Istria in Greece, in January, 1828, he found the country torn to pieces by faction. An instantaneous change was visible; all rallied round him. The turbulent chiefs laid aside their animosities, and the people submitted to his decrees with alacrity and cheerfulness. By a talent quite his own, Capo d'Istria calmed down all those angry feelings which disturbed the country; as if by a magic wand he disarmed the people; by the introduction of excellent regulations into the marine, he mainly assisted in the total suppression of piracy; he has established an efficient police through

\* After the battle of the Phalerum, on the 22d of May, 1827, (two years ago be it remembered,) the Turks murdered all their prisoners, to the amount of five hundred, by order of the pasha. "In passing along the field of battle we passed among skeletons," says M. Becker, "they were all headless, the heads being struck off to send to the Grand Seignior."

† ὁλοκαύστην δαπάνην κακιστοῦ μὲν, ὡς τὰ τὰν παρ, οὐκ αἶν δὲ καὶ οὗτοι διαπλάστους ἔσονται.



act was one of extreme difficulty. It was not only necessary to maintain his ascendancy over turbulent chiefs and rapacious factions without any army or pecuniary resources, that he might hold out to Europe a show of regular government with which the allies might treat, and on the other hand, to keep up a good understanding with the allies, that he might employ the influence of their friendship to maintain his own power, but he had to steer clear of the contradictory views and conflicting interests of the different members of the alliance itself. For to show confidence towards Russia was to procure for him the title of a Russian agent, and to displease Great Britain; and any strong expression of his gratitude to France for her money and her troops was sure to displease the British ministry, who refused both money and troops. Yet how could he evince the same regard to a power which distrusted him—which took every opportunity of testifying its displeasure at his appointment, and its regret at having been instrumental in forwarding Greek independence, as to a government which zealously supported him and his country?

Before he proceeded to Greece, he obtained an assurance, in September, 1827, that the allied governments would supply his want of resources by guaranteeing a loan for the service of Greece. Russia and France persisted in this resolution, and England drew back. The three governments sent consular agents in the spring of last year: the Russian accompanied the measure with a subsidy, and the French was authorized in his instructions, dated May, 1828, to offer likewise an aid of half a million of francs monthly for a year at least, or about a quarter of a million sterling in the twelve months. The English consul had no money to offer, and only dealt in remonstrances. The Count, as he had been promised a pecuniary aid by the three powers conjointly, refused at first the proffered advance from France lest it should be misconstrued by England, and it was only after a conference with the British admiral, in which he announced the necessities of his service, and his difficulties in receiving any but a joint assistance, that he consented to throw himself on France. Since that time his embarrassments have increased, and his prudence has been proportionally taxed to extricate himself from them. He has been obliged to meet his French protectors, and thank the French general for the deliverance of the Morea at the risk of giving umbrage to England, which was opposed to the expedition. The money granted by one ally has very properly been expended in paying troops for extending the boundaries of his country, and another ally has ordered

the whole of the Peloponnesus; and by his energetic measures, he has more than once arrested that pestilence which the Egyptian barbarians so industriously generated in the villages. Hospitals for the sick, asylums for orphans, and schools for the rising generation, are his works in every direction. It is no wonder then that an enthusiasm prevails generally through Greece in favour of such a regenerator."

these conquests to be abandoned. One encouraged him to establish a blockade of Prevesa, which the other ordered him to raise. It was thus impossible to conceive that he could be equally attached to all the allies—but he has acted at once with a firmness and prudence, which showed he never allowed the interest of the great deposit entrusted to his care to be affected by personal considerations. Acting for Greece, which had appointed him her provisional ruler, he refused to recall his troops within the Morea, or to surrender the conquests which they had made in their own land, even at the hazard of having England as well as the Turk for his enemy; and his patriotic recompense has been the independence of continental Greece. Assured from the progress of Russian arms that the time for a definitive arrangement of the Greek question was not far distant, he has evidently been exerting all the energies of his mind to subdue faction—to promote union—to establish order—to extend education—to create a public force—to organize a government—to acquire the affections and confidence of the public—and, in short, to lay up such a stock of merit, both with the nation and with the allies, that his provisional way may be converted into permanent power. Such is the key to his late conduct; and if he was elected by the Greek people before the intervention of the allies, and is still agreeable to them, it seems scarcely possible that they can interfere to strip him of his power—an extent of interference for which they can assign no reasonable motive of precedent or danger, and for which those who have properly tolerated the avowed usurpation of Don Miguel can have no shadow of pretence. The late national assembly at Poros, which approved his measures and continued his authority, may not have been very dignified in its demeanour, very enlightened in its deliberations, or very independent in its votes. It may have been composed chiefly of the partisans of the president, overawed by his troops, or managed by his intrigues; but it was composed of the only elements for such an assembly which could be found in the country. It was attended by the principal primates and military chiefs—by the most distinguished naval commander, Miaulis—by the Colocotronis—and was probably as intelligent and patriotic as any Greek congress that could be called to sanction the title, or to support the pretensions of any scion of royalty presented to their suffrages by the joint nomination of the Sultan and the allies. No prince, foreign or native, from Germany or the Fanar, could bring to the discharge of his functions half that knowledge of Greece, or a title of that administrative capacity and tried disinterestedness which distinguish the Count Capo d'Istria, who, if he is not allowed to be the sovereign of Greece, should be supplicated to be its minister.

Whoever is to be the new sovereign of that country, the Greek state must be made strong, and released entirely from its dependance on the Porte. For in the present dependance of the Porte upon Russia, any influence retained by the former over Greece would necessarily be exercised by the latter. The power of Eu-

ropean Islamism is at an end. Besides, it is important that there should be an independent Greek state, from which civilization and knowledge may spread to the whole Greek race. Nor is the object so unimportant as some would represent it; the present dominions of Greece do not comprehend a population of a million of souls—but the Greeks in Europe are three millions, and in Asia probably two. They all remember Athens and their original country—they all speak the same language,—they all profess the Christian religion,—they are all commercial and active,—they are so near to each other as to admit of easy communication: the improvements at Athens would soon spread to Smyrna, Salonichi or Candia, and the persecuted in these quarters, on the Asiatic or European coast, would find a ready asylum in the mother country. The commercial success of three or four small islands in conducting the carrying trade of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and the demand for Greek sailors to man the Turkish navy, show the tendency of the Greek genius to naval affairs, and the elasticity of the Greek mind when even a small part of the pressure of despotism is removed. It is difficult, therefore, to limit our anticipations of the great and glorious career which this people may be destined to run, in commercial prosperity, in political power, and in mental cultivation under a liberal government, watchful of the progress of European improvements, and animated with the recollection of past renown in arts, arms, and philosophy.

But for accomplishing this object, we must have no Turkish interference. The Greek people must not be degraded in their own eyes, nor disgraced in the opinion of the world, by any acknowledgment of the feudal authority of infidels. They must at the same time be relieved, by the establishment of a strong central power, from the despotism of their local chieftains and primates. This will be the more easily accomplished, as from the removal of their Turkish oppressors, the dependance which the necessity of a common danger, and the advantages of mutual protection, created, will be dissolved. At the same time, the president, or regent, or king, or whoever he may be, to whom the destinies of the new state shall be entrusted, must create a body of regular troops, and procure considerable pecuniary resources, to enable him to command respect for his authority, and give him the means of executing the necessary reforms.

While these are the embarrassments with which the head of the Greek government will have to contend, it must be allowed that he will have in other respects certain advantages and great facilities. Though the great body of the chiefs have shown the brand of Turkish oppression on their character since they have extricated their necks from the Turkish yoke,—yet there have been, and still exist, honourable exceptions to the rapacity and violence which distinguished the class. Since the days of Leonidas and Thermopylæ, there probably has been no man more devoted and no affair more noble, than Marco Botzaris and the battle in which he fell. The future government of Greece will find likewise enlightened men

in Mavrocordato, Demetrius Ypsilanti, Rizo, Soutzo and others, as well as patriots in Nicander and Canaris. The great quantity of unoccupied land placed by the expulsion of the Turks at the disposal of the government, and in which the peasants may be located, will introduce, if distributed under wise regulations, and protected by a strong administration, some of the enterprise and activity of a new colony. The trade of the Archipelago, which the Greeks will largely share, if not chiefly engross, will enrich the inhabitants of the islands, and numerous parts of the continent. The prosperity of Corinth and the Piræus may again be realized. Schools and colleges to promote the study of ancient literature will be erected, and the Greeks will learn to walk with a more observant eye amid the ruins of their former glory, if not to emulate their ancient fame. The numerous Greek population on the shores of Asia Minor, in Macedonia and Thrace, when they feel their desires of mental improvement checked, or their personal security invaded, by their Turkish masters, will turn their eyes to the ancient cradle of their race, for those lights of civilization and that hospitable asylum which a free and independent government will hold out to the whole Greek nation, however dispersed. European improvements may through this medium be expected to make inroads on Western Asia, and the battle of Navarin may be found in its effects on civilization only second to that of Marathon.

O Sommets de Taygète, O debris du Pirée,  
O Sparte, entendez vous leurs cris victorieux !  
La Grèce a des vengeurs, la Grèce est délivrée,  
La Grèce a retrouvé ses héros et ses dieux.

## THE CHANGE.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEEDING, M. A.

It was a still and solemn hour,  
Sere and motionless and deep—  
All sterner forms, and things of power,  
Were fled, or wrapped in quiet sleep;  
The sun had sunk and left no trace  
Of all his bright and glorious race.

There was no varying tinge of light  
Around the calm clear breadth of sky,  
And yet the dark grey hue of night  
Veiled nought in its obscurity;  
But every fairy form was clear,  
As the blue circle of the sphere.

The hills that were around me rose  
Shadowless in the silent air,  
But lifeless things had that repose  
Which living things in slumber wear,  
A seeming consciousness of rest—  
A sense of being unexpressed.

And while my eye upon that scene,  
Gazed with a fixed intensity,  
There seemed a growing light within,  
By which the ocean, earth, and sky,  
Things of all form and being shown,  
As nature had unbound her zone.

I seemed to wander thro' a wide  
And spacious storehouse, where were placed  
All things that were, before the tide  
Of earthly being yet had traced  
Upon their lines—her hand traced not  
Or change had marred the harmonious plot.

I saw each mighty planet roll  
Thro' the blue empyrean heaven,  
Under a seraph's glad control,  
To whom the glorious charge was given,  
His voice was blending, sweet, and clear,  
With those that ruled the tuned sphere.

I saw the elements are joined  
To form this world, in crystal light  
Preserved apart, pure, uncombined,  
Their fountain orbs were ethery bright  
With the distinct celestial flame,  
That gave each one its strength and name.

And on the azure pavement lay,  
Like angel tresses, wove not yet,  
Those beauteous threads of light that play,  
Around us when the sun is set,  
Or bind upon the heaven's high brow,  
The broad and many tintured bow.

And there were all those fair bright things,  
That seem with quicker life endued,  
Waving their small and golden wings,  
In air that not a soil embued,  
And all those forms of giant mould,  
Of whom the wondrous tale is told.

I gazed around—whate'er I knew  
On earth was there, but oh, the change!  
Earth seemed to work on every hue,  
Of varied life's extended range—  
How vain the primal beauty sought,  
Of that all-glorious world of thought.

But mid the forms that loveliest shown,  
In that bright sphere of being rose  
One, on whose radiant shape alone,  
And forehead high and beaming brows,  
The seal of hope divine was set,  
And powers' imperial coronet.

'Twas man, as in the eternal mind  
Conceived, before the worlds were framed,  
The heir of that void space designed  
In which the fallen seraphs flamed,  
And on his form the eye might trace,  
Gleams of a pre-existent grace.

I saw him raise his look above,  
In praise to the eternal sire,  
And o'er him fell that light of love,  
Which shines around the heavenly choir,  
When every golden harp is strung,  
To those high themes by angels sung.

I heard him breathe that hymn of joy,  
In words most musical and sweet,  
Which was his heart's divine employ,  
When its first pulse began to beat,  
And voices—soft, deep voices—rose,  
Answering from heaven its melting close.

That vision passed from me away—

I looked upon the earth again,  
The moon had risen and shed her ray  
O'er the small hill-encircled plain,  
Making each object round me gleam,  
With the mild glory of her beam.

I hailed the bright and balmy night,  
Enthroned upon her silver ear,  
And there was in my heart delight,  
To see each lucid beaming star,  
And earthlier, nearer, things than they,  
Scarce changed or witnessing decay.

So beautiful was that calm scene,  
I almost deemed all things were still,  
As they in my lone dream had been,  
Just sprung from the eternal will,  
And wearing yet the same impress,  
Of nature's earliest loveliness.

But where was He, that glorious one—  
Almost the peer of angels—He  
Whose spirit was the throned sun  
Of this world's proud immensity?  
I turned upon myself in dread,  
The bright æthereal vision fled.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

# PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.\*

THIS is an improved and enlarged edition of a valuable work. It is not, however, our intention to enter upon any examination of a publication so well known, or to compare the present edition with those by which it has been preceded. We merely use its title in order to give us an opportunity of laying before our reader some new, and, as we think, instructive details with respect to the present situation of the Spanish people. It is singular, indeed, how little is known in this country of the state of industry, arts, and manufactures in the Peninsula. Most of the works that have appeared of late years on Spanish affairs have been almost entirely filled with accounts of manners and customs, or with political speculations, that have already ceased to excite the least interest. We have indeed one admirable work on Spain—the *Travels of the Rev. Joseph Townsend*—a work that will bear an advantageous comparison with any work of a similar description either in the English or any other language. But Mr. Townsend visited Spain so long ago as 1786 and 1787; and, considering the extraordinary events of which she has since been the theatre, it is obvious that many very material changes must have taken place in the industry and condition of the inhabitants. We therefore think we shall be doing an acceptable service to our readers, by laying before them the substance of information that has been communicated to us by an English gentleman, just returned from Spain, who has travelled all over the country, whose pursuits brought him into contact with the best-informed persons, and on whose candour and veracity every reliance may be placed; supplying at the same time a few details derived from official documents, and recent Spanish works not much known in this country. We shall confine our remarks to those subjects which seem to be of the greatest importance,

\* *Itinéraire Descriptif de l'Espagne; troisième édition, revue, corrigée, et considérablement augmentée, par M. le Comte de Laborde. 6 tom. 8vo. avec un atlas in 4to. Paris. 1827—1829.*

and most clearly indicate the condition of the people. We begin with

1. *State of Agriculture—Condition of the Agriculturists.*—The greater part of the land of Spain belongs to the nobility, the church, and towns or corporate bodies. The destructive influence of this vast accumulation of property in a few hands, and of the inalienable tenures under which it is principally held, have been forcibly described by Mr. Townsend, (vol. ii. p. 237.) and by Jovellanos in his invaluable Memoir on the Advancement of Agriculture, drawn up in 1795. Throughout the principal part of the country agriculture is in the most wretched state imaginable. None, or next to none, of the lands in Leon, Castile, Estremadura, and Andalusia, are inclosed; a circumstance which may be ascribed partly to the carelessness and ignorance of the proprietors, partly to the poverty of the occupiers, and partly and principally, perhaps, to the destructive privilege enjoyed by the proprietors of the great sheep-flocks, of driving them from the provinces in the north to those in the south for winter pasture. The  *mesta*, or code of laws with respect to the migration of the flocks, is assuredly one of the most oppressive and ruinous that has ever been devised. Inclosures have been prohibited, that the migration of the flocks might not be interrupted; in some provinces it was even forbidden to convert any pasture land into tillage; and it was only so late as 1788 that individuals occupying lands in the track of the flocks, were authorized to inclose kitchen gardens, and grounds appropriated to the culture of vines and seeds. Estremadura has suffered particularly from this scourge.\*

Farms throughout Spain are small, with hardly an exception, and the farmers are in a state of unexampled misery. Notwithstanding the lowness of rents, and the cheapness of living,—for they generally live worse than the labourers in the towns,—they are unable to make the smallest advances on account of their farming operations, and are obliged to raise whatever funds they require by mortgaging their crops. This is not only true of tillage farmers, but also of the growers of oil and wine, who frequently cede the anticipated produce of their lands for less than three-fourths of its value.

Farm-houses are rarely seen, except along the east coast. The farmers live in huts of the meanest construction, crowded together in villages, so that farm buildings, often so expensive in other countries, cost almost nothing. The operations of treading (thrashing) and cleaning the corn, are performed in the open air, and the grain is left in heaps in the field until it can be sold. The corn speculators and proprietors of Castile have caves (*silos*) dug in the rock or the earth, in which the grain is preserved until a market opens for it; being often kept in this way for five or six years without much loss. The implements used in husbandry are of the rudest description, especially in Old Castile and Leon, where the soil is sandy and easily cultivated. In Andalusia and along the coast of the Mediterranean, where the soil is more tenacious, implements

of a better description are in use, but they are still very rude indeed, compared to those employed in Britain. The use of *fanners* is nowhere known in the country; but they have been imported from England into a few of these seaport towns, whence corn is occasionally shipped.

Land is not supposed to yield the proprietors more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate the rent of land by the English acre, from the great uncertainty and irregularity of the measures. The term *fanega* or *fanegada*, is used to indicate the extent of arable land on which a fanega, or 90lbs. of wheat may be sown—an extent which varies, not only in every province, but in almost every village. The law, indeed, fixes the fanegada at 576 square *estadales*, and the *estadal* at 12 square feet (Spanish,) but the *estadal* varies from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 15 feet, and the fanega from 100 to 625 square *estadales*. The *aranzada* is also a measure used for estimating vine and olive lands. It is fixed at 400 square *estadales*, but varies from 300 to 600. In some provinces it is estimated by the number of vine or olive plants, but this valuation is not more regular than the others, varying from 60 to 500 plants.

The traveller tries in vain to find a rule by which he may compare the Spanish measures, practically in use, with the English acre. There are no books capable of guiding him, and the best informed Spaniards can give no satisfactory information on the subject. In Old Castile three *aranzadas* of vine lands pay, on an average, a rent of 1 fanega of wheat; and wheat lands pay from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  fanegas the fanegada. The average value of a fanega of wheat is 3s. 6d. Three *aranzadas* yield in good years about 72 gallons (Imperial) of wine, worth 40s. or 50s.

The tenant pays tithe, *primicias*, *frutos civiles*, &c., and when these are deducted, he has little more than half the produce left to pay rent and labour, and support his family. Government, in order to encourage proprietors to cultivate their own lands, relinquish the *frutos civiles*, or tax of 6 per cent. of the produce, on such estates as are farmed by the owner. In Biscay estates are more divided, and the provincial government grants a portion of the reserved land to every applicant, on condition of his building a house, and cultivating a certain part of it. The rich irrigated lands round Granada, Mercia, and Valencia, are let in very small portions, seldom exceeding 10 acres, but often not more than one or two. They yield two, three, and even four crops in the year, principally vegetables, maize, and red pepper; and are far more valuable than the corn lands of Andalusia and Castile. The fanegada lets, according to circumstances, at from 12s. to 24s.

There are very few territorial families in Spain distinguished by their wealth. Even the great land-owners, such as the Dukes of Medina-Celi, Alba, Altamira, Ossuna, Montellano, Frias, Benavente, Del Infantado, San Carlos, &c., whose rentals are said to amount to from 500,000 to a million of dollars, are mostly all embarrassed. The custom of the country compels them not only to keep up numerous establishments, but to support all the domestics of their deceased relations, in addition to an

\* Minano, Diccionario Geografico, &c. tome iv. p. 102.



army of their own; at the same time that it prevents them from employing them in the cultivation or improvement of their estates. Thus their revenues are wasted without any public advantage, and contribute only to spread a taste for idleness.

It may readily be supposed, from the preceding statements, that the farmers have neither the means nor the enterprise required to undertake an improved system of husbandry; and though they had both, the want of a market for their produce, or of a motive to attempt improvements, would hinder them from being made. In the greater part of Spain the produce of the soil, even with the slovenly culture applied to it, is more than sufficient for the demands of the people. Canals for irrigation are more wanted than any thing else; but such is the general apathy and poverty, that no advance is made in the execution of useful projects of this sort planned long ago, and recommended by several successive governments. The only agricultural improvements worthy of notice have taken place in the provinces of Biscay, Navarre and Arragon; each of which has its own separate administration and laws, and where, consequently, the oppressiveness of the government is less felt. The public charges in these provinces are also much lighter; the Arragonese have long refused to pay full tithes, giving only a portion equal to 1-20th or 1-30th of the produce. Agriculture has made very great advances in the Biscay provinces during the last six or seven years. Before that period, they drew more than half their supply of corn from Castile; but now (1828) their production very nearly, if not entirely, equals their consumption. With the exception of the plain of Vitoria, there is not perhaps another plain of a league in extent in the whole province; hence their system of husbandry is only fit for a mountainous country. The plough is but little used, the greater part of the work being done by the hoe and spade. Every inch of arable ground in the vicinity of the roads seems to be carefully laboured. The produce is rye, maize, wheat, barley, and oats. In good years Navarre exports a small portion of its produce. In the plains of Leon, Castile, and Andalusia, agriculture is almost entirely confined to the growth of wheat. There is no rotation of crops. The wheat is sown at the commencement of the rains, after a slight ploughing. On the banks of some of the rivers, in low lands and around villages where the wells are good, beans and other vegetables are cultivated, and occasionally maize. The latter, however, requires too much water to succeed well in Castile. It is a rare circumstance to find even a single hovel between the farm villages, which in Castile are from one to two leagues asunder; but in Andalusia the traveller frequently passes over from 10 to 20 miles without seeing either. The most careful cultivation is to be found in the *huertas* of Granada, Murcia, and Valencia. Their extent is considerable; and the waters of the Xenil, the Segura, and the Xucar, rarely fail of affording a sufficient supply for their irrigation. These are, therefore, justly looked upon as the gardens of Spain and produce not only every va-

riety of fruits, but every kind of vegetable and plant useful either as food, or as material for manufactures. The mild red pepper, cultivated in the *huerta* of Murcia, is celebrated over all Spain, and forms a very considerable article of trade with the interior. Rice is the chief produce of the *huerta* of Valencia. Mulberries are extensively cultivated in them both.

There are several societies in Spain, assuming the title of "Friends of the Country," for the encouragement of agriculture and the arts; most of them were founded in the reign of Charles III. and were warmly patronized by Campomanes, the most enlightened minister of whom Spain has to boast, and by Count Florida Blanca. Hitherto, however, they seem to have rendered but little service, if we except that of Madrid, to whose exertions the publication of the famous Memoir of Jovellanos (*Reforma de la ley Agraria*) is principally to be ascribed.

II. *Foreign Corn Trade—Obstacles to the transport of Grain from the interior to the coast.*—In 1820 grain and flour were both allowed to be freely exported, and in 1823 this privilege was extended to all productions, (*frutos*) the growth of the soil. There is in fact, no obstacle whatever, except the expense of carriage, to the conveyance of corn from the interior. The usual difficulties attendant on the transport of other merchandises are diminished in the case of corn by the establishment in most districts of *positos*,\* or public granaries, where it may be placed until it can be disposed of, or forwarded to its destination, without paying the municipal duties of the towns. But in order better to understand the corn trade of Spain, it may not be amiss to take a short survey of the different provinces. In the north we have Galicia, Asturias, part of Leon, Santander, the Biscay provinces, and the kingdom of Navarre, which, taken one with another, hardly produce corn sufficient for their own consumption. Arragon produces more than it consumes; but the corn district being in the centre of that kingdom, the canal of the Ebro enables the produce to be conveyed with so much facility to Catalonia, that the price is generally high. The northern and southern divisions of Arragon are mountainous, and import corn. Catalonia does not in deficient years produce a supply for more than half its population. The kingdom of Valencia exports rice; but both that and Murcia import wheat. Of the central provinces, Cuenca and Guadalajara are greatly deficient, and Soria, Segovia, Avila, and Madrid, may be reckoned as producing less than their consumption. La Mancha produces an excess in favourable seasons only, and the kingdoms of Granada and Jaen do not produce, at an average, corn equal

\* These *positos* or granaries were originally established during the reign of Charles III., and were intended to serve as depôts in which the farmers were obliged to place a certain quantity of grain as a reserve against seasons of scarcity. Previously to the French invasion there were above 5000 of these establishments dispersed in different parts of the country. When a scarcity occurred, the corn in the *positos* was sold at a reduced price, and the money given to the farmers.

to the wants of their inhabitants. Thus we have only a part of Old Castile and Leon, Estremadura, the western part of Andalusia, and the province of Toledo, left to furnish an extra supply to make up the deficiencies of the other parts of Spain, and to answer the demands of foreign countries. Prices in different districts vary according to their productiveness, and proximity to markets. With the exception of Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia, corn is conveyed on the backs of mules and asses, or in small carts drawn by oxen. The provinces now mentioned import the greater part of their supplies by sea, being too distant from the exporting provinces to admit of importation in the ordinary way. The difference of price ought, one should think, to be in proportion to the distance, and the difficulty of the road. It may be remarked, however, that the quality of wheat varies so greatly, that in some markets it is quoted on the same day at 18s. and 34s. a quarter. This circumstance renders it impossible to trace the effect of contiguity to market in the monthly quotations of prices given in the Madrid Gazette. The rate of carriage is also subject to perpetual change from the greater or lesser quantity of goods, and the prospect of a return load. Under ordinary circumstances, it may be calculated at from 7s. to 9s. an English quarter, for a distance of 25 leagues, or 100 English miles. Seville is almost the only shipping port for the exportation of the surplus produce of the kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, and Estremadura. Cordova, however, yields but little. It is from the country south and east of Seville, that the finest grain is procured; and were these immense and fruitful plains properly cultivated, the produce might supply all Spain. But the population is so scanty, and possesses so little industry, that the price of wheat is there generally above the average of the other agricultural districts. In proportion as prices advance at Seville, supplies come from a greater distance, from the plains of Badajoz, and even from Truxillo and Caceres. Estremadura occasionally finds an outlet for its surplus produce in Portugal, the price of wheat being usually much higher in that country; but its free introduction is prevented.

The kingdoms of Old Castile and Leon are justly considered the granaries of Spain. They have their outlets in the north by various ports from Gijon to St. Sebastian, the principal being Santander and Bilbao. The provinces of Burgos and Palencia are the nearest points from which these ports get any considerable supply; the distance being from 130 to 140 English miles from each. The elevated and rich *campos*, which extend from Logrono to Burgos, and thence on each side of the Arlanza and Pisuerga, and along the Canion and numerous other streams which water the provinces of Palencia, Valladolid and Zamora, yield immense quantities of wheat; and farther to the west and on the south side of the Douro, the provinces of Toro and Salamanca may be considered as forming a portion of the richest wheat-country in Spain, or perhaps in the world. The crop is often so abundant for a series of years, that the produce of the fields at a distance from the villages, is sometimes

allowed to rot on the ground, the expense of conveying it home being considered beyond its value! It was calculated, that the accumulated surplus of four or five successive years of good crops in the *silos* and granaries of these plains, amounted at the close of the harvest of last year (1828) to 6 millions of fanegas, or one and one-fifth million Winchester quarters. The ordinary cost of carriage does not exceed that already mentioned, viz. 7s. or 8s. a quarter for every 100 miles, but the means of transport are so defective and badly organized, that when any extraordinary demand for exportation takes place, the rates advance enormously. Thus in September, 1828, the usual price was 7s. or 8s., but in consequence of extensive demands from England and France, it rose two months after to 14s. and 16s. per quarter.

The roads from Medina del Campo and Rio Seco, Valladolid, &c. to the ports are pretty good, but from Salamanca and Zamora they are hardly practicable for loaded carts. The ox-carts carry each from 30 to 32 fanegas, or 6½ quarters, a stout mule 2½ fanegas, or half a quarter. There are a few waggons employed, which carry from 90 to 100 fanegas, (18 or 20 quarters) but their number is inconsiderable. Taking Burgos and Palencia as the two central points whence the shipping ports have to draw their supplies, the average distance is about 135 English miles. In order to deliver 100,000 quarters monthly in these ports, 5000 carts, with two oxen each, would be required; making the journey in 8½ working days, including all delays for loading, discharging, and weighing, as well as for repairs, (the carts having wooden wheels only, and subject to continual accidents) at 6 quarters each 90,000  
And 5000 mules making four journeys  
per month, with half a quarter  
each . . . . . 10,000

Total per month 100,000  
To keep Palencia and Burgos constantly supplied, at least an equal number of carts and mules would be necessary to bring the grain from the more distant places; and it may well be questioned whether such a number of carts, oxen, and mules, could be procured in the whole of the adjoining provinces, even allowing that every other kind of commerce were abandoned for the time. Perhaps, by a very great effort, 50,000 or 60,000 quarters might be delivered monthly in the ports of Gijon, Bilbao, and Santander; but when we allow for the carriers required to conduct the other business of the country, it will be seen that even this would demand more exertion than could under ordinary circumstances be accomplished. And in confirmation of what has now been stated, it may be mentioned, that during last January, when the greatest activity prevailed in the conveyance of wheat on account of the exports to England, about 3000 fanegas were daily delivered in Bilbao from the interior, being at the rate of about 18,000 quarters a month, working on Sundays.

We subjoin an account of the prices of the various sorts of corn, and of wine, and oil, for the year ending with August, 1828, deduced from the official returns published in the Madrid Gazette.

Table of the average price of Corn,\* &amp;c. in the various Provinces of Spain, during the year from September, 1827, to September, 1828.

PROVINCES.			AVERAGE PRICES IN EACH PROVINCE FOR THE WHOLE YEAR.									
			Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Ry <sup>e</sup> .	Maize.	Rice.	Garbanzos.	Wine.	Oil.	
MARITIME.	North.	Guipuscoa . . . . .	35½				28					
		Biscay . . . . .	38	19½		24½	31			15	48	
		Santander . . . . .	32½				23½		102	18	34½	
	South.	Gallicia . . . . .	40	27		22	32½			14½	42½	
		Seville . . . . .	39½	15	11	19½	30		68	20	23	
		Cadiz . . . . .	40	19½			37½		72½	25	23	
	East.	Malaga . . . . .	36½	17½			26½	22	77	14	23	
		Valencia . . . . .	43½	17		27	27½	22½	162	11	41	
		Catalonia . . . . .	53½	20½	23	31	27½	25	68	14	31	
	North.	Aragon . . . . .	34½	14	9	34	14½	32½	104	8	31	
		Navarre . . . . .	29	16½	15	14½	23½		80	6	39	
		Avila . . . . .	30½	12½	9		27½				18	45
	Centre.	Soria . . . . .	26½	13½		13			80	17	44	
		Burgos . . . . .	24½	11	7½	10			98	22	44	
		Valladolid . . . . .	21	8½	5	10			109	9		
	South.	Salamanca . . . . .	18	9½	6		12½		94		40	
		Extremadura . . . . .	19	11		11½			74	29	34	
		Toledo . . . . .	19	9½		10			70	14	25	
INLAND.	Centre.	La Mancha . . . . .	34	8½		16				22		
		Cordova . . . . .	28½	14½				60	17	19		
	South.	Jaen . . . . .	22	10		19		47	14	19		
		Granada . . . . .	32	17			20			20	24	
Monthly average for all Spain . . . . .			32	14	11½	18½	26½	25½	86	16	33	
Monthly average in the Maritime Provinces of the			North South East	36½	24		23	29½		15½	43	
	38½	17			19½	31	22	66	19	23		
			48½	19	23½	29½	25½	24	96	13	35	
Average of Maritime Provinces . . . . .			41	20	22	26	29	23½	86	15	34	
Monthly average in the Inland Provinces of the			North South Centre	26	14	10	13	24	33	96	14½	38½
	28	9			14				14	27		
			27	13½			20	60	17	24		
Average of Inland Provinces . . . . .			27	12	10	13½	23	33	88	16	32	

The *Arrieros*, (carriers, or muleteers,) have long been accustomed to travel only on certain

\* This table is made up from notices published monthly in the Madrid Gazette, but the prices cannot be considered as accurate. Each province makes the return in the weights, measures, and money used in it; many provinces either send no return or do so very irregularly: the prices vary very materially in different towns in the same province. Some of the returns include the Alcabala, or gate duty, and others do not: and the Castilian *arroba* and *fanega* vary from 2 to 7 per cent. in different provinces. For these reasons an accurate table of prices cannot be obtained. Whenever two prices were stated in the returns, the *highest* has been chosen as indicating the finest quality.

Wheat, barley, oats, rye, maize, and garbanzos, are all reduced to the Castilian *fanega*, of which five are nearly equal to an English quarter. The prices are stated in *reals vellon*, and

roads, and hardly any reward will tempt them to go out of their beat. On this account corn from the interior has usually to be loaded and unloaded three or four times before it reaches its destination. The honesty of the carriers and muleteers is put to the proof every day, and it is but justice to say, that goods entrusted to them are very rarely lost; though between distant places packages frequently pass through the hands of six or eight different carriers, without any receipt or road bill. The carriers are also the travelling merchants of the country, supplying the markets of the interior

consequently represent pretty nearly *shillings sterling per quarter*.

Rice is sold by the *arroba* of 25½ English lbs. Wine also per *arroba*, equal to 2½ imperial gallons; oil per *arroba*, equal to 2½ Imperial gallons.

The prices of the different kinds of produce given in the above table are considered below the average of the last three or four years.

with every kind of produce in demand. In Spain there are no extensive corn merchants as in England and in other countries, whose operations, being conducted on a large scale, tend to equalize prices throughout the country, and from one season to another. The *Arrieros* engross this branch of commerce, contenting themselves with a moderate remuneration for the mules and servants employed. The merchants in the seaports speculate only on exportation to other countries, rarely on sales in the interior. The *Arrieros*, with their servants and families, living entirely by this petty traffic and the conveyance of goods, form a very large proportion of the entire population.

III. *State of the Roads—Provision for their repair and construction—Canals.*—The *camino reales*, or king's highways, are not numerous in Spain, nor are they all kept in good repair. Taking Madrid as a point of departure, there are two good roads to Burgos, one passing through Valladolid, and the other through Aranda de Douro. From Burgos the road is continued by Vitoria and Irun to France. Both these roads are in tolerable repair; even the line from Burgos to France, taking into account the mountainous nature of the country through which it passes. From Valladolid an excellent new road has been made by Palencia and Reynosa to Santander. There are two roads to Bilbao, one by Miranda and another by Vitoria. To the northwest there is a *camino real*, through Galicia to Corunna and Ferrol, but in such a state of disrepair as to be impassable in numerous places for loaded carriages or carts; but attempts are now making to improve it. There is only one *camino real* leading to Estremadura, and that is in so bad a state that it has been hitherto found impossible to establish a stage coach upon it; but operations are now in progress upon this road also, and it is expected that in the course of this year a diligence will be set on foot between Madrid and Badajoz. To the south there is only one *camino real* over the Sierra Morena to Seville, through Andujar and Cordova. The whole line is in a pretty good state; but the portion from Seville to Cadiz is not upon the same footing as the rest.

There are two great roads from Madrid to the east, one through the province of Cuenca to Valencia; but it has long been in such a wretched state as to be entirely abandoned to the muleteers and ox-carts of the villages. The other, which is in a better condition, goes far to the south of the direct line, passing through Albacete and Almanza in Murcia. This is the route of the diligence to Valencia and Barcelona, and of the heavy waggons for these cities. The direct line to Barcelona is by Guadalajara and Saragossa; but although there is a *camino real* in this direction, it is in such a state as not to admit of carriages travelling beyond a walking pace, nor of the passage of loaded waggons.

In Catalonia the roads are comparatively numerous and excellent, and there are stage-coaches between most towns of consequence. The road from Saragossa to Barcelona has lately been put into better repair, and a diligence was established upon it in the beginning of the present year.

In some places lines of road of some leagues

in length have been completed many years ago; but they are nearly useless, in consequence of the original plans having been abandoned from want of funds and industry. The other roads which are traced upon the map may be divided into three classes, viz.—1st, Roads which have originally been made and covered with road metal. 2dly, Roads across the plains and through the valleys, formed by the tracks of the country carts, and which have only, in a few places, been artificially constructed. And 3dly, The mule roads or paths, worn by the feet of the mules travelling over the mountains during a long series of years.

The first class have almost all been neglected, and are with difficulty passable by light-loaded carts. The second being totally without bridges, are rendered impassable by the rains. The third are numerous, and are well adapted for traversing the mountainous ridges which, crossing the country in every direction, render all conveyance by carts or waggons difficult, and often impossible. The course of these roads, through mountainous ranges, involves the necessity of crossing many torrents; and in numerous instances, indeed, the road, if so we may call it, lies in the bed of the torrent. Hence, during the rainy season, they are very dangerous and are subject to much interruption.

A new road has very lately been completed between Leon and Gijon, not, however, without having experienced the most determined opposition from the land-owners of the Asturias, who dreaded the facility which it would give to the introduction of the cheaper corn of Leon and Castile, and the consequent deterioration of the value of their estates. The portion of this road intended to connect Leon with Valladolid is not yet completed. The road already mentioned, through Cuenca to Valencia, is at present under repair, and is expected to be opened in the course of two or three years.

The revenue applicable to the construction and repair of the roads is derived, 1st, from chains or toll-gates; and 2dly, from local taxes. Upon all the practicable roads, tolls are established at the distance of ten or twelve English miles. They are farmed in the same way as in England. The tolls levied vary somewhat in some of the provinces; but the following may be considered as near the average:—

Carriages and waggons with four wheels, 1-4 (farthing.)

Ditto ditto two ditto, 1-10th of a penny.

Each horse or mule pays in addition, 1-4 to 3-8ths of a penny.

Each single horse or mule, the same.

A pair of oxen in a cart, 1 1-2d. to 2d.

It is believed that government derives a greater revenue from the tolls that it expends upon the roads. The local tax is only levied in such provinces as are traversed by new roads, and is paid either by an additional postage on letters, or by an additional duty on wine, oil, and other articles consumed in towns and villages. Sometimes both are levied. The principal lines of road are under the superintendence of a Board established in Madrid, under the presidency of the Minister of Finance. It directs repairs, upon reports made to it by the different provincial intendants and post-



masters. The intendants are charged with the recovery of the toll dues and taxes. No funds seem to be appropriated to roads of the second and third class, although small sums are levied from travellers upon them. The General Board has published abstracts of its operations during the years 1826 and 1827, from which it appears that the sum expended in 1826 in repairing and improving 3,100 miles of old road and 17 bridges, and in constructing and repairing 175 miles of new road and 18 bridges, was £92,400. In 1827 £89,240 were expended.

Nothing, perhaps, can more strikingly evince the backward state of Spain, as to the means of internal communication, than this return. Though about three-and-a-half times as large as England, the outlay on account of old and new roads does not certainly amount to one-twentieth part of the sums expended for the same objects in this part of the United Kingdom!

In Biscay and Navarre the roads are under the superintendence of the provincial administration; and, as might be expected, are more numerous, better constructed, and more carefully managed than in the rest of the country. The merchants of Bilbao, San Sebastian, &c. have contributed greatly to the improvement of the roads in their vicinity, having, in the first instance, raised the funds by shares, the whole of which were afterwards bought up by the deputation, or junta of the province.

The subject of canals is intimately connected with that of internal communication. No country in Europe experiences the want of this means of transport more than Spain, and looking at the map merely, one would suppose, that in none were there greater facilities for the construction of canals. But the nature of the country, the imbecility of the government, and the ignorance and poverty of the people, oppose almost insuperable obstacles to their formation. Still, however, some advances have been made; and the government of Ferdinand may, in this respect, be advantageously contrasted with that of Charles II. During the reign of the latter, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Mançanares navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon, provided they were allowed to levy a duty for a certain number of years on the goods conveyed by this channel. The council of Castile took this proposal into their serious consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced the singular decision, "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as he has not done it, it is plain he did not think it proper that it should be done. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of his providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works."

But such undertakings are no longer looked upon as *sinful*; and many have been projected since the accession of the Bourbon dynasty, though few have been completed. The canal of the Ebro is the only one at present so far advanced as to be useful for the purposes of irrigation and navigation; but it is only partially completed, and during dry seasons it suffers from the want of water. The most im-

portant project of this sort at present on foot is the canal of Castile. Its main branch is intended to lay open the country between the Douro and Reynosa, and facilitate the transport of grain from the *campos* of Castile. It passes by Valladolid, Palencia, and Aguilar del Campos; a small part of it has been executed and is now in operation. A branch of this canal is to penetrate to Rio Seco, whilst another is intended to extend to Burgos. The sandy nature of the soil, and the deep channels of the rivers intended to feed it, (the Canrion, Pisuerga, and Arlanza,) oppose serious obstacles to its completion. The king has lately charged a company, at the head of which is the captain-general of Castile, with the execution of this undertaking; and it is probable that the late extraordinary exportation of grain for England and France, the advantages of which it has been productive, and the prospects which it opens, will afford facilities for the arrangements and operations of the company, which it could not have met with at any other period. Another company has undertaken, what the Dutch contractors formerly offered, to render the Tagus navigable from Aranjuez to Lisbon, the free navigation of this river having been stipulated at the congress of Vienna. It proposes to establish steamboats of a small draft of water upon it, and anticipates the completion of the plan in about two years.

The Guadalquivir was once, it is said, navigable for flat-bottomed vessels, as far as Cordova; at present vessels only reach Seville. The floods to which this river is subject—the waters suddenly rising sometimes upwards of twenty feet in perpendicular height, must, it is to be feared, nullify any attempts to render it navigable. There are, however, several projects of this sort on foot; but none of them is likely to be speedily executed.

IV. *Population*.—In most of the seaport towns there has of late years been a considerable improvement in the buildings and an increase of population. In the northern provinces the houses are at present fully occupied, and rents have advanced considerably. In passing through Old and New Castile, Andalusia, &c. the traveller is apt to suppose that the population is decreasing, even where it is, perhaps, increasing with considerable rapidity. This arises from the circumstance of the houses being chiefly built of sun-dried bricks, which last only a few years, so that the villages have a ruinous appearance, and seem to be half deserted. In Madrid and Valladolid rents are low; but this is not so much a proof of a diminution of population, as of the poverty of the people. In Seville and Valencia, which are surrounded by walls, an increase of population would be speedily felt; and would cause a demand for houses and a rise of rents. But rents in both these cities are low, and there are numerous houses to let. In Granada there is an evident improvement in the streets and buildings. The inhabitants of this city, indeed, and of Granada in general, are distinguished for their industry; and in consequence above 400,000 individuals have been added to the population of the province since 1783, being an increase of about *two-thirds* the number then existing in it. The increase in Valencia and Catalonia has been similar.

But independently altogether of the conclusions to which an individual may come in travelling through the country, or of the returns as to particular provinces, there is the best evidence to prove that the population of Spain has increased very considerably during the last forty or fifty years, and particularly since the peace of 1815. According to a census made by order of government in 1787 and 1788, the population of Spain amounted to 10,043,968. A census was again taken in 1797, when it was found to amount to 10,541,221. It is, however, believed that the numbers given in this census are underrated; for, as certain taxes affect corporations and districts of the country proportionally to the number of inhabitants, it was for their interest to make defective returns. In 1821, the Cortes made an effort to obtain authentic accounts of the number of inhabitants, which they estimated at about 11½ millions; but very little dependence can be placed on the returns made to them. More recently, however, this subject has been carefully investigated by Doctor Minano, in the article *Espana*, in the fourth volume of his *Diccionario Geografico, &c. de Espana y Portugal*. Having obtained many original documents, and compared together the official returns as deduced from conscription lists, tax tables, &c., Minano estimated the population of Spain in 1826, at 13,732,172. We prefer, however, subjoining the following estimate of the population in 1827, as given in Hassel's *Historical and Statistical Almanack* for the present year; the character of the compiler warranting the conclusion that it is the most correct hitherto published.

Kingdoms and Provinces.	German Sq. Miles.	Inhabitants.
Madrid	61.88	297,812
Toledo	412.86	485,203
Guadalaxara	91.60	157,338
Cuenca	531.51	382,577
La Mancha	354.96	257,210
Burgos	361.13	611,762
Soria	191.81	267,537
Segovia	163.12	221,379
Avila	120.93	153,479
Leon	277.38	311,755
Palencia	81.56	153,482
Toro	92.81	126,581
Valladolid	152.44	243,607
Zamora	74.82	92,821
Salamanca	264.94	272,982
Asturias	173.45	464,565
Galicia	748.10	1,585,419
Estremadura	674.33	556,780
Seville	423.	970,087
Cordova	195.75	327,256
Jaen	269.25	276,905
Granada	452.81	1,097,093
Murcia	370.69	493,192
Aragon	603.	856,219
Valencia	361.59	1,255,095
Majorca, Minorca, &c.	82.69	242,893
Catalonia	573.20	1,116,641
Navarre	115.31	288,244
Biscay	59.63	144,875
Guipuscoa	29.25	135,838
Alava	50.91	92,807
<b>Totals</b>	<b>8,446.90</b>	<b>13,963,959</b>

1652 Inhabitants to a Square Mile, at an average of the whole kingdom.

Minano's estimate for 1826, was,

Lay Inhabitants	13,490,031
Clergy	127,345
Soldiers	100,732
Sailors	14,064
	<hr/> 13,732,172

The actual population of Spain may consequently be estimated at rather more than *fourteen* millions.\*

The increase during the present century cannot be computed at less than *three* millions, being about a fourth of the total number of inhabitants in 1800. And the fact of so considerable an increase having taken place, notwithstanding the almost insuperable obstacles in the way of every sort of industry, the multiplied abuses which infect every department of the public economy, and the spoliations incident to a prolonged and bloody contest, proves how rapidly Spain would advance, were she subjected to a government strong enough to enforce the administration of justice, and enlightened enough to put down flagrant abuses, and to release industry from the trammels and burdens by which it is weighed down.

Don Antonio de Capmany has the merit of having clearly demonstrated the fallacy of the often repeated statements with respect to the immense population, and flourishing commerce and manufactures of Spain, in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Emperor Charles V. and Philip II. He has shown, from contemporary authorities, that at the period when Spain is said to have been most populous, she was very often subject to the most dreadful famines, and that there was then the same constant complaint with respect to the idleness of the people and the miserable state of agriculture that there is in our own days.† It is admitted, indeed, that both industry and population declined during the reigns of Philip III. Philip IV. and Charles II. It is, however, certain that the progress of Spain, since the accession of the Bourbon dynasty in 1701, and particularly during the reign of Charles III., has been more than equal to her previous decline,‡ and that were she now subjected to a

\* It is singular that M. Laborde should not, when treating of the population of Spain, in the 5th volume of the new edition of his work, published in the course of the present year, have said one word as to the account of the population now laid before the reader. Even if he had not seen the work of Minano, he might have learned from the tables published by M. Balbi, that the population was very little, if any thing, under 14,000,000. M. Laborde, however, reckons it only at 12,000,000, and the detailed statement which he has published, carries it only to 10,730,000. This it must be confessed is a very slovenly and careless mode of proceeding.

† See the *Questions Critiques* of Don Antonio de Capmany.—pp. 1—73.

‡ See the Supplemental Volume added by Don Andres Mariel to the French Translation of Coxe's *Memoirs* of the Spanish Princes of the House of Bourbon, particularly the *Compte Rendu* of count Florida Blanca.

vigorous government like that of Charles V., she would be capable of greater exertions than those which distinguished her in the most brilliant period of her history. The truth is, that Spain has sunk to her present state of utter insignificance, not because she has absolutely declined, but because she has not made the same progress as others. The bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance of her government, and her vicious institutions, have gone far to extinguish every germ of improvement, and have held her in a comparatively stationary state, while all her neighbours have been making prodigious advances. Look at the immeasurable difference between the England of this day and the England of the age of Queen Elizabeth! Had the latter been as powerful as George IV., we apprehend she would have looked upon the armadas and manifestos of Philip II. with about as much contempt as we should look upon those of his imbecile successor Ferdinand.

**V. Taxes.**—The *alcabala* in its original form of ten or fourteen per cent. on the sale of every article consumed in the towns and villages no longer exists, being now paid in the shape of gate duties or *octrois* (*derechos de puertass*). These duties are levied upon the same articles, and the amount of duty on each has been varied according to circumstances; in a few instances it has been diminished, but in the greater number much increased. The same duties are not imposed in the different towns; almost every one having a peculiar rate for itself. In general the rate is fixed by the *ayuntamiento* or council of the town; but his majesty's approbation is necessary before it can be carried into execution. Most foreign manufactured goods pay about thirty per cent. *ad valorem*, some as much as sixty. Wine pays a duty which in many places is equal to cent. per cent. upon its value; and oil from thirty to seventy per cent. The *alcabala* presses severely on every class, but chiefly on the poor, and is the object of universal complaint. The *ayuntamiento* receives a certain per centage upon the amount collected at the gate of the town for local objects; the rest goes into the Royal Treasury. In small villages it is levied only on necessities, as meat, fowls, eggs, oil, corn, &c. In towns which are not walled, or have no gates, a tax called the *equivalente* is levied, that is, the inhabitants are assessed in such a sum as the *alcabala* would probably produce, calculating from the revenue afforded by other towns of the same size. The *alcalde* and *ayuntamiento* are responsible for its payment, and they divide the sum very arbitrarily amongst the householders, according to their estimate, (influenced of course, by every sort of partiality,) of the products each ought to consume.

Next to the *alcabala*, tithe is the most oppressive tax in Spain, and the most complained of. Formerly it was exacted with the greatest rigour, and from articles (amongst others from *las malas mugeres, de lo que ganan con su cuerpo*—Ley de partida. 3rd tit. 20, part 2,) which might have been considered beyond the reach of clerical rapacity. Senor Arguëlles estimates the value of the tithe at 600 millions of reals; and according to treasury documents

it amounted in 1808 to 620 millions. In 1820, however, it was estimated by a commission appointed to inquire into the subject, at only 335,694,000; but it is generally believed that this estimate was as much below the truth, as the former was probably above it. The clergy, as will be immediately seen, do not get the whole of this revenue—perhaps, hardly the half of it.

The public taxes may be divided into two classes; those which affect the laity, and those which affect the clergy only. Amongst the direct taxes on the former are these:

**Frutos civiles.** Six per cent. on the produce of all rented lands.

**Medias Annatas.** The first half year's rental of all entailed lands on the accession of the heir.

**Lanzas.** A composition tax in lieu of the troops which the nobles and mayorazgos were formerly bound to furnish.

**Subsidio del comercio.** A tax of 100,000*l.* levied upon the merchants. The finance minister fixes the proportion which each intendancy must pay. The intendants then fix the proportion payable by each town; and the *ayuntamientos* assess the individuals. It is so unequally divided, that merchants of the first class pay 40*l.* in some towns, and only 20*l.* in others. It is generally believed that the amount really levied under pretence of this tax is double the nominal amount; there being no means of checking the misconduct of the officers.

The bulk of the taxes on the laity is divided into two great classes—the *rentas generales* and the *rentas provinciales*. The former are collected throughout all Spain, with the exception of Biscay. They include the revenue derived from the post-office, the stamp duties, customs, &c. together with the royal monopolies of salt, tobacco, and gunpowder. The *rentas provinciales* are collected only in the provinces belonging to the crown of Castile, and do not, therefore, affect either Biscay, Navarre, Catalonia, Arragon, or Valencia, which have peculiar and less burdensome taxes. The *alcabala* is included under this denomination, as is the hearth tax and many others. During the five years from 1814 to 1818, the provincial rents produced, at an average, 242,587,018 reals a year.

The tax denominated *paja y utensilio*, is appropriated to the support of the army. Previously to the reign of Philip V. the inhabitants of the different provinces in which the troops were quartered, were obliged to furnish them gratuitously with various articles of subsistence. But in 1719, this was changed into a money contribution, at certain specified rates for officers and men. Nothing, however, can be more unjust and unequal than this tax, for it imposes a heavy burden on the places where troops are stationed, from which the other parts of the country, though perhaps richer, where they are not, are entirely exempted.

The revenue derived from the tobacco and salt monopolies is very considerable. Every one is allowed to buy any quantity of tobacco he chooses, provided he buys it in the government *estancos*; but salt is the subject of assessment. The intendant fixes the consumption which ought to take place in every town

under his charge, and the total quantities are delivered to the *alcaldes*, who fix the specific quantity for which each individual must pay, whether he use it not. The landowners, farmers, &c. are charged with a quantity proportioned to the number of individuals in their employment, and the cattle and sheep which they possess.

The provinces of Navarre and Biscay, and some others, purchase by an annual contribution, which does not amount to above 150,000*l.* an exemption from a number of petty taxes. The cruzado, or bull granting permission to eat meat on Fridays and four days every week during Lent, is in general demand all over the kingdom, and is supposed to yield from 300,000 to 500,000*l.*

The contributions of the clergy are

The *Subsidio*, or voluntary gift of 100,000*l.* annually.

The *Excusado*, or tithe of the tenth house or farm, originally appropriated for building and repairing churches. Pope Pius V. allowed Philip II. to apply the produce of this tax to his wars against the infidels. It is now applied to the ordinary expenses of the state. The king has the choice of the houses or farms, and naturally selects the most valuable, the tithes being paid to a revenue officer instead of the curate. This *tenth* may be considered equivalent to one-sixth or one-seventh of all the tithes of the parish.

The *Tercias Reales* is a tax of two-ninths of the tithes received by the clergy; this tax, or king's share of the tithes, has existed from a very remote epoch.

The *Noveno*. Another ninth part of the tithes annually paid to the clergy. This portion was originally placed at the disposal of the pope, but has been appropriated by the king.

The *Novalas*. Tithes on land newly brought into cultivation.

The *Diezmos Exentos*. The tithe of all lands originally exempted from clerical jurisdiction. The whole of the above taxes are farmed.

These, however, are not the only burdens imposed upon the clergy. It has for some time been the practice to oblige them to pay two years revenue upon their appointment to a new benefice. The payment is made during a period of four years, being the half of each year's income; and on the expiration of this term the incumbent is sometimes removed to another living, to undergo the same depletory operation during another four years. In consequence of this policy, the Spanish clergy, formerly so wealthy, are now, in many cases, indifferently enough provided for, and are daily becoming of less consequence in the estimation of the people as well as of the government.

There are the best reasons for believing that from the French invasion in 1808, until the commencement of 1823, the revenues have hardly ever exceeded the expenditure, exclusive of the interest of the debt. In the beginning of the last year, however, considerable reforms were introduced into most departments. The following estimate of the expenses for the year commencing 1st April,

1823, on the reformed plan, was published in the Gazette as official; but it is impossible to determine as to the degree of credit to be given to it, except that the charge on account of the interest of the debt does not amount to a third of what it ought to be.

Department of the War Minister	£2,650,550
Ditto Finance ditto	£794,110
Ditto ditto	651,930 1,445,140
Ditto of Grace and Justice (Interior)	145,119
Ditto Marine	400,000
Ditto State (Estado)	108,930
Ditto Royal Household	505,900
	£5,255,639

The revenue of 1823 is stated to have amounted to £5,988,410.

Besides the expenses classed under the several heads above-mentioned there are numerous local expenses under the direction of societies and commissions, of which no account is given. Neither is the pay and clothing of the *Realistas*, forming a body of from 250,000 to 300,000 volunteers, included. The money for these purposes is levied, as already mentioned, by a tax on the articles consumed in the towns and villages, and is distributed by the *ayuntamientos* or local communities.

It is hardly necessary, after what has been previously stated, to say that taxation in Spain is in the last degree defective. It has, in fact, almost every fault which can vitiate a revenue system, and render it a curse to a country. It is grossly unequal and arbitrary; no one can ever previously tell what sum he may have to contribute; and from the highest functionaries downwards there is the most flagrant corruption and abuse. No fewer than 1000 superior officers, 2050 inferior ditto, and 13,600 subalterns, in all 16,650 individuals, are employed in the collection of the custom duties; and as they receive only a miserable pittance, they levy contributions for their own pockets; and take bribes from a penny upwards, whenever they have an opportunity. It is plain, therefore, that the ostensible revenue of six millions sterling costs the country a vast deal more. Many well-informed Spaniards are of opinion that were the total amount of taxes estimated at twelve millions, it would be rather under than above the mark!

Notwithstanding the apparently flourishing state of the Spanish revenue, as represented in the Madrid Gazette, it is certain that down to the present moment the salaries of the employees are in arrear from four to six months, and are very irregularly paid. Of the troops the guards only receive their pay regularly; that of the other regiments is always in arrear, though they are better paid now than formerly. The fundholders do not fare better. It is seldom that more than one quarter's interest is paid in the year, with the exception of the French loans. According to the budget of the Cortes for 1822, the ways and means, or total revenues, were estimated at 562,800,000 reals, and the expenses at 664,812,321, leaving a deficit of 102,012,321 reals, or £1,063,000. To cover this deficit, the Cortes endeavoured to organize a direct tax on the profits of Agricul-



ture, trade, and manufactures, somewhat after the plan of the income tax imposed in this country during the late war. But as soon as the Cortes were overthrown, the ancient order of things was re-established, and taxation again placed on the footing already mentioned.

At present, therefore, Spain may be described as in a state not only of declared bankruptcy, inasmuch as the existing government has disavowed the loans negotiated by the Cortes, but as being, even if she had the desire, totally unable to make good her engagements. In fact the whole revenue of the state would do little more than pay the interest of the debt. And to make any radical or material improvement in the state of the finances would require a total change in almost all the public institutions, and in the entire system of taxation. Such a change, in short, as Napoleon might have introduced, supposing he had succeeded in his attempt to subjugate Spain.

Taking into view the poverty of the inhabitants, the want of industry, the stagnation of commerce, and the cessation of all remittances from the colonies, Spain may justly be considered as being at this moment the heaviest taxed country of Europe.

VI. *New Manufactures*.—Numerous manufactures of various kinds have been established in Catalonia within the last ten years. Those of silk and cotton are the most extensive, and are in a thriving state. The silk manufactures of Talavera, Seville, Grenada, and Malaga, are comparatively insignificant. In Valencia only is any attempt made to rival the Catalans in the production of the silk articles that are still demanded in Spain. It is estimated that there are in all about 16,000 hands, at present employed in the different operations of spinning, twisting, and weaving silk.

There are numerous manufactures of coarse cloth, *pano pardo*, especially in Arragon and Catalonia. Foreign coarse cloths are either entirely prohibited, or so high a duty laid on them as to hinder their importation. In Catalonia there are manufactures of fine cloths, as there are also at Guadalaxara and Alcañ in Valencia. The finest cloths in Spain are made in the latter; the establishments are numerous and flourishing, and occupy about 10,000 hands. The establishment for the manufacture of fine cloths at Segovia has been idle for some years, but an English company has lately taken the works, and intends commencing operations on an extensive scale. The machinery at Segovia is of English workmanship; that of Alcañ was brought from Holland.

In the northern provinces tanning is the most active branch of manufacture; they supply the interior, in which there are very few tan works; a few exist in Andalusia. In the north, the tanners are almost all Basques, from the French side of the Pyrenees, who, having fled to Spain to avoid the conscription, introduced this valuable branch of industry. In Andalusia the tan works are principally in the hands of Englishmen.

Several paper and hat manufactures have also been established within the last few years, and have had a reasonable degree of success. There are several manufactures of arms, principally on account of government, but

very little is done in cutlery ware. Potteries are numerous, though in general none but wares of the coarsest kind are produced. In Catalonia, indeed, and the northern part of Valencia, a somewhat better description of pottery is made, but the art is still in its infancy. There is a royal manufactory of porcelain at Madrid, on the plan of the French one at Sèvres, the produce of which is very superior; but like its prototype, it costs much more than it produces. The linen manufacture of Galicia, which at one period employed a large portion of its inhabitants, has not been able to sustain the competition of the Germans and English, and is now of little importance.

VII. *Iron Manufactures of Biscay*.—It would appear from a report made to the deputation or junta of the province of Biscay in 1827, on the state of the iron manufactures, that they were then very much depressed, hardly in any instance paying the expenses. This report was, however, made in the view of inducing government to prohibit the introduction of any iron, except that of Biscay, into the other provinces; and it may, therefore, be fairly presumed that it is a good deal exaggerated. In 1828 the iron manufactures were in considerable activity. They are very numerous, but none of them is on an extensive scale, generally employing only four or five workmen. There is only one smelting manufactory at Bilbao, and both funds and workmen seem to be wanting to conduct this operation on any considerable scale. The importation of cast iron utensils is prohibited, which affords a fine field, had the Spaniards talent and industry to take advantage of it. With the exception of the Biscay provinces, iron has not been wrought to any extent in Spain. The principal supply is from the mountain of Sommo-rostra between Bilbao and Santander. The works commenced at Pederosa in Andalusia, by a company in Seville, have not, hitherto, been attended with any success, in consequence, it is said, of mismanagement. On the opposite side of Andalusia, at Martulla, another company has recently been established, which has brought machinery from Germany and England, and is expected to conduct its operations upon a scale not previously attempted in Spain.

In almost every village in the three Biscay provinces there are manufactures of some kind of iron ware. Horse shoes, coach locks, fusils, and bedsteads, are the leading articles, with which they supply the interior. A number of mules pass daily through Vittoria for the interior, carrying each about 200 lbs. weight of horse shoes. Government has an establishment in Valencia for the manufacture of muskets, pistols and sabres. There is another at Durango, carried on by private individuals.

There is a general complaint of the increasing scarcity of wood for fuel, and of its consequent advance in price. The coal mines nearest to Biscay are in Asturias, at Aviles and Gijon, but coal is hardly used in the manufacture of iron. It appears from a report made by the intendant of Asturias in January, 1828, relative to a demand by the company for the navigation of the Tagus, for permission to im-

port foreign coal for the use of the steam vessels they propose employing, that these mines are of great extent and very rich. The lowest price at which coal can be put on board at Gijon and Aviles, varies, according to this report, from 13s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per ton of 20 cwt., being about double the price of English coal.

The inquiries made by a committee of the junta of Biscay in 1827, show an extraordinary variety in the cost of extracting the ore, as well as in the proportions in which ore, labour, fuel, &c. enter into the cost of iron—a discrepancy which shows that the manufacturers are as yet very little advanced in their business.

From every 100 lbs. of iron	Per cent.	Per cent.
The ore is valued differently at from . . . . .	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fuel . . . . .	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
Workmen and labour . . . . .	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rent of buildings . . . . .	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$

The exportation of iron ore is prohibited, but considerable quantities are notwithstanding sent to France. It does not appear that any of the manufactured articles are exported. A small quantity of iron in bars is exported to Bayonne and Bordeaux.

VIII. *Circulation of internal Bills of Exchange.—Currency.*—There are no substitutes for cash in ordinary transactions in Spain, but there is a considerable circulation of internal bills of exchange. These, however, do not pass from hand to hand as *cash*, except by special arrangement. Every merchant of any consideration is more or less engaged in the purchase and sale of bills. The trade of a banker, as it is understood in England, is unknown. All merchants in good credit call themselves bankers, do banking business, and have agents and connexions in the different towns to facilitate their operations. The danger and difficulty of transmitting money is the cause of this extensive trade in bills, as those who have payments to make, prefer paying a premium on the amount rather than risk the conveyance of specie. This practice is so general that a different exchange exists between towns only a few leagues distant. Most of the banking business is thus done by merchants, who instead of discounting bills, buy them; giving a premium, or taking a discount, according to the greater or less demand for, and supply of, paper in the market. The brokers who arrange these bargains receive 1l. per 1000l. from each of the parties. Merchants are not in the practice of charging a commission. The rate of exchange varies from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. gain, to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loss. In January last, paper on Valladolid and Santander brought in Madrid a premium of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. whilst that on Valencia, Granada, &c. was at about an equal discount. The solidity of the house offering paper effects, of course, the rate of exchange to the extent, perhaps, of 1 or 2 per cent. Three-fourths of the bills in circulation are at short dates, or payable within a month after date. Those at two days sight are allowed eight days grace, unless the word *fixed* be added. The same grace is given to bills which run from the date. Bills drawn

on Spain from foreign countries have fourteen days grace: in Bilbao inland bills are allowed twenty days grace when they are at more than four days sight. There are in most towns individuals who employ their spare cash in discounting bills, but in general they require several indorsers. Interest commonly varies from 3 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. but when money is much wanted for speculation it advances to 7, 8, and 9 per cent.; even 14 and 18 per cent. have been paid on such occasions when the borrower happened to be in doubtful circumstances. Good houses calculate on getting their bills discounted at 3 and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but it is not generally the practice to have recourse to discounts. More money is employed in this way, in consequence of the small return yielded by property in land and houses. Interest is understood to be fixed by law at 6 per cent. on mercantile transactions, and at 3 per cent. on mortgage, but it is evaded with the utmost ease: in mercantile dealings, indeed, no attention seems to be paid to it, nor is there any penalty inflicted on those who take more than the legal rate. There are no bankers with whom money may be lodged at interest, and generally the merchants do not enjoy a great degree of confidence. People prefer hoarding their money to running the risk of losing it by entrusting it to another; or they lend on mortgage, taking a premium in addition to the 3 per cent. allowed by law. The money in circulation consists of gold and silver coins of very various values, and copper. Dollars are rarely seen, especially in the north and near the sea coast, in consequence of the premium they bear in France. Payments, when large, become a serious matter, and occasions a great deal of trouble in counting, examining, and weighing the coins.

Travellers are allowed to carry out of the country a sum for their expenses, which must not exceed 20l. in gold coin only; carriers and others of that class being allowed to carry a much smaller sum. The exportation of dollars, whatever may be the pretence, is totally prohibited, under the penalty of confiscation and imprisonment. Every person passing the frontiers is examined at the nearest custom-house, where he either produces his purse or declares the amount of money in his possession, and receives a permit. Should he have more than the legal quantity it may be seized.

IX. *Coasting Trade—Imports and Exports.*—The transport of salt from Cadix and Torrevieja for the fisheries of Galicia, Asturias, &c. is almost entirely in the hands of Swedes; but with this exception, foreign vessels are not permitted to engage in the coasting trade of Spain. The northern fisheries employ a great many hands, and enjoy a superior degree of protection, in consequence of one of the partners being at present minister of Finance. The sardine fishery is very successful; the parties engaged in it endeavour to exclude competition and substitute their produce for foreign fish. The herrings of the north are not now admitted, the sardine being abundant enough to supply their place. There is also a wish to increase the number of Spanish sailors; the boldness and skill of those of the north being justly, perhaps, attributed to the fisher-

tes, in which a considerable portion of the inhabitants is engaged.

No official commercial documents had been published in Spain for a long period previously to 1828; but the *Balanza Mercantil* for the year 1826 was then compiled and given to the public, with the promise of a similar account annually.\* The only other official statement of exportations and importations was published in 1803 for the year 1792.

**X. Indigent Poor—Mendicity.**—In every considerable town there are numerous establishments devoted exclusively to the support of the poor. These derive their funds principally from legacies of lands and rents, partly left by private individuals and partly by bishops. They consist of hospitals for the support of the indigent, houses of refuge, founding hospitals, infirmaries, and seminaries in which poor chil-

\* The following table is taken from this account, the sum being converted into English money.

*Official Value of Imports and Exports during the Year, 1826.*

	Exports. £.	Imports. £.
Africa	340	11,090
Asia	.....	214,660
United States	45,925	68,940
England	637,800	957,395
France	450,350	726,170
Germany	26,670	150,510
Holland	56,185	133,525
Prussia	5	2,060
Russia	4,085	135,800
Denmark	11,585	30,070
Sweden	6,210	87,080
Turkey	55	31,255
Switzerland	.....	8,930
Sardinia	2	110,895
Italy	83,740	146,300
Portugal	146,160	204,090
Spanish American Col.	330,373	754,690
	£1,799,485	£3,773,475†

Amount of importations from the different states in Europe, the United States of America, Asia, and Africa	£3,018,785
Ditto ditto from Spanish American Colonies, and Phillip. Isles	754,690
	3,773,475

Amount of exportations to the former	£1,469,112
Ditto do. to the latter	330,373
	1,799,485

Balance against Spain £1,973,990

Very little confidence can be placed in this account. The import of tobacco is not given, nor is any account given of the imports and exports into and from the free provinces of the north. It may also be estimated, that from a quarter to one-third more goods are clandestinely imported into Spain, beyond the quantities declared in the official returns.

† £81,780 in gold and silver, coined and in bars, included.

dren are fed and educated. Most of these establishments are under the management of the clergy. In the northern provinces, where the legacies for the support of hospitals have been comparatively unimportant, they are principally established and supported by public subscription, deficiencies of revenue being made up by collections in the churches at certain festivals.

The convents also support a number of poor; but the money devoted to this object by the wealthy communities of friars is trifling. The Franciscan, Dominican, and Capuchin orders chiefly distinguish themselves in this work; and these are all begging fraternities, depending on their success in this degrading profession for their own support. Such, however, is its profitable nature, that they not only provide for themselves, but keep open table for a certain number of poor. The Capuchins of Seville feed forty poor persons daily in addition to their own numerous brotherhood.

The only contribution towards the support of the poor that can be considered as coming directly from the public funds, is a portion of the revenue collected by the vicar-general of Crusades. Upwards of £30,000 derived from this source, is annually divided among the different hospitals of the kingdom. It is impossible to lay any general view of the state of indigence in Spain before our readers, as with the exception of a few of the establishments supported by private subscription, the rest give no account either of their revenues or the number of persons they support.

Notwithstanding the establishments referred to, the number of beggars is very great, and is nowhere greater than in the large cities where those establishments most abound. In this respect there has been no improvement since Mr. Townsend visited Spain. Begging, indeed, is in the provinces subjected to the crown of Castile any thing but disgraceful; and it is still customary for the students in some of the universities to go on begging tours during the vacation, exercising their profession with the greatest effrontery.

In some towns in the provinces not belonging to the crown of Castile, begging is prohibited; vagrants being placed in the hospitals, where they are fed and employed somewhat in the manner of the charity workhouses in England.

In Madrid, during the year ending 1st December, 1827, there were 1,240 marriages. The

Births for the same year were, legiti-	
mate - - - - -	4,341
Illegitimate - - - - -	1,071
	5,412
Deaths, in private houses - - - - -	2,111
Ditto, in three principal hospitals - - - - -	1,742
	3,853

The number admitted into the foundling hospitals during the same year is stated at 1,071; and so dreadful is the mortality that only 817 are reported to have lived long

enough to be baptized! The general impression is, that at an average, from half to two-thirds of the children sent to the various foundling hospitals throughout the kingdom, die in the course of the first year from want of care, bad management, &c.

There are several hospitals in Madrid which do not return the number of deaths; nor is there any return from the numerous religious communities which exist in that city.

The number of patients admitted into the three great hospitals during the above year was 15,504, of whom 13,718 were dismissed cured.

The sacred and royal *Monte de Piedad* of Madrid has relieved from purgatory since its establishment in 1724 till November, 1826,

1,020,395 souls, at an expense of £1,720,437  
11,402 " from the 1st Nov. 1826  
to Nov. 1827 14,276

1,041,797 £1,734,713

Farm Labourers	Superior. 7rls.	Inferior. 5½rls.	English Money. 1s. 5d. and 13d.
Labourers on the Roads	6		1s. 2½d.
Masons and Carpenters	9	6	1s. 10d. and 1s. 2½d.
Woolen Manufactories and Paper ditto in Alcoy	10	6	2s. and 1s. 2½d.
Labourers in Royal Tobacco Factory at Seville, } viz. 2,000 men and 2,000 women	10	4	2s. and 10d.
Ditto in the Mines at Adra, about 10,000	6		1s. 2½d.
Silk Spinning Factories in Valencia (women)	5	4	1s. and 10d.
Silk Weavers in ditto (men)	24	5	4s. 10d. and 1s.
Coopers (very scarce)	20		4s.

*Working hours from 7 in the morning till 10 in the evening.*

The *arrieros* or carriers, divided into the two classes of masters and servants, form the most numerous of the working classes. The servants receive from 3 to 4 reals per day, (7½d. to 10d.,) and have their expenses paid when on a journey.

The number of working days in the year may be estimated at 273

Sundays 52  
Religious festivals 24

Only half-work on 32 demi-ditto 16 92

365

Labouring servants, boarded with their masters, receive in town and country from 2½ to 4 reals, or from 6½d. to 10d. per day.

The rates abovementioned are about as high as the average of those paid for similar descriptions of work in England; but when the quantity of work done is taken into account, they are decidedly higher. Piece-work is little known in Spain, because it lays the employer under the necessity of exercising the most unremitting vigilance, in order to secure due care in its execution; and work done by the day may be moderately estimated at from a fourth to a third less than would be performed by English workmen. One hour a-day may be said to be lost in smoking and lighting cigars. Government has lately made it a rule in all their establishments, such as the tobacco factories, &c., to engage such workmen only as will undertake to labour every day, Sundays not excepted. There are only five or six holidays

The number of masses celebrated to accomplish this pious work was 548,921, consequently each soul cost 19-10th masses, or 34s. 4d.

XI. *Wages of common Labourers.*—Considerable differences exist in the rates of wages paid to labourers in different parts of Spain. In the industrious provinces of the north they are generally a third lower than in the idle provinces of the centre. In the latter the population consisting almost entirely of small proprietors, farmers, &c., the *arrieros* are not easily induced to labour; and the indigent poor prefer eating their dinner in hospitals or convents to earning it in the sweat of their brow. In Biscay, and generally throughout the north, the inhabitants are poor but industrious, and the rate of wages moderate. There is but little difference between wages in the towns and in the country; it is generally a little lower in the latter, perhaps in the ratio of 6 to 7. The following is an approximation of the average rates of labour throughout the year:—

Superior. 7rls.	Inferior. 5½rls.	English Money. 1s. 5d. and 13d.
6		1s. 2½d.
9	6	1s. 10d. and 1s. 2½d.
10	6	2s. and 1s. 2½d.
10	4	2s. and 10d.
6		1s. 2½d.
5	4	1s. and 10d.
24	5	4s. 10d. and 1s.
20		4s.

allowed; and on festival days mass is performed in the workshops in the morning. Many private mining and manufacturing establishments follow this example, except that they do not enforce working on Sundays. The bishops evince no great reluctance to sanction these innovations.

XII. *Ordinary Food of the People—Prices of the Articles most in use.*—The food of the labouring classes throughout most part of Spain consists of bacon, bread, *garbaxos*, (Spanish peas) and beans, green vegetables, wine, oil, and garlic.

These articles form what may be denominated, the absolute necessities of life. The men take a little bread and wine, or more generally brandy, in the morning. The women and children, a soup of bread, garlic, and a little oil. Dinner, served according to the custom of the province from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., consists of a soup of bacon and beans or bread, or a dish of greens dressed in oil and wine; the latter is never mixed with water; from 2 to 4 is the *merienda*, consisting of bread and wine; and at 9 or 10 at night, soup of garlic, oil, and bread, with some vegetables and wine is served up. The poor rarely eat meat, and only occasionally fish, except upon the seacoast. It may, however, be observed, that the gains of the labourer rarely exceed the demands of the week. When some lucky accident gives him the command of a few extra shillings, they are spent in adding something better to his food. Eating is, in fact, the principal enjoyment of the lower class of Spa-



yards; they also drink considerably, though rarely to intoxication. The prices of the subjoined articles vary almost in every village. The following are the highest and lowest rates:—

Bacon (fat), 4½d. to 7d. per lb.  
Bread, coarse ¾d. to 1d. per lb., fine 1½d. to 2d. per lb.  
Garbanzos, 2 to 3½d. per lb., Beans, ½ to ¾d.  
Wine, ¾d. to 3d. per bottle.  
Oil, 1d. to 2½d. per lb.  
Salt fish, 2½d. to 3½d. per lb.  
Beef and mutton, 3½d. to 5d. per lb., neither good.

The bread used throughout Spain is not fermented like French and English bread, but is simply flour, water, and salt, baked, and fired in the usual way.

It is not easy to form any approximate estimate, of the proportion of each of the above articles used by the people, or of the distribution of the money which they annually earn. They have not the most distant idea as to what they respectively pay for food, clothing, fuel, &c. They can only tell what the rent of their apartments amount to; and this, for a family of four or five, varies, according to the locality, from thirty to sixty shillings per annum. The caves round Granada, occupied by upwards of 5000 of the inhabitants of that city and suburbs, rent at from ten to eighteen shillings a-year. Clothes cost the men very little. Many of them wear the same dress ten or twelve years. The *capa* or cloak often serves two or three successive generations. At Valladolid, where living is cheap, we have heard it estimated by those well acquainted with the circumstances, that a labouring family of four persons might subsist pretty comfortably for about tenpence a-day.

The workhouse returns give an annual average expense of from fourpence to sixpence per day, for men, women, and children.

XIII. *State of Crime.*—Assassination and highway robbery are the crimes most complained of.

The administration of justice is extremely slow and uncertain, occasioned partly by the privilege of appeal on the most trivial grounds, and partly, as many allege, and we believe truly, by the corruption of the judges, who are notoriously subject to the influences of wealth and power. The consequence is that, in most instances, individuals prefer submitting to an injury rather than risk a suit.

The system of legislation, with respect to criminal matters, is as bad as possible. A person robbed or assaulted is bound not only to prosecute, but if unsuccessful, to pay all expenses; and is, indeed, forced to lodge a sum of money with the *alcalde* before any steps are taken in the business. In cases of murder and assassination witnesses are afraid to come forward, as it very often happens that they are imprisoned, until they establish their innocence. But even when braving all these dangers, individuals boldly denounce a crime, there are at least five chances to one that the culprit escapes from prison, or compounds his felony with the judges; and in that case the accusers have every thing to dread from the vengeance of the criminal. The banditti are

numerous and powerful; not only overawing those amongst whom they live, but keeping all the petty *alcaldes* in their pay; so that they are enabled to prosecute their murderous career with impunity. Even when a robber or assassin has been convicted and sentenced, there is no certainty that punishment will follow. Thus, from execrable laws, still more execrably administered, it is commonly said in Spain, that not one crime out of ten is ever brought before the courts. We believe, indeed, that this proportion is over-rated; but if we take it at one in three or four, we shall not certainly be beyond the mark.

The late chief of a gang of banditti, which kept the south of Spain in terror, is now protector of the diligence from Aranjuez to Seville. We have been told, that the produce of a year's robbery by himself and a numerous party, amounted, all deductions made, to only fourteen dollars. The great expense was incurred in bribing the *alcaldes*, and inferior officers and soldiers. In the south and east the carriers and muleteers pay a regular contribution to the banditti who infest their routes; by this means ensuring their own safe passage, as well as that of the goods and passengers entrusted to their care. This contribution costs from two to ten pounds a quarter, according to the number of men and mules employed. These conventions are very rarely broken.

Besides the ordinary courts for the trial of those accused of robbery and murder, military tribunals were organized three years since in Galicia, Estremadura, Valencia, and Murcia, which had a good effect. They were, however, suppressed last year; and since then the robbers have become as numerous as ever. It must, indeed, be confessed, that the military courts were somewhat arbitrary in their mode of procedure; the soldiers employed rarely waiting the slow forms of the law, but shooting on the instant, every thief-looking person they met upon the mountains! Since their suppression, parties of *realists*, (absolute volunteers,) have been employed to protect the roads; but they are quite as much dreaded by travellers as the regular robbers. The establishment of the *realistas* dates from 1823. They are entirely under the direction of the priests, and consist of the very dregs of the population, comprising all the most worthless vagabonds to be found in the country. These apostles of despotism amount, as has been already stated, to between 250,000 and 300,000. They have liberty to carry arms, and to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, while an industrious and honest man, especially if he have a little property, has no such privilege.

It is not customary to publish any account of the robberies, which occur almost daily. But to show their frequency and the boldness with which they are undertaken, it is enough to mention, that the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona, though escorted by several soldiers, was robbed at least ten times in the course of last year. The mail-coach from Madrid to Bayonne met with the same treatment either four or five times; the robbery being, in more than one instance, accompanied by the death or wounding of the postillions.

## Present State of Spain.

The only return of cases, prosecutions, and sentences, which appears ever to have been made by the supreme courts of justice, is published in the Madrid Gazette of November, 1827. And notwithstanding it is in many respects, exceedingly defective, it possesses

great interest, as affording some means of comparing the state of crime in Spain with its state in other countries. It will be observed, that two very important tribunals, those of Arragon and Valencia, have sent no returns.

*Law Suits and Criminal Cases, regular and summary, brought before the different Courts of Spain during the year 1826, with the number still pending.*

COURTS.	CIVIL.				CRIMINAL.				Withdrawn.
	Regular.		Summary.		Regular.		Summary.		
	Terminated.	Pending.	Terminated.	Pending.	Terminated.	Pending.	Terminated.	Pending.	
Supreme Court, Madrid . . . . .	95	unkn	none		1,078	246	unknown		
Concileria Royal, Valladolid . . . .	2,184	41	73	none	2,766	unkn			279
Granada . . . . .	2,310	26	2,897	12	2,092	40	3,398	none	140
Valencia . . . . .	no return								
Navarre . . . . .	2,260	none	7,340	none	817	none	unknown		
Royal Tribunal, Galicia . . . . .	923	321	1,157	unkn	2,005	unkn			
Seville . . . . .	643	59	3,423		2,306	unkn	1,329	unkn	66
Asturias . . . . .	71	96	695	3	491	39	166		7
Extremadura . . . . .	85	16	3,142	5	972	518	unknown		8
Catalonia . . . . .	279	36	56	131	1,747	139	166	3	
Arragon . . . . .	no return								
Total . . . . .	8,850	595	18,783	151	14,274	982	5,059	10	493

In the above return the crimes of lesser magnitude, usually decided by the corregidores and alcaldes of the towns and villages, are not included; nor even those, as to which the

inferior magistrates thought it necessary to consult the superior courts before passing sentence.

## Sentences awarded by the Courts in the above Criminal Cases.

COURTS.	Death.	Pillory and Whipping.	Forced Labour in Arsenals & Gallies	Imprisonment and Transportation.	Service in Army and Navy.	Deprivation or Suspension from Office.	Fined and placed under Surveillance.	Pardoned.	Dismissed or not proved.
Supreme Court . . . . .	19	22	369	272	66	4	2,596		165
Chancery, of Valladolid . . . . .	28	5	921	230	62			131	347
Granada . . . . .	18		1,385	222	45	33	2,084		
Council of Navarre . . . . .	8	1	396	53	227				
Tribunal of Galicia . . . . .	5	11	203	121	20		244	24	302
Seville . . . . .	7	5	806	43	36	3	22	1	507
Asturias . . . . .	5		49	19	1	1	476		
Extremadura . . . . .	6		370	130	2	2	972	22	
Catalonia . . . . .	71	11	461	127	22	3	644	26	231
Total . . . . .	167	55	4,960	1,217	479	46	7,038	194	1,552

## Classification of Crimes for which the preceding Sentences were awarded.

COURTS.	Murder.	Infanticide.	Poisoning.	Stabbing and Wounding.	Cannibalism.	Suicide.	Duel.	Rape.	Public Indecency.	Assault.	Blasphemy.	Willful fire-raising.	Robbery.	Coining.	Forgery.	Malversation, Breach of trust.	Perjury.	Various excesses.
Supreme Court*	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chanc. of Valladolid	395	7	..	708	..	13	4	39	30	192	23	29	502	4	34	416	2	370
Granada	258	..	..	342	..	..	..	..	41	..	..	..	451	..	..	98	..	902
Council of Navarre	76	..	..	152	..	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	136	..	..	14	..	414
Tribunal of Seville*	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Asturias	35	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	49	..	..	..	..	384
Estremadura	175	..	..	193	..	1	..	..	..	7	4	5	194	..	2	16	..	373
Gallicia*	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Catalonia	294	6	5	378	1	2	..	13	25	170	..	22	288	6	7	96	8	339
Total	1233	13	5	1773	1	16	4	52	144	369	27	56	1620	10	43	640	10	2782

3 Courts not classified; 2 no return; 6 regular; 11 Total Courts.

The number of criminals in the above Tables does not correspond with the number of crimes in any instance; nor does the total of the latter, adding the corresponding numbers for Madrid, Gallicia, and Seville, omitted in the classified returns, correspond with the total cases, in which punishments appear to have been awarded. No explanation is given of these discrepancies. Several of the Tribunals have made their returns without any regard to classification. Valladolid and Catalonia present the greatest variety of crimes; but this is a consequence merely of the returns being more minute.

No notice is taken of the numbers condemned to be executed, whose sentences were carried into effect.

It is stated, that of those condemned to death in Madrid, four were absent (*per contumace*); one was absent in Gallicia, and fifty-four in Catalonia. The other courts do not make this distinction in their returns.

But, notwithstanding the defects in these returns, the view which they give of the state of society in Spain is such as, fortunately, cannot be matched in any other country, not even in Portugal or Tipperary. That there should, in a population of only fourteen millions, be, in the course of a single year, 1223 murders, and 1773 attempts at murder, accompanied by stabbing and wounding, exhibits a ferocity on the part of the people, and an imbecility on the part of government, without a parallel, we shall not say in the history of civilized nations, but even amongst savage hordes. The population of England and Wales differs very little from that of Spain; and during the years 1826 and 1827, there were seventy-four individuals, being at the rate of thirty-seven each year, convicted of murder, and of attempts at murder by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, &c. Hence it results that, for every single individual convicted of these crimes in this part of the British empire, there were *eighty-one* convicted in Spain! Such are the comparative fruits of good government and of tyranny and

misrule. Surely if there be any truth in the remark of Hume, that when human affairs have sunk to a certain point of depression they naturally begin to ascend in an opposite direction, the regeneration of Spain cannot be far distant.

## EARL MURRAY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

THERE'S glee in old Linlithgow Town,  
For safe returned from Foray,  
There rides a noble cavalcade,  
And with them princely Murray;  
The burghers all have donned their best,  
The Minster bells are ringing,  
And largess great, and words of state,  
The cavaliers are flinging.  
There pressed an old crone through the crowd,  
All withered, wild, and hoary,  
The Regent's rein—his horse's mane  
She clasped—and told her story!  
"With door's fast barred, there's one keeps guard,  
At a window wide and high,  
Thence will no flowers be flung in showers,  
Lord Regent pass not by.  
"His heart is hot, his hand is firm,  
His arquebuss is ready;  
Ye'll reck and rue that my words are true,  
If ye tempt its aim so steady."  
He nodded thanks—he gave her gold—  
But smiled at ill's betiding—  
"Ye'll reck and rue that my words are true,"  
Said the crone—he went on riding.  
Riding on at a peaceful pace  
Amid the burghers loyal,  
Right and left, as the dense throng cleft,  
Bowling with gesture royal;  
Riding on to the trumpet's tone,  
Without delay or hurry,  
While thousands by pealed on the cry—  
Of—"Long live noble Murray!"

\* No returns have been made from these three Courts.

"Thou gavest me back my forfeit life,  
Some ill deeds that may bury;  
My wife lies low, and thine the blow,  
For that, thou diest Earl Murray.  
Then play thy part, my burning heart,  
My arquebus be ready!"—  
Thus spoke the Lord of Bothwellhaugh—  
And fired—his aim was steady.  
There may be glee in Linlithgow,  
For, safe returned from Foray,  
Again may ride a cavalcade,  
But never more Earl Murray!  
He is lying on his stately bier,  
And gathered now, to bury.  
With tear, and sigh, the people cry—  
"Alas! alas! poor Murray!"

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

BY JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR, A.M.

"On Nebo's hill the Patriarch stood,  
Who led the pilgrim bands  
Of Israel through the foaming waves,  
And o'er the desert sands.  
"How beauteous is the scene that spreads  
Before him far and wide,  
Beyond the fair and fated bourne  
Of Jordan's glorious tide.  
"Stretched forth in varied loveliness,  
The land of promise smiled  
Like Eden in its wondrous bloom,  
Magnificent and wild!  
"He look'd o'er Gilead's pleasant land,  
A land of fruit and flowers,  
And verdure of the softest green,  
That drinks the Summer showers.  
"He saw fair Ephraim's fertile fields  
Laugh with their golden store,  
And far beyond the deep blue wave  
Bathed Judah's lonely shore.  
"The southern landscape led his glance  
O'er plains and valleys wide,  
And hills with spreading cedars crown'd,  
And cities in their pride.  
"There Zoar's walls are dimly seen,  
And Jericho's far towers  
Gleam through the morning's purple mist,  
Among their palmy bowers.  
"Is it the sun! the morning sun!  
That shines so full and bright,  
Pouring on Nebo's lonely hill  
A flood of living light?  
"No—dim and earthly is the glow  
Of morning's loveliest ray,  
And dull the cloudless beams of noon  
To that celestial day.  
"Is it an angel's voice that breathes  
Divine enchantment there,  
As floating on his viewless wings  
He charms the balmy air?  
"No—'tis a greater, holier power  
That makes the scene rejoice;  
Thy glory, God! is in that light,  
Thy spirit in that voice!  
"The Patriarch hears, and lowly bends,  
Adoring his high will  
Who spoke in lightnings from the clouds  
Of Sinai's awful hill.

"Now flash his eyes with brighter fires  
E'er yet their light depart:  
And thus the voice of prophecy  
Speaks to his trembling heart—  
"The land which I have sworn to bless  
To Abraham's chosen race  
Thine eyes behold—but not for thee  
That earthly resting-place.'  
"With soul of faith, the Patriarch heard  
The awful words, and lay  
A time entranced, until that voice  
In music died away.  
"Then raised his head, one look he gave  
Towards Jordan's palmy shore—  
Fixed was that look, and glazed that eye,  
Which turned to earth no more.  
"A beauteous glow was on his face—  
Death flung not there its gloom;  
On Nebo's hill the Patriarch found  
His glory and his doom.  
"He sleeps in Moab's silent vale,  
Beneath the dewy sod,  
Without a stone to mark his grave,  
Who led the hosts of God.  
"Let marble o'er earth's conquerors rise,  
And mock the mouldering grave;  
His monument is that blest Book  
Which opens but to save!"

## THE DEITY.

"Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise."  
Milton.

It may be well to sing of earthly themes,  
The lovely—the magnificent—that fill  
Creation's amplitude with glorious dreams:  
But when the thoughts fly heav'nward—be  
still.  
Oh! if that master-hand that swept the lyre  
With magic spell, and eloquently dar'd  
To tell of Deity, as though the fire  
Hallowed, with Israel's seer his lip had  
shar'd,  
And girding him with might, afforded power  
Strongly to grasp sublimity, and gaze  
On visions, veiled until the final hour;—  
If, after all, he bids us "muse his praise,"  
Who, but immortals, would do else than pour  
Their thoughts in silence, tremble and adore!

## A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

ALL hail! Thou mighty Bard! before the  
power  
Of whose ethereal harpings, even now,  
With reverential ecstasy I bow  
My soul; and, in this solemn midnight hour,  
While stars, thy friends innumerable shower  
Selectest influence upon lover's vow  
And poet's spirit, I hear the strains, that  
thou  
Ecstatic erewhile sang in earthly bower!—  
Bard of a world—a fallen world—arise!  
Why is thy living harp to silence given?  
Oh! emulate the strains of Paradise,  
And keep on EARTH, thy rapt in tune for  
HEAVEN!

Then, if each planet's harper rival Thee,  
How sweet the song of universal minstrelsy!

R. F.



From the Eclectic Review.

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

It must have been for wise and great ends, whether discoverable or not by us, that one half of the globe was, for more than fifty centuries, secreted from the inhabitants of this other hemisphere, the theatre of all the transactions of the world's story as recorded in annals sacred or profane. That America may have been visited in ancient times by Phenician navigators, as, at a later era, its eastern coast appears to have been reached by Malay traders, is far from impossible; but history has preserved no trace of any such event, the knowledge of which might never transpire. In fact, the mere circumstance of having been driven on the remote shores of some unknown, unpeopled island, would, in the imperfect state of geographical knowledge among the ancients, have excited little attention. It is by slow degrees, that the moderns have acquired any correct notion of the figure and extent of the New Continent. Columbus imagined, that he had reached India by a western course, and was long unconscious of the importance of his discovery. Nearly twenty years elapsed before Balboa crossed the Isthmus, and verified the strange report of another ocean washing the western shores of the New World. Eight years afterwards, Magellan discovered the Straits that bear his name, and first performed the circumnavigation of the globe; and sixty years more elapsed before our illustrious countryman, Drake, repeated the adventurous experiment. In the mean time, New Spain and Florida had been visited by the Spaniards, and Canada by the French. Virginia received its first settlers towards the close of the same century; but it was not till early in the seventeenth century, that Gosnold and Hudson discovered the fine harbours which have become the seats of the commercial wealth and maritime power of the Atlantic States. So little was known, for many years later, of the geography of America, that the grant of territory in the Connecticut patent, in the year 1631, was made to extend in longitude from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea!

Much of the impression which the discovery of a new continent would be adapted to make

upon the imagination, must have been lost through the vague and imperfect ideas that long prevailed respecting its true dimensions. How would the conquerors of the ancient world have pined with mortification in the midst of their victories, could they have been made to comprehend, that, utterly out of their reach, there extended territories comprising twelve millions of square miles, and reducing the Macedonian, or even the Roman world, to a mere section or province of the globe! The impotent boast of the self-styled Mistress of the World, transmitted from Imperial to Papal Rome, how empty and almost puerile does it seem, when we recollect, that neither Roman, Italian, nor Austrian potentate ever possessed an acre of that hemisphere,—to say nothing of the vast dominions of Russia, and the Asiatic empires of the old world, that never bowed to the yoke of either Cesar or Pontiff. It is true, a Genoese was the discoverer of the New World which Pope Alexander so generously bestowed upon his Son of Castille, little aware of the munificence of the gratuitous donation. But although Spaniards, Portuguese, French, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, British, and Russian conquerors or colonists have gained a footing there, Italy has sent forth none. And if the ecclesiastical dominion of Rome has been nominally extended over South America, that is fast passing away. The names of Rome and empire are forever divorced from their ill-omened union. The extra-Catholic Christian world already outnumber the subjects of the Papacy. The British sceptre alone extends over more millions than are subject to all the Roman Catholic States, or than probably were united under the government of Imperial Rome at the zenith of her power. The British language and the Protestant faith have taken root and spread themselves over one third of the American Continent; and it is not too much to assert, that, in the other two thirds, the moral and political influence of England and the United States have a positive influence far greater than all the other powers together.

The chain of events by which this state of things has been brought about, is not less remarkable than their political result. It is difficult to realize the comparative insignificance of the powers of Christendom some three hundred years ago, when the only existing empires worthy of the name, were those of the Grand Turk, the Shah, and the Mogul; when Ottoman fleets scourged the Gulf of Venice, and Vienna was invested by Asiatic barbarians; when Russia was but a dukedom, and England a mere island, whose merchants traded to Lisbon for the productions of the East. The empire of the world might even at that time be said to have passed away from Rome. But who could have foreseen, that it was reserved for this little off-set of Europe, this province of Rome, to inherit the commerce and empire of the East, the trade of Portugal, the throne of the Mogul, and to found a second England in the western world? And to what has this been mainly owing? To the energies of Protestantism, the expansion and activity of the emancipated intellect. The spirit of commercial enterprise in this country, dates its birth from the Reformation. The attempt to arrest the

\* 1. Travels in North America, in the years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, R. N. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1290. Price £1 11s. 6d. London. 1829.

2. La Fayette en Amérique. 2 tomes. 8vo. pp. 1142. Paris. 1829.

3. Notions of the Americans. By a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xxiv. 938. London. 1828.

4. The Americans as they are; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi. By the Author of "Austria as it is." 12mo. pp. 218. London. 1828.

5. Letters from the West; containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs, and Anecdotes connected with the first settlements of the Western Sections of the United States. By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. pp. 386. London. 1828.

progress of the English Reformation, produced the civil war of the seventeenth century. The restoration of Arminianism and Prelacy with the powers of an Inquisition, peopled New England with Puritan emigrants of rank, fortune, and piety. The American revolution was the result of that same free and lofty spirit inherited from the pilgrim fathers who had colonized the wilderness. That was but the beginning of a war of political principles, which has issued in the revolutionizing of France, Spanish America, and Greece, and which will ultimately modify or overthrow every existing despotism. Spain, Portugal, and Italy, where the incipient Reformation of the sixteenth century was crushed, and where, in our own day, the spirit of civil liberty has been strangled by the Church, are virtually blotted out from the political map of Europe as independent powers. Those nations are dying of popery. Protestant England, in possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and Ionian Greece, is the mistress of that Mediterranean on whose shores so many mighty empires have had their rise and fall. The trade of Egypt, Venice, Constantinople, Lisbon, has fallen into our hands. The "isles of the Gentiles" and "the uttermost parts of the earth" may be said to have become the possession of Great Britain,—in trust for their rightful Proprietor. Such is the grand, the awful aspect which this country presents, when a comprehensive view is taken of her actual position.

And what could be more utterly improbable, when the House of Hanover succeeded to the throne of these realms, and the White Horse was grafted upon the heraldic scutcheon, than that England should occupy so commanding a position as this? The internal tranquillity of the Island was long disturbed by the claims of the Pretender, backed by foreign courts; and the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, which restored to the French all the conquests effected by the British navy in either the East or the West Indies, established the paramount influence of France in both India and America, as well as on the Continent. In 1751, the bold measures of Duplex had rendered the French almost the masters of the Deccan. Canada was theirs, and they had formed a regular and well-concerted plan for depriving this country of all her American possessions. When the first William Pitt succeeded to the helm of public affairs, the loss of Minorca, of Calcutta, and of Fort Oswego, had cast a deep gloom over the public mind: the national prosperity seemed to have passed its zenith, and to be rapidly declining. But how vast the change which a few years wrought in the state of things! Under the short but brilliant administration of that great man, the French were expelled from every military post they had occupied in either North America or India. The French East India Company was annihilated shortly afterwards. Since then, England has had, at sea, no rivals or competitors; and the progress of her territorial acquisitions has been more rapid, than either the wishes or the policy of her Government would have dictated. The loss of the American Colonies has been amply compensated by the extension of her power in other directions. British North

America even now contains a population equal to nearly a third of that of the United States in 1790; although not much more than a tenth of their present population. But, if the alienation of the American Colonies must be regarded in the light of a political loss to Great Britain, it has proved to her, not less than to the world, a moral gain. Identified as the Americans are with the land of their English ancestors, by language, laws, literature, and religion, notwithstanding any clashing of temporary interests,—in their national greatness and prosperity, England cannot but be deeply concerned, since her moral empire will thus be co-extensively advancing beyond the limits of her political sway.\*

The reaction of America upon Europe, has already been great beyond calculation. The French Revolution, although in no way caused by that of America, borrowed from it, in some measure, its political character. France, by taking part with the American Colonies against Great Britain, had unconsciously imported a democratic feeling, which was destined to overturn the monarchy. The name of La Fayette serves, indeed, as a link between the two Revolutions, which proves that they were morally connected. To Robespierre first, and then to Napoleon, it was chiefly owing, that the Utopian projects of the Republican party in France so soon miscarried. But France, notwithstanding the semblance of a restoration, is no longer a pure monarchy: it is constantly becoming, by the distribution of property, more and more democratic. Nor is France the only country upon which the Independence of America has had a positive influence. What England was in the days of Cromwell, that the American Republic now is, as represented by her ambassadors, amid the crowned heads of Europe,—the monitory example of a nation's strength, and, to the despot and oppressor, a portentous phenomenon.

Let us now again advert to the remarkable fact, that the world had grown old, and the last of her mighty empires was crumbling to decay, when the veil was raised, that had concealed the western hemisphere, the destined theatre of new empires, and another act of the human drama seemed to have commenced. With a new country, new and better times were naturally connected in the visions of the enthusiast and the hopes of the philanthropist; and the pious and accomplished Bishop Berkeley, who visited America near the beginning of the eighteenth century, was led to give utterance to a bold prediction, remarkable alike on account both of its author and the date, and certainly of equal authority with the speculations of our "students of prophecy."

"Westward the course of empire takes its way.  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

\* The French and Spanish languages are spoken in Louisiana, and the German in Pennsylvania; but these provincial dialects are gradually falling into disuse; and Dr. Dwight predicted, that within half a century, the English would be the only language spoken throughout the American Republic.

The American empire is certainly the most remarkable in its origin, character, and rapid development, that the world has ever witnessed. They are beginning, it has been remarked, with an area greater than that with which other empires close, and which, in point of territorial extent, is exceeded only by the empires of Russia, Great Britain, China, and Brazil. According to Humboldt, it comprises about 2,080,800 square miles, being ten times the extent of France, and a little larger than Europe to the westward of Russia. The present population of the United States, including the Indians, is very nearly twelve millions, several millions more than the subjects of the Ottoman empire in Europe, or of the Persian Shah in Asia; very nearly equal to the population of England, and exceeding that of either Prussia or Spain; one third more than that of Mexico, more than four times that of Colombia, and nearly three times that of Brazil. And yet, this empire is still in its infancy. England, in 1750, contained not more than six millions of inhabitants, or one half of her present numbers, having about doubled her population in seventy years; and now we are complaining of being over-peopled! The United States contained, in 1750, less than two millions of inhabitants. In 1790, these had increased to nearly four millions; in 1800, to five millions and one third; in 1810, to upwards of seven millions; in 1820, to 9,638,226; and in 1828, to 11,348,462. Thus, in eight-and-twenty years, the population has tripled; and, by the end of the present century, supposing it to increase at the same rate, it will amount to ninety millions, or about half of the supposed population of the Chinese empire! Nothing in the history of the world presents any parallel to this expansion of the human race. Burke, in his memorable speech on Conciliation with the Colonies, in March, 1775, used expressions which were no doubt regarded at the time as rhetoric: they now read like predictions.—“Such is the strength,” he said, “with which population shoots in that part of the world, that, state the numbers as high as we will, while the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. While we are discussing any given magnitude, they are grown to it. While we spend our time in deliberating on the mode of governing two millions, we shall find we have millions more to manage. Your children do not grow faster from infancy to manhood, than they spread from families to communities, and from villages to nations.”

The causes of this rapid increase are not to be found in the physical capabilities of the country, or the mere circumstance of there being such ample room for the ever growing numbers. In Brazil, there is a still wider extent of fertile territory, with a more genial climate; yet, at the beginning of the present century, after having been colonized nearly 300 years, it contained only twelve cities, sixty-six towns, and less than half a million of inhabitants. Since then, the population has been increased by emigration from Europe, and is now supposed to be between four and five millions, one half of whom are slaves, and

the whites form only one-sixth of the total. In the United States, the case is just reversed; the slaves form one-sixth, and the whites very nearly five-sixths. What then is the true explanation of the problem? Brazil was colonized on the principle of the feudal system; North America on that of republicanism, which recognised every individual colonist as a substantive member of the commonwealth. And closely connected with this distinguishing feature of their polity, was the spirit of commercial enterprise which the settlers brought with them, and of which it is difficult to say, whether it ought to be regarded as the parent or the offspring, the root or the fruit of republican principles. This commercial spirit has at all events been the mainspring or moving power of the whole machinery; the fountain of national strength, and the soul of the political system. Of the Americans, it may justly be said, that they are a nation of merchants. It is the spirit of commerce which has pushed on the population into the wilderness, opening new channels, creating fresh markets in all directions, and calling new cities into existence along the line of its march, as if by enchantment. “The more we look at the mere latitude and longitude grasped within their map,” say the Edinburgh Reviewers, “and the longer we pause over the diversity of interests, and the mixed degrees of civilization necessarily contained in its circumference, the deeper becomes our sense of the concentrating force of those institutions, and of that public spirit, which, dealing with rough materials, brought widely and suddenly together, can dispense with the ordinary aids of external pressure, and cement them up into one united system of natural power and order.” The phenomenon is indeed worthy of most attentive contemplation; but the true principle of cohesion, which thus supercedes the operation of external pressure, lies not so much in the political institutions, as in the plastic spirit which framed them. The Americans are not only beginning with an area greater than that with which other empires close, but they are starting from a point of civilization, and more especially in the practical application of the useful arts, to which the older empires never attained. The facilities and security of intercourse between the remotest parts of this vast territory, the rapid diffusion of information by means of the press throughout the Union, the constant migratory movement that is going forward in all directions, connect together the different states in a closer geographical union, than frequently exists between the adjacent provinces of a feudal empire. The thoughts of the English farmer range within a circle of twenty miles diameter. The ideas of the American planter or trader traverse the wide extent of the national territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. The mighty streams of the American continent “make geographers of all the settlers on their banks, who depend upon this communication with the wide world, for all the means of raising themselves above the condition of the wandering savages around them.”

\* Burke's Speeches, vol. i. p. 279.

\* Edinb. Review, No. xxviii. p. 496.

The rapid growth of the commerce of the American colonies, was adverted to by Burke, as not less remarkable and prodigious, than that of the population, being out of all proportion beyond the numbers of the people. In the year 1704, the total exports from this country to North America and the West Indies, amounted to £483,265. In 1773, they had increased to £4,791,734, which was only £1,717,000 short of the whole export trade of England in the abovementioned year. "What England had been growing to by a progressive course of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements, in a series of 1700 years," (to use the words of the eloquent statesman) was doubled to her by America in the course of a single life. Speaking of the wealth drawn by the colonies from the fisheries, the orator described the enterprising spirit of the New Englanders as unequalled. "While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold; that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue the gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things, when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents: I pardon something to the spirit of liberty."<sup>\*</sup>

Since the separation of the colonies from the mother country, the commerce of America has continued to increase at a rate quite equal to that which called forth this burst of eloquence. For several years after the commencement of the French Revolution, the state of the political world was particularly favourable to the enterprise of the Americans, whose vessels, as neutrals, navigated the ocean in safety, and were employed to carry from port to port, the commodities of the belligerent

nations. In fifteen years, beginning with 1793, these favourable circumstances increased the amount of American tonnage from 491,000, to 1,242,000 tons. In 1821, it was 1,262,618 tons, and it is now very near 1,600,000. The owners are chiefly residents in New England and New York: the States south of the Potomac own only one-eighth part of the shipping. The number of persons engaged in commerce in 1820, was 72,493. The total value of the exports in the year 1790, was 20,205,165 dollars. In 1806, it had risen to 101,536,963 dollars. The export trade has since declined, owing to the restoration of peace in Europe, and the increase of home manufactures; but in 1821, the exports amounted to 64,974,382 dollars, which was below the average of the five preceding years. The present revenue of the republic is derived principally from commerce. The mean of the years 1826, 7, 8, was 25,022,552 dollars, or £5,317,292 sterling, of which £4,474,000 was derived from the customs; the remainder arising from the sale of public lands, internal revenue, "loans and treasury notes," direct taxes (£827!), and miscellaneous.

The American empire, then, like the British empire, of which it is essentially the counterpart, as well as the offspring, has been created, not by conquest, but by commerce. This has been the source of our own national greatness, the parent of our liberties. The commons of England first acquired political consideration and substantive weight by the influx of mercantile wealth; and this is the true balance of the constitution. The American constitution, in its spirit and many of its details, has been styled "a cheap edition" of ours,—with abridgments suited to the people. To have imitated that of England more closely, would have been impracticable, and the attempt absurd. In this country, the commercial system was grafted upon the feudal and agricultural; and hence the mixed character of our commonwealth, combining the elements of monarchy, feudalism, and democracy, and blending the distinct interests of the court, the country, and the city. It is this alliance and amalgamation of apparently discordant materials, that excites the surprise of foreigners. "We find," says an intelligent American writer, "institutions existing together, which suppose the truth of directly opposite principles: . . . a king, reigning by the grace of God, and a parliament, claiming and exercising the right of deposing him at pleasure; an established church, with the universal liberty of conscience and worship; equality of rights, and hereditary privileges; boundless prodigality in the public expenses, with a strict accountability of all the agents: with a thousand other incongruities."<sup>\*</sup> But "the English constitution is—the constitution of Englishmen," whose national character, like their language, half Norman, half Saxon or Belgic, is as mixed and motley as their institutions. That constitution is less a theoretic code, than a series of provisions, embodying the fundamental principles of liberty, but originating in

<sup>\*</sup> Burke's Speeches. Vol. i. p. 285.

<sup>\*</sup> "America. By a Citizen of the United States."



occasion, and blending history with law. Its foundations are deep laid in past times, which exert a real and substantial influence upon the national feeling; and to apply to the Gothic structure the rules of Grecian art, would argue only the incompetence of the critic. Englishmen are not republicans, because they are not purely a commercial nation, nor a nation of yesterday. Our aristocracy is the fixed capital of the state, which has been accumulated by preceding times, reinforced and repaired by continual accessions from the democracy, without which it would long ere now have become as dilapidated and rotten as the old feudal nobilities of the continent. It is composed of the deposit of wealth, the superannuation of talent; it is an *alluvial* formation. And thus it is, that hereditary privileges, in this country, instead of warring against equality of rights, are interwoven with them, or form, as it were, the fringe of the tissue. And as to the throne, that august symbol of magistracy, not the source but the guarantee of law, the key-stone of the political arch, which, by its own stability and permanence, secures the stability of that upon which it rests, it is not only an integral part of the legal constitution, but of the moral constitution of England.

But the American is an Englishman stripped of his history, unallied to the past, and fiercely intent upon the future, proud of his nation's anticipated greatness, and glorying more in his strength than in his achievements. He is a republican from the very nature of things: he has no master, nor is he allied in the social system, or related in his own feelings, to any thing greater and higher than himself. The noble illegitimacy of his political birth, has thrown him upon his own resources, and made him almost forswear his ancestry. What sort of a king could exist in a country where every thing is in transition, and nothing stable; where every thing is on the equality of trade; where neither of the two arms of despotism, the army and the church, exerts any political influence; where the national temple has no sanctuary, and the image-worship of intellect is forbidden?—"If all modern colonies, at the period of their emancipation," remarks the philosopher Humboldt, "manifest a tendency more or less decided for republican forms of government, the cause of this phenomenon must not be attributed solely to a principle of imitation, which acts still more powerfully on masses of men, than on individuals. It is founded principally on the position in which a community is placed, suddenly detached from a world more anciently civilized, free from every external tie, and composed of individuals who recognise no political preponderance in the same caste. Liberty may expire in anarchy, or by the transitory usurpation of a daring chief: but the true elements of monarchy are no where found in modern colonies. In reflecting on the chain of human affairs, we may conceive how the existence of modern colonies, or rather, how the discovery of a half-peopled continent, in which alone so extraordinary a development of the colonial system was possible, must have led to the revival, on a great scale, of the forms of republican go-

vernment. . . . But the growing prosperity of a republic is no outrage to monarchies that are governed with wisdom and a respect for the laws and the public liberty."

There is still a party in this country, by whom the republicanism of the Americans is regarded as a crime. Ignorant of the true foundations upon which our constitutional forms rest, and overlooking the circumstances which necessitated the adoption of a different form of government in a new country, they seem to look upon the existence of a republic, though in the other hemisphere, as a tacit reproach upon our own institutions, an impious rebellion against the established laws of civilized society, and an ill-omened precedent. There is a fidgetty sensitiveness on the subject of America in the minds of many persons, which not only afflicts them with much needless disquietude, but is apt to generate irritability, and then to vent itself in malignant expression. Might it not tend in some measure to disarm this hostility, if such persons would reflect, that England is essentially a mixed government of three estates, and America a pure democracy, from the necessity of the case, as composed of different political and moral elements? Without going the length of Captain Basil Hall, who seems to have taken for his motto, Cowper's well-known line slightly altered,

"England, for all thy faults I love thee still,"—

without ascribing absolute perfection to every part of church and state, we must profess that we should be as sorry to see a government on the American model established in this country, as an American might be to live under a monarchy. We have no predilection for a cheap and weak Executive. We are disposed to think, that, while republics have a natural tendency to degenerate into oligarchies, or to expand into monarchies, monarchies can never be safely cut down into republics. We even question whether the three constituent elements, popular freedom, wealth, and power—freedom, the soul of a republic, wealth, the generator of aristocracy, and power which, under whatever name, is always monarchical,—can be more happily tempered than in the theory of the British Constitution. And yet, we have no quarrel with republicanism,—that system of government, to use the words of one of the best modern historians, "*que l'expérience a souvent condamné, et après lequel cependant l'homme soupire, parcequ'il le sent plus conforme à sa dignité.*"<sup>1</sup>) On the contrary, we regard with the highest interest that grand moral experiment of which it has pleased the Almighty that America should be the theatre. The memorable words of Washington, on the happy day of his inauguration as President, suggest the right view to be taken of the self-government of the American Union. "The destiny of the republican model of government," he observed, "is justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked on the experiment intrusted to the American people."

May it not have been one design of Divine

<sup>1</sup> Humboldt's Pers. Narr. Vol. vi. p. 313.

† Daru, B. xxxiii. § 17.

Providence, in keeping back this continent in reserve, to allow of the development of human nature in a state of society so novel, where an empire has been established without conquest, and every institution has been built up from the ground by the people? Of the results, it would be very premature to judge from the existing state of things. The American is right in appealing to futurity. Their capital is not yet built: it is only planned. "Until now," says the "Travelling Bachelor," "the Americans have been tracing the outline of their great national picture: the work of filling up has just seriously commenced. The tide of emigration, which has so long been flowing westward, must have its reflux." "The purely intellectual day of America is yet in its dawn." (Vol. II. pp. 109, 159.) The Thirteen States have increased to twenty-four, and the territories which form at present the waste lands of the Republic, are, in the hands of the general Government, a sort of geographical empire, the determinate political shape of which time must decide. That the internal state of society will undergo, as it is undergoing, important modifications, may however be calculated upon with far greater certainty, than that the political frame-work will speedily suffer any change or injury from the collision of sectional interests. In their maritime and semi-insular position, their compact population, their superior wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, the Eastern States possess the means of securing themselves against the numerical force of the Western population, and of enforcing, if need be, their ascendancy.

America can never be *feudalised*, if we may coin the expression, unless by war. Feudalism is the dregs of conquest. Happily for the American Republic, there are no neighbouring countries to tempt the lust of conquest, or to threaten their own territory with invasion. With the Mexican Republic, they can scarcely by possibility have any serious quarrel; and Canada will never be theirs, unless by her own act. The genius of commerce is pacific; the true policy of a republic built upon commerce, can never be otherwise than pacific. Repose is fatal to a military despotism, which can maintain itself only by aggression; but the nice balance of a popular government is destroyed, when circumstances demand a military leader. The perpetuity of the North American Republic, then, will mainly depend upon the predominance of the commercial spirit and interests, and the maintenance of external peace. War is injurious to Great Britain, chiefly on account of the pecuniary burdens which it entails: our constitution sufficiently provides against the contingency, and suffers no damage. But America would not come out of a successful war without the very fabric of her government being warped and strained by the effort,—without having compromised some portion of her liberty.

Notwithstanding, however, these opposite features of the two systems of polity, the pure republicanism of the American States, and the aristocratical complexion of our government and institutions, in the most important and essential respects, England and America are morally identified. In both countries, public opi-

nion holds paramount sway; the press, in both, is the engine of power; and the spirit of freedom is the conservative principle of the national institutions. The Americans have inherited their temper and political character from their British progenitors; and Burke said most truly, that "the American spirit is the spirit that has made the country." Their republicanism is, as we have endeavoured to show, in a certain sense accidental: their passion for liberty is inbred and hereditary, and would survive the modification of their institutions. Upon this subject, we make no apology for again adducing the authority, and employing the eloquence of Burke. "In the character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and, as an ardent, is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or to shuffle from them by chicanery, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes. First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. . . . They were further confirmed" (in these ideas of liberty) "by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government, never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

"If any thing," continued the Orator, "were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people, is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favourable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the Dissenting Churches from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favour and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the Dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers

of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies, is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the diffidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations, agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing, most probably, the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and, in the emigrants, was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed of Dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

"The temper and character which prevail in our colonies, are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale, would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. I think it nearly as little in our power to change their republican religion, as their free descent; or to substitute the Roman Catholic as a penalty, or the Church of England as an improvement. The mode of inquisition and dragooning is going out of fashion in the old world; and I should not confide much to their efficacy in the new."

It is but too certain, that the bitterest feelings of animosity towards the Americans, have originated in ecclesiastical jealousies. By the High Church party, it is still regarded as an inexpiable offence, that America should exhibit the practical demonstration, that religion, order, and morals can exist without a hierarchy: and even among the evangelical party in our Establishment, there has been manifested a great slowness to believe, that the state of things in America, as regards religion, will admit of comparison with our own country. The "Travelling Bachelor" pointedly alludes to this lamentable effect of inveterate prejudice.

"To nine millions of the population of America, it will appear incredible, that England has doubted, nay still doubts, whether religion or religious instruction exists among them! I write under the observation of four visits to England, and an extensive acquaintance with the habits of my own country, when I affirm, that religion, to say the least, is as much inculcated, and its prescriptions as rigidly ob-

served, in all the northern and middle and some of the southern states of America, as in the most favoured quarters of England.\* It is lamentable, that an error so injurious in its consequences, so false and uncharitable in its nature, should have had an existence among men who evidently wish to believe the best."—Vol. I. p. 430.

It is one of the extravagant assertions that have proceeded from the Trophonian Oracles of Modern Millenarianism, that America "is the only nation in the world without a national God," being "further from the truth in this matter," than Turkey, Ava, or China! We hope, that this assertion will not go forth to America as a sentiment which would be tolerated out of the small circle of fanaticism. The New England States were absolutely theocratic in their constitution, and had religion for their origin and basis. But to those who identify religion with intolerance, and national piety with a test-act, America must of necessity appear a country less Christian than Spain, less religious than China. Let not the character of Englishmen be considered as implicated in such aberrations. In Captain Basil Hall, however, we have a backer of the established Church, somewhat more ingenious and reasonable. His last chapter is devoted to a comparison between America and England, in the shape of an imaginary interlocution with an American gentleman, who is made to put the very straight-forward question, "Well, then, of what use is your Established Church?"

"It is infinitely useful," I replied, "in preserving the purity of religious doctrine, which ought to be the first consideration in every country;—and it is useful, in alliance with the state, in maintaining the purity of political practice; while in private life it is no less efficacious in giving confidence and uniformity to virtue, and true dignity to manners."

"My friend opened his eyes, stared, but said nothing. Although he looked quite incredulous I went on.

"The Established Church, by its numbers, its wealth, and its discipline, has acquired great power. I do not speak of the churchmen only, you must understand, but include in the term that immense mass of the community, who, being as much in earnest as any churchmen can possibly be, co-operate with them, heart and hand, in preserving the Protestant religion in its purity. They are far too large a body, and too much scattered to be influenced by any sudden wind of doctrine, and therefore they go on with a degree of regularity eminently conducive to right-mindedness in religious matters, not only as they are themselves affected, but as the whole community is affected. These influential members of the Church, indeed, are so thickly distributed, and as it were dovetailed into the

\* Mr. Bristed maintains that "throughout the United States, pure evangelical religion is much more generally diffused," than within the pale of the English Church Establishment; that the standard of morals is higher, and that religious institutions are more numerous. See Bristed's "Thoughts on the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches."

\* Burke's Speeches, Vol. i. pp. 287—290; 296.

framework of our social body, that society at large cannot move unless the Church goes along with it."

"Yes, that is all very well for your Church of England people—But what say the dissenters?"

"They are, in my opinion, nearly as much benefited by the Establishment as any other members of the community."

"How can that possibly be?"

"In this way. You will grant me that it is of great consequence to the dissenters, that religion should be steadily and powerfully encouraged, or, if I am not using a word too familiar for the occasion, should be made the permanent fashion of society; by which I mean that it should not be allowed to descend from its proper station, or be considered in any light but as the first and most important of all our duties. Now, I conceive the influence of the Established Church applies here with great force, and affords, as it were a defence to the general cause of religion, similar to what the ocean does to the Island in which we live. Besides which, the Church not only exhibits a magnificent example of religious doctrine, but furnishes a model of clerical manners and learning, which in practice—I beg you to observe most particularly—is tacitly admitted to be so eminently characteristic of the service of such a cause, that no sectarian has any chance of success, unless more or less he acquire the knowledge and adopt the habits of this great pattern. I can say with perfect truth that after having seen a good deal of the world, I do not believe there is any other instance of so large a body of men, amongst whom there will be found such exemplary purity of manners, and of conduct in all respects, as in that of our clergy. Exceptions will and must occur, as long as our nature is imperfect. But whether the character which I have ascribed to the clergy in general be caused by the nature of their duties, or spring from their interests, or be created and continued by long habit, such is the fact. Upon the whole, there is perhaps no greater blessing which England enjoys, than that of having so many men, whose conduct and attainments are undoubtedly far above the average, established as permanent residents all over the country."

"Yes," said he, "this looks very fine; but again I ask, what do the sectarians themselves say?"

"I do not know," I replied "what they say; but I believe I may venture to assert, that every sensible man amongst them knows right well, that if the Established Church were gone, they must go too. Any political tempest that should shake the Establishment, might, in the first instance, tear the sectarians to pieces. The sectarians, therefore, of every denomination, are very wise to accept, and are happy to enjoy, her noble shelter in the mean time. They have also, I am well convinced, much pride and pleasure in the companionship; for there must be at heart the deepest sympathy between them. They are rooted in one common earth, and although their attitude may, to appearance, be somewhat different, they all lift their heads to one common sky."—Vol. iii. pp. 398—402.

After a little more mystification of a similar description, the worthy captain thus expounds the advantage of an alliance between the church and the state.

"It appears to me quite essential to the public good, that the government should be carried on upon those principles, and upon those only, which it is the sacred duty of the church to enforce. If this be not granted,—or if it be maintained, that any other maxims than those which spring from that source, can be permanently available in states, any more than in the case of individuals, my argument is at an end.

"While the church, however, is firm as any rock to these vital principles, nothing, as we all know, can be more unstable than the will of kings, ministers, and people: and, therefore, it becomes essentially necessary to good government, that the church—which is the only fixed body in the whole country—should be made at all times to possess a hearty interest in lending its aid, to steady its more powerful, but less consistent companions.

"To borrow one more illustration from the sea, I should say, that the Established Church may be compared to the rudder, and the country, with its multifarious arrangements of society, to the ship. Nothing on board,—below, or aloft,—tall masts, spreading sails, angry cannon, the ungovernable elements, or still more contentious crew, can be turned to proper account if the helm be neglected. So it is with the regular, almost unseen instrumentality of the church in state affairs; and such is the mutual advantage between it and the country."

"But why place four-fifths of all the patronage in the hands of the crown?"

"Because, unless the Church be thus made to have a strong interest in keeping the executive powerful—which can be effected only by keeping it in the right—she would have no adequate and permanent motive to interfere with effect. On the other hand, the government knows, that while without this co-operation it cannot long succeed,—with the church cordially on its side, it is all powerful. The crown, therefore, has a direct interest in maintaining the dignity and importance of the church, by the judicious administration of its extensive patronage."

"If all this be sound political doctrine," said the American, "why not put the whole power at once into the hands of the church, as it used to be in the golden days of Roman Catholicism?"

"Because," said I, "that would be giving two incompatible duties to be performed by the same hands, the result of which incongruity would be, that neither would be executed well. Clergymen make miserably bad governors of countries, and statesmen might prove fully as bad ministers of religion—at least the attempt to unite the two has always failed. Nevertheless, they do admirably either to co-operate or to check one another, according to circumstances. Religious and civil duties go well enough hand in hand, on equal terms; but if either is placed completely under the command of the other, both are sure to suffer."—Vol. iii. p. 405—407.



The American Gentleman modestly replied to this profound harangue, by saying: "At all events, you must allow that our system works very well here, without such an Establishment as you speak of." Our Author "was silent,"—hesitated,—was afraid to offend, and thus hints an insinuation which it would not have been convenient to render tangible. This proceeding is not very ingenuous, and will, we fear, give not less offence on the other side of the Atlantic, than a more direct charge. It is one thing, to defend and panegyrize our own Institutions; another thing, to depreciate those of our neighbours. Admitting, for argument sake, that we in England are best circumstanced with an Established Church, it is quite possible that the Americans may do better without one.

Captain Hall's panegyric upon the Establishment, we shall not attempt to invalidate; but there are a few of his positions, respecting which we cannot maintain the courteous reserve of the American interlocutor. We hope that we shall not be denied all claim to the character of "sensible men," when we hesitate to believe, that "if the Established Church were gone, the sectarians must go too," or that they might be torn to pieces by the very first blasts of the political tempest that should but shake the Church. Such a representation receives no countenance certainly from history; and a Scotchman is one of the last persons from whom the assertion might have been expected to proceed. All this talk about the shelter and protection which the Establishment affords to the sects, is mere cant and twaddle. The fact is this. The Establishment, whether useful to the State or not, whether favourable to the advancement and purity of religion, or not, is closely interwoven with our social system,—so closely that no political tempest could tear it up, that should not at the same time subvert the State. And Dissenters have too large a stake in the welfare of the country, putting aside higher motives, to wish for a political tempest of any kind. The Established Church is a national property, a very large portion of which, though nominally ecclesiastical, is really secular, being in the hands of the laity, and totally alienated from the Church. Yet, from this very spoliation, the Establishment derives a firmer security, inasmuch as the aristocracy, by being admitted partners in the tithes, are pledged to the support of the whole Estate ecclesiastical. Vexatious and injurious as the tithing system is, from the variable nature of the bargain that has to be struck, and from its being in fact a tax upon improvements, still, the tithe rests upon the same footing as a land-tax, or as the fine upon a copyhold, and is secured by the general laws of property. It is a gross delusion to speak of the Church property as a mere fund for the maintenance of religion. That proportion of it which actually falls to the clergy, is but a small part of the total revenue. Were the remainder, which is in the hands of the aristocracy, to be confiscated, the Church would not "be gone,"—any more than the constitution was destroyed by the repeal of the income tax. It will not be easy to persuade the Americans, that they would be a

more religious people, if their lands were burdened with great and little tithes. Yet, what else is meant by a Church's being established? Some persons, indeed, will have it, that a test-act is the very essence of an Establishment; that the alliance between Church and State consists wholly in this. Such was pretty nearly the hypothesis of Bishop Warburton. According to this notion, there was no Established Church in these realms prior to the year 1680, and there is one no longer: it is *gone*, yet, without any political tempest; and the sectaries are safer than ever!

This does not seem, however, to be the opinion of Captain Basil Hall, who regards the ecclesiastical patronage vested in the Crown, as the most excellent and essential part of the Church Establishment. He considers the Church to be serviceable to the State as "ballast,"—as "the fly-wheel in a great engine,"—steading the machinery by "its ponderous inertia;" but still, the loaves and fishes are the main thing, and the principal use of the Establishment, it would seem, is its increasing the power and extending the influence of the Crown. We know not what the English clergy will say to this representation; but we cannot admire the Author's discretion in telling it to the Americans. They, who are a kingless nation, will ill appreciate the beauty or benefit of this mutual interference between the Church and the Crown, which converts the religion of Christ into a state engine; and they will be apt to think that a less costly "ballast" may answer their purpose. How *can* they have, or need, an Established Church, seeing that they have no monarch?

But what can our Author mean by asserting, that "the Church is the only fixed body in the whole country?" Is it so, that the throne, the hereditary legislature, the judicial magistracy, are all planetary bodies revolving round the Establishment? This is building the world upon a tortoise with a vengeance.

There is one consideration more connected with this subject, which ought to have occurred to Captain Basil Hall, but which is very generally overlooked; namely, that were an Ecclesiastical Establishment to be adopted by the Americans, it would inevitably and of necessity be—not Episcopal, but Presbyterian or Congregational; first, because the Americans are republicans; secondly, because the Episcopal clergy in the United States are, to the ministers of the other denominations, in the proportion of only one to twenty; while, in talent, learning, and piety, they have by no means the pre-eminence. Would it afford any gratification to the members of the Church of England, to hear that Presbyterianism had been taken into close alliance with the government of the United States? Would they hail such a measure as particularly adapted to advance the interests of religion and social order in that country? We trow not. Nothing short of monarchy and episcopacy would meet their wishes. But the Americans are incorrigible. There is something in their soil which resembles that of Scotland: episcopacy would never take root and thrive in it.

On this and other accounts, Captain Hall thinks, that the less intimacy there subsists

between the two countries, the better. Each country, he remarks, loves its own institutions better than those of the other.

"You prefer a democracy; we choose to abide by our monarchy. You love to be chopping and changing; we desire to continue in our present path. Which is the best, time will show. But, however that may be, it is quite clear, that, as our views and wishes are so diametrically opposed, not merely in name, but in substance, and in all that we respectively consider valuable in life, any closer contact could not possibly tend to advance the objects of either."

The best plan for preserving our present friendly and useful relations, our Traveller thinks, will be for the Americans to discontinue importing our books and newspapers, and for Englishmen to be sedulously kept in "blissful ignorance" of the feelings, history, and literature of the Americans. By this mutual embargo, he thinks, they would be saved from much irritation, while we should be guarded against the possibility of democratic infection. Another advantage which he does not mention, is, that the public mind, by receiving its impressions respecting the Americans exclusively from the Quarterly Review and other works of authority, would be the more easily excited to active and malignant hostility, in case it should please our rulers to go to war with the United States. But, as Mr. Cooper remarks, "wilful ignorance is sure to entail its punishment. It has been the misfortune of England, to remain in ignorance of America and of American character, from the day when the pilgrims first touched the rock of Plymouth to the present hour." That mutual ignorance which Captain Basil Hall thinks it so desirable to cherish, produced the unhappy war of 1812—1815. And what less does our Author's recommendation amount to, than a masked hostility? Can he be serious in deeming the cessation of intimacy the best means of preserving friendly relations? Must we become greater strangers to each other, in order to be better friends? Why yes; Captain Hall, it seems, went out to America much more favourably disposed towards the republicans, than he has returned. "Probably," he tells us, "there seldom was a traveller who visited a foreign land in a more kindly spirit. I was really desirous of seeing every thing relating to the people, country, and institutions, in the most favourable light." He was, according to his own account, half a republican. But his visit to North America has so changed the

views he formerly took of political matters, that he has returned more firmly attached to every thing in Church and State at home, than ever,—satisfied that every thing in our institutions is quite as it should be, and unable to see "how any change could possibly make things better." And what has produced this wonderful revolution in our Author's political ideas? It is not a little amusing, and yet, at the same time, provoking, to find by what trivial oppositions of taste, and peccadilloes in manners, (all of which are sagaciously attributed to democracy,) the kindly feelings of the Author were fretted and soured, and his mind made up as to the evil effects of republicanism. According to his own confession, the worthy Captain, having been all his life at sea, "knocking about in various parts of the globe," found himself completely out of his element. "I will say this," are his words, "that, in all my travels, both among heathens and among Christians, I have never encountered any people by whom I found it nearly so difficult to make myself understood." Again, he tells us, that he "considers America and England as differing more from one another, than any two European nations he ever visited." Yet, strange to say, the Americans speak tolerable English, though not uniformly according to Captain Hall's standard of orthodoxy, and their literature, religion, and general notions are English. But so it was—we offer no explanation of the fact—our Author found himself less at home, than among the old Spaniards of Mexico, the Republicans of Chile, or the amiable savages of Loo-Choo.

It is probable, however, that Captain Hall made himself much better understood than he imagines, although he failed to understand the Americans. The whimsical mixture of politeness and tetchiness, shrewdness and prejudice, vanity and simplicity, which his character and conversation would present, must sometimes have amused, and sometime have annoyed the people he came to investigate and enlighten. He felt it his duty on no occasion to conceal his sentiments, however unacceptable; and his "I hope I do not offend," occurs very much in the spirit and with the effect of Paul Pry's "I hope I don't intrude." Were a philanthropic traveller to undertake a lecturing tour through Europe in the same disputatious spirit, albeit with equal condescension and frankness, we question whether he would not come home still more out of humour than even Captain Hall is with America. We admire, however, the fairness of the following avowal.

"It will be in the recollection of many of my friends in America, that when I expressed my doubts and fears as to the expediency of speaking out in this way, they always strenuously urged me to continue the same frankness throughout the journey; assuring me, that their countrymen, however national, and however fond of their institutions, would much prefer hearing them openly attacked to their faces, than insidiously commended till a more convenient season should arrive for reprobating what they held dear. Accordingly, I took them at their word, and persevered throughout the journey, and never once qualified or disguised my sentiments. And here I must do

\* Before the worthy Author got out of humour with the Americans, he was of a different mind. Thus, in an earlier portion of his work, we find him saying very judiciously:—"I conceive the chances of America and England remaining on good terms, bear some ratio to the degree of acquaintance they have with one another's power." . . . . "We must recollect that English books will continue for a long time to form the principal channel through which the information alluded to must flow; and more or less of a kindly feeling ought, one would think, to be carried with the stream."—Vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

the Americans the justice to say, that they invariably took my remarks in good part, though my opinions, I could see, were often not very flattering."—Vol. I. p. 15.

"I had many sharp, amicable discussions with my friends at Boston, on the thousand and one topics which arose between us; but I must do them the justice to say, that I have rarely met a more good natured, or perhaps I should say, a more good tempered people; for, during the whole course of my journey—though I never disguised my sentiments, even when opposed to the avowed favourite opinions of the company—I never yet saw an American out of temper. I fear I cannot say half so much for myself; for I was often a good deal harassed by these national discussions, when the company and I took our station on the opposite Poles of the question. But it is pleasant to have it in my power to say, that I cannot recall a single instance in which any thing captious or personally uncivil was ever said to me, though I repeated, openly and in all companies, every thing I have written in these volumes, and a great deal more than, upon cool reflection, I choose to say again."—Vol. II. p. 184.

The natural inferences to be drawn from this confession, are, first, that the Americans, notwithstanding that they eat with their knives, wear ill-made coats, and despise Warren's blacking, are the most well bred and truly polite nation in the world; and secondly, that our Traveller must, in point of manners, have presented a very disagreeable specimen of an Englishman.

It will be unnecessary for us, after these specimens of Captain Hall's lucubrations, to enter upon any formal critique of his three volumes. It is with difficulty that the reader brings himself to believe that they are the production of the same writer who told so pretty a story about the Loo-Choo people. But in the present work, he has undertaken a task for which he was utterly unqualified; namely, to give lectures (under cover of "Travels") upon various important points in government and political economy, theology and ecclesiastical polity, polite manners and the English language. The habits of an active professional life, he tells us, had put it out of his power to study in the closet many of the subjects discussed in these volumes. But really, when a man ventures to write upon such topics, he ought to have at least some tolerable knowledge of history, of the principles of Protestantism, and the elements of political science. He has a full right to express his opinions, which generally indicate shrewd observation and an extensive practical acquaintance with men and things; but he was not called upon to discuss every knotty point that presented itself; and the self-important air with which he settles the question, is perfectly ludicrous. His work is entertaining enough in parts, but tiresome as a whole; there is at least a volume and a half too much; the repetitions and contradictions are numerous; and, in fact, the work itself is a contradiction, for the conclusions to which its statements are adapted to conduct any unprejudiced person, are the very opposite to those which the Author pleases

himself with having so triumphantly established.

The other publications on our list, will not long detain us. "La Fayette en Amérique," is a journal of the veteran General's visit to the United States in the year 1824, drawn up by (we presume) his secretary, and describes in florid phrase the enthusiastic reception which was every where given to the "Guest of the Nation" in his progress through the States. It derives its chief interest from the picture it gives of the Americans seen under the operation of extraordinary excitement. The characteristic coldness of the people would seem, on this occasion, to have given way before a generous and very unusual impulse of national gratitude. Allowance must be made, however, for the enthusiasm of the narrator, and for the French style of sentimental embellishment, better suited to the meridian of Paris, than to that of London. Indeed, the work altogether, from its subject and the recollections which it calls up, is not likely to find favour in the sight of English readers. Nevertheless, the observations it contains relating to the manners and institutions of the Americans, are not wholly uninteresting as showing us how these things strike a foreigner and a republican.

The work entitled "Notions of the Americans," is understood to be from the pen of the celebrated American Novelist, Mr. Cooper; but we do not entirely comprehend whether that gentleman is responsible for the whole of the contents, or merely for that portion, comprising "the opinions and information of a native American," which is interwoven with the letters, but given between inverted commas. The latter we suspect to be the case, as the Letter-writer is professedly an Englishman. If the latter be an assumed character, or a "domino," it is not very easy to perceive what is gained by the disguise on the one hand, or by the parenthetical introduction of Cadwallader's remarks on the other. However this may be, the work is a fierce and blustering defence of the Americans, betraying as much nationality or partiality in favour of every thing American, as Captain Hall's volumes exhibit of an opposite feeling. The tone towards this country, is throughout that of defiance. The work is, in other respects, indifferently put together; and the fictitious names of the parties to whom the letters are addressed, have no other effect than to throw suspicion over their authenticity. But, if the reader can put up with these serious drawbacks, he will find in these volumes much valuable information and some weighty truth. They should by all means go along with Captain Basil Hall's work, as supplying the counter-statements of a thorough-paced democrat. These are to be received of course with not less caution and allowance than the representations of the anti-republican; but they may serve to balance each other.

"The Americans as they are," does not very correctly designate a volume which contains no information respecting the States north or east of Ohio; but, as "a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi," the work is extremely interesting, and has been eulogised by

the North American Reviewers as containing the best view of "the western people," and of Mississippi and Louisiana in particular, that has yet appeared. The Author's former volume was presented to the public as the production of a native Austrian.\* The North American Reviewers are incredulous as to the Continental origin of the Writer, and affirm, that no Austrian of distinction could have passed twice through the United States *incog*. They moreover point out what they deem distinctive marks of "the Englishman" in the style and sentiment. But their penetration is at fault. An "hereditary instinctive aversion to a Frenchman" is far less characteristic of an Englishman, than of a Spaniard, and is quite as strong in many a German. The most curious circumstance attaching to the publication, is, that the preface is apparently copied, with verbal alterations, from a volume published last year under the title of "The United States of North America as they are."† But both versions have very much the appearance of being a translation from a common document in a foreign language; and the preface must certainly have been written by "a stranger." The Author of the last mentioned volume professes to have been only a resident in the United States, yet not an Englishman,—a character answering to our Austrian. We certainly see nothing to disprove their having proceeded from the same Author, who has probably been indebted to some friendly hand for the revision of his English. As to the strange assertion in the preface, that the only two parties now in America "are, the monarchists, who would become governors, and the republicans who would not be governed," (or, as it is phrased in the other version, the Monarchists or the governors, and the Republicans who are the governed,) we must confess that we cannot understand its import: it is neither good English, nor very intelligible sense. In fact, the volume before us contains strong internal evidence of being written by a foreigner, (even in the orthography of some of the names, as Dubourgh.) but, at all events, by a very intelligent and liberal minded person. We regret that the volume escaped our notice at the time of its publication, more especially as it has been very unjustly depreciated in some of our Reviews. It has been so long before the public, that we must refrain from extended extracts; but the following remarks on one feature of the American character, do so much credit to the Writer, and are in them-

selves so important, that we must give them insertion.

"It was on a Sunday that we arrived (at New Orleans). The shops, the stores of the French and Creoles, were open as usual; and if there were fewer buyers than on other days, the coffee-houses, grog-shops, and *estaminets* (as they are called) of the French and German inhabitants, exhibited a more noisy scene. A kind of music, accompanied with human, or rather inhuman voices, resounded in almost every direction.

"To a new comer, accustomed, in the north, to the dignified and quiet keeping of the Sabbath, this appears very shocking. The Anglo-Americans, with few exceptions, remain, even here, faithful to their ancient custom of keeping the Sabbath holy. I had many opportunities of appreciating the importance of the keeping of the Sabbath, particularly in new states. A well-regulated observance of this day, is productive of incalculable benefits; and though it is sometimes carried too far in the Northern States, as is certainly the case in Pennsylvania and New England, still, the public ought firmly to maintain this institution in full force. The man who provides in six days for his personal wants, may dedicate the seventh to the improvement of his mind; and this he can only accomplish by abstaining from all trifling amusements. In a despotic monarchy, the case is different. There the government has no doubt every reason for allowing its slaves, after six toilsome days of labour, the indulgence of twenty-four hours of amusement, that they may forget themselves and their fate in the dissipation of dancing, smoking, and drinking. The case ought to be otherwise in a republic, where even the poor constitute, or are about to constitute, part of the sovereign body. These ought to remember to what purposes they are destined, and not to allow themselves, under any circumstances, to be the dupes of others. The keeping of the Sabbath is their surest safeguard. If there were no opportunities offered for dancing, their sons and their daughters would stay at home, either reading their Bible, or attending to other appropriate intellectual occupations, and learning in this manner their rights and duties, and those of other people. The American has not deviated in this respect from his English kinsman. If you enter his dwelling on the Sabbath, you will find the family, old and young, quietly sitting down, the Bible in hand, thus preparing themselves for the toils and hardships to come, and acquiring the firmness and confidence so necessary in human life; a confidence which we so justly admire in the British nation; as far distant from the bravado of the French, as the unfeeling and base stupidity of the Russians; and which never displays itself in brighter colours, than in the hour of danger. We are in this manner enabled to account for those high traits of character in moments full of peril,—traits not surpassed in the most brilliant and the most virtuous epochs of Greece or of Rome. A single fact will speak volumes—the Kent East Indianman, burning and going down in the Bay of Biscay, in 1825. Ladies, gentlemen, officers, and soldiers, all on board exhibited a

\* See Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. xxix. p. 399.

† This volume was reviewed in the Eclectic Review for March, 1828, and was characterized as bearing the broad marks of being written by a party man. It is noticed by the North American Reviewers in terms of greater severity. "There is some truth," they say, "in the book, but so strangely mixed up with untruth, or so disguised and misrepresented, as to be known only by those who know a great deal more of the country than this Writer will ever know of any country." They call it "vile trash," which it certainly is not.—North American Review. No. LXI, p. 416.



magnanimity of heart and a truly Christian heroism, which must fill even the most rancorous enemies of the British people with admiration and regard. What a different picture would have been presented to us, if half a regiment of Bonaparte's soldiers had been on board the ship!"

The last work on our list is sad trash; and the Hon. Judge Hall would have consulted his own credit, had he confined his lucubrations to the Portfolio. Vulgar, flippant, insolent, and blustering, the author presents as unfavourable and unpleasing a specimen of the American as we have met with. Cadwallader is a modest gentleman by his side; and were we disposed to recriminate in his own language, we should "only thank heaven he is not our countryman."

Having now endeavoured to discharge our critical duty with respect to these several performances, we must hasten to bring to a close this extended, but we hope not tedious article, by a few remarks and citations tending to illustrate some points of the American character. Captain Hall, we have seen, considers the Americans and the English as differing more from each other, than any two European nations he ever visited. It may therefore be worth while to remind our readers of some points upon which the family resemblance is not yet quite obliterated, and which are not less important than their respective modes of eating, dressing, and lounging.

In the first place, the laws, institutions, and fundamental principles of government in the United States, are of purely English origin, and essentially English in their character. The common law of England is the American common law. Their legislative assemblies were modelled upon the popular part of the English constitution. The democratic rights they now exercise, were, almost to their full extent, conceded to them by royal charters. Rhode Island, the most democratic state of all, is governed still by Charles's charter of 1663. When, on the separation from the mother country, the States confederated for the common safety, a central government became necessary; but it was formed upon this principle, that whatever powers were not specifically surrendered by the Constitution to the General Government, remained with the individual states, who have each their executive, legislative body, and judiciary, in full exercise of their independent functions. The General Government is a copy of the State Governments, the Congress corresponding to the local legislatures; and the frame of government consequently wears an appearance of simplicity which is far from attaching to it in fact. But the State Governments remain pretty much the same as under the colonial system. They were never more aristocratic or monarchical than they are now. The main difference is, that, instead of recognising the supremacy of the British crown, they unite in acknowledging the supreme but limited authority of a Governor General, the Emperor of the American Federacy. We have in England some things which the Americans have not,—an Established Church, an hereditary aristocracy, &c. But what they have, they have from us; their institutions, like their laws, are English; the

spirit of their laws is English; the equal protection they extend to every subject, is according to the spirit of our constitution; the popular deference to the laws, springing from an interest in the laws, which forms so striking a trait in the American character, is inherited from their English ancestors; and, to repeat the words of Lord Chatham, the American spirit is the spirit that has made this country what it is,—the spirit of English liberty. The elective machinery, the ballot system, the constitution of Congress, the limited powers of the President,—these and other parts of the American Constitution, are open to serious objections, and will probably undergo modifications sooner or later. But these are the circumstantial and accidents: the essential principle is, the supremacy of the laws and the equal rights of the subject.

The religion of the Americans is English: it is, as Mr. Burke styled it, the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. Their Sabbath is the English Sabbath. Their orthodoxy and their heterodoxy are both of English growth. Their Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, how unpalatable soever to an Episcopalian, are not of indigenous origin, but have been transplanted from the Eastern hemisphere. Of the respect paid to the subject of religion, Captain Basil Hall had ocular demonstration; "for scarcely a single village, however small, was without a church."

"It was hinted to me, indeed, slyly," he adds, "that these churches were built as money speculations, and were not erected by the villagers themselves. But this, supposing it to be true, confirms, I think, instead of weakening the position; for it is obvious, that the speculators in church-seats must reckon upon a congregation; and if there was not a steady religious sentiment prevalent among the population, these adventurers would be sure to lose their money. Take it either way, it is clear that good must be the result."—Vol. i. p. 151.

"We are to recollect," Mr. Cooper observes, "that a territory as large as a third of Europe, has to be furnished with places of worship, by a population which does not exceed that of Prussia, and that by voluntary contributions." It may reasonably be questioned, whether they would have been equally numerous under an Establishment. This writer ventures an "opinion," that "the Americans have more places of worship, than twelve millions of people in any other country of the globe."

"I have been in numberless churches here; watched the people in their ingress and egress; have examined the crowd of men, not less than of women, that followed the summons of the parish bell; and in fine, have studied all their habits on those points which the conscience may be supposed to influence; and, taking town and country together, I should not know where to turn, to find a population more uniform in their devotions, more guarded in their discourse, or more consistent in all their practices. No stronger proof can be given of the tone of the country in respect to religion, than the fact, that men who wish to stand well in popular favour, are compelled to feign it at least; public opinion producing in this way, a far more manifest effect here, than state policy

does in the western hemisphere."—Notions of the Americans, vol. i. p. 179.

In the universal attention paid to education, and in the number of academical foundations, the Americans exhibit a public spirit with which we are proud to claim kindred. The great body of the people are, as regards the rudiments of knowledge, far in advance of the English. All can read and write; and to give his children an education, is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States is Harvard College, at Cambridge in Massachusetts, founded in 1638,—only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale College was founded in 1700. Besides these, there are, in the Union, about fifty colleges authorized to confer degrees. The number of benevolent and religious institutions in America, supported by voluntary contribution, is almost incalculable. Their Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Prison Discipline Societies, Penitentiaries, Asylums, &c. are the noble results and evidences of a public spirit, an enlightened philanthropy, and a religious zeal, which certainly can find a parallel only in the parent country. Yet, Captain Hall tells us, the Americans and English differ mutually, more than any two European nations!

Perhaps he meant to confine his remark to the national manners. On this point, the impressions of a foreigner afford, perhaps, the best criterion. The following passage is from "A Sketch of the United States, by a Russian."

"The English character may be distinctly seen in all the customs of the inhabitants of that country (the United States). The construction of their houses, their dress, food, and even amusements, are the same as in England, excepting those stronger or weaker shades of difference which local circumstances and the nature of a government purely democratical, necessarily impress on the character and habits of the North Americans. To these natural affinities, we may add the identity of language, the influence of which is more felt than that of any other; and we may then easily understand, how the moral sympathies prevail over the political antipathies which exist in a signal degree between England and the United States. England is not generally beloved by the people of the United States; yet, the English are better received than any other foreigners, especially when they bring with them the air and manner which characterize a good education.

"Among the shades of difference between the English and American manners, the first which strikes the eye, is a comparative want of cleanliness in the latter. This deficiency arises from various local causes. . . . However, it is proper to observe, that the preceding remark applies particularly to inns, taverns, and other public places which are most apt to attract the notice of a traveller. For the houses of the better class of society, not only in the maritime cities, but also in the interior of the country, exhibit a degree of cleanliness, which scarcely leaves any thing to be desired. In the

Eastern, and in some parts of the Middle States, even the labouring classes are so remarkable for their cleanliness, that we should seek in vain for the same degree in more than one country of Europe.

"The daily dress of the Americans differs also from that of the English, in being less neat. The Americans are too much occupied with their business, which, in consequence of the dearness of labour and the value of time, would be deranged by neglect, to permit them to devote the same degree of attention to the toilet as is customary in England. It is for the same reason that they do every thing in a hurry, even to eating their meals, which, under different names, they take four times a day.

"English travellers acknowledge that their language, as it is spoken by the generality of the inhabitants of the United States, is purer and more correct than in the mother country, where each province or county differs from the rest by its peculiar dialect. But if, after having made this concession, we proceed to the examination of the state of the arts and sciences, at the first glance we discover that, as regards them, the country is still far behind Europe. (England?) The price of labour and time concur in producing such a result."

The estimation in which woman is held, and the rank assigned to her in the social economy, form another point, a most distinguishing one, in the national manners, in which the Americans approximate certainly closer to the English, than the English do to any other European nation. On this subject, the Travelling Bachelor, and his friend Cadwallader, may be admitted as witnesses.

"The condition of women in this country, is solely owing to the elevation of its moral feeling. As she is never misplaced in society, her influence is only felt in the channels of ordinary and domestic life. I have heard young and silly Europeans, whose vanity has probably been wounded in finding themselves objects of secondary interest, affect to ridicule the absorbed attention which the youthful American matron bestows on her family; and some have gone so far in my presence, as to assert that a lady of this country was no more than an upper servant in the house of her husband. They pay us of the eastern hemisphere but an indifferent compliment, when they assume that this beautiful devotion to the first, the highest, and most lovely office of the sex, is peculiar to the women of station in America only. I have ever repelled the insinuation as becomes a man; but, alas! what is the testimony of one who can point to no fireside of household of his own, but the dreaming reverie of a heated brain! Imaginary or not, I think one might repose his affections on hundreds of the fair, artless creatures he meets with here, with an entire confidence that the world has not the first place in her thoughts. To me, woman appears to fill in America the very station for which she was designed by nature. In the lowest conditions of life, she is treated with the tenderness and respect that is due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. Retired within the sacred precincts of her own abode, she is preserved from the de-

Translated from the French by "an American," and printed at Baltimore, in 1806.

stroying taint of excessive intercourse with the world. She makes no bargains beyond those which supply her own little personal wants, and her heart is not early corrupted by the baneful and unfeminine vice of selfishness; she is often the friend and adviser of her husband, but never his chapman. She must be sought in the haunts of her domestic privacy, and not amid the wranglings, deceptions, and heart-burnings of keen and sordid traffic. So true and general is this fact, that I have remarked a vast proportion of that class who frequent the markets, or vend trifles in the streets of this city, occupations that are not unsuited to the feebleness of the sex, are either foreigners, or females descended from certain insulated colonies of the Dutch, which still retain many of the habits of their ancestors amidst the improvements that are throwing them among the forgotten usages of another century. The effect of this natural and inestimable division of employment, is in itself enough to produce an impression on the characters of a whole people. It leaves the heart and principles of woman untainted by the dire temptations of strife with her fellows. The husband can retire from his own sordid struggles with the world to seek consolation and correction from one who is placed beyond their influence. The first impressions of the child are drawn from the purest sources known to our nature; and the son, even long after he has been compelled to enter on the thorny track of the father, preserves the memorial of the pure and unalloyed lessons that he has received from the lips, and, what is far better, from the example of the mother. Though in every picture of life in which these bright colours are made, the strongest must be deadened by deep and painful shadows, I do firmly believe, that the undeniable truth I have just written, may be applied with as much, if not with more justice, to the condition and influence of the sex in New England as in any portion of the globe. I saw every where the utmost possible care to preserve the females from undue or unwomanly employments. If there was a burden, it was in the arms or on the shoulders of the man. Even labours that seem properly to belong to the household, were often performed by the latter; and I never heard the voice of the wife calling on the husband for assistance, that it was not answered by a ready, manly, and cheerful compliance. The neatness of the cottage, the farm-house, and the inn, the clean, tidy, healthful, and vigorous look of the children, united to attest the usefulness of this system."—vol. i. pp. 139—142.

"The Englishman and the American have, in a great degree, a common manner. I do not now speak of the gentlemen of the two countries, for much intercourse is rapidly assimilating the class every where, but of the deportment of the two entire nations. You will find both cold. There is certainly no great difference in the men, though more may be observed in the women. The English say, that our women are much too cold, and we say, that theirs are artificial without always being graceful. Of course, I speak of the mass, and not of exceptions, in either case.

Our women are, as you see, eminently feminine, in air, conversation, and feeling; and they are also eminently natural. You may find them cold, for, to be honest, they find you a little artificial; but, with their countrymen, they are frank, sincere, unreserved, and natural, while I challenge the world to produce finer instances of genuine shrinking delicacy, or of greater feminine propriety."

"You probably know that, in England far more reserve is used, in conversation with a female, than in most if not all of the nations of the Continent. . . . It is certain that the women of America, of all classes, are much more reserved and guarded in their discourse, at least in presence of our sex, than even the women of the country whence they derive their origin. . . . At all events, no intelligent traveller can journey through this country, without being struck with the singular air of decency and self-respect which belongs to all its women, and no honest foreigner can deny the kindness and respect they receive from the men."—vol. i. pp. 232; 263, 4.

The Author of "*La Fayette en Amerique*," speaking of the ladies of New York, bears a similar testimony.

"The women follow here, in their dress, the French fashions; but are entirely American in their manners; that is to say, they devote almost their whole existence to the management of their families and the education of their children. They live, in general, very retired; and although the greater number of them are able to furnish the resources of an agreeable and lively conversation, they nevertheless occupy but little room in assemblies, where the young girls seem to have alone the right to reign. The latter, it is true, derive from nature and education all the means of pleasing. The unlimited freedom which they enjoy, without ever abusing it, impart to their manners a grace, a freedom, and a modest carelessness, which are not always found in our saloons, where, under the name of reserve, we impose on our young girls so irksome a formality (*une si pénible nullité*). If the American wives are remarkable for their strict fidelity to the conjugal ties, the young women are not less so for their constancy to their engagements."—tom. i. p. 259.

It may seem a paradox, but the apparent difference between the Americans and ourselves arises from the closeness of the similarity. On this point, the remarks of an American writer are very candid and just; and they will serve as the best explanation of Captain Hall's remark.

"If our elder brother regards with scorn all deviations from his own standard of notions, even in those who speak a different tongue, and live under different laws from his own, he suffers a sort of angry surprise when he sets foot on these shores of his own planting. Here every thing is at once *aliud et idem*, the same, yet not exactly the same, with what he has been accustomed to see at home. Where language, dress, manners, and modes of all sorts are wholly different, comparison is less easy, or their respective merits must be adjusted by the general fitness of things, which always leaves much to be said on both sides. But here,

where he sees a prevailing similarity to his own institutions, and where the general imitation on our part seems an implied acknowledgment of superiority on his, the particular differences, arising out of physical and moral circumstances, are apt to strike him as awkward resemblances, rather than as intended deviations. He is less lenient towards them for much the same reason that he ridicules more unsparingly a Scotchman's or an Irishman's blunders in English, than those of a Spaniard or an Italian. It is pretty obvious, in short, without recurring to more serious causes of difference, why we should meet with less grace at the hands of England, than of countries which, having fewer affinities with ourselves, might seem, at first, less likely to appreciate us fairly.

"It may be, that we sometimes put forth exorbitant pretensions; and, while enjoying that general content and competency which seem destined to exist but at one stage in the progress of a community, would claim credit for refinements which are purchased mostly at the price of too abundant population, of inequality of property, and of all the unpalatable fruits of these to the less fortunate classes of luxurious states. . . . In our country, all is yet new and in progress; nothing has received its finish; neither its moral nor its physical development is complete; and the theorist can only pronounce, that, thus far, it has in an admirable degree, subverted the substantial ends of human society."—*North American Review*, No. LIII. pp. 441—451.

We cherish the hope, that, as America becomes better known to us, and to herself, the moral sympathies between two countries so closely related, will more and more prevail over the political antipathies which party writers on each side have so malignantly inflamed. America, it has been truly said, "must turn out of her natural path before she can cross ours for ages." Policy, religion, the voice of nature and of God, enjoin the strictest amity between the two grand portions of that favoured race to whom Divine Providence appears to have committed the moral empire of both hemispheres, and, with it, the responsibility, as the depository of the true faith, of spreading the Gospel, and extending the reign of the Prince of Peace, throughout the world.

### STANZAS.

All I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love! is full of thee!

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers—  
Air, with all its beams and showers—  
Ocean's infinite expanse—  
Heaven's resplendent countenance—  
All around, and all above,  
Hath this record—"GOD IS LOVE."  
Sounds, among the vales and hills,  
In the woods, and by the rills,—  
Of the breeze, and of the bird,  
By the gentle summer stirred;  
All these songs, beneath—above,  
Have one burthen—"GOD IS LOVE."

All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart;  
All the quiet bliss that lies  
In our human sympathies;—  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering—"GOD IS LOVE."  
All I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love! is full of thee!

### THE SABBATH EVE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

It is the hour—the sacred hour—  
When eve's faint flush is on the sky,  
And, spread o'er leaf and closing flower,  
The latest sunbeams lingering lie;  
And not a stream is wandering past,  
But murmurs music as it flows;  
And not a feebly sighing blast,  
But breathes the spirit of repose.  
Beneath that parting glow of day,  
A moss-grown spire, a mouldering pile,  
And ivied porch, and arches grey,  
Like age in listening calmness smile:  
And hark! from out those transepts dim,  
A hundred tongues in concert raise  
The deep and high-ascending hymn—  
The uttered ecstasy of praise.  
Within, the warrior's pendant mail,  
The dusky banner's blazoned fold,  
And sculptured forms of marble pale—  
Shapes of the beautiful and the bold—  
And shields of gules, or azure stain,  
And argent scrolls, and legends bright,  
From many a deeply tintured pane,  
Are gleaming in the mellowed light.  
But over holier objects cast,  
That golden ray is dwelling there;  
Brows, whence the gloom of guilt is past;  
And lips, which move in silent prayer;  
The glance, which speaks the fervent will;  
The bended head, and listening ear;  
And fairer, purer, brighter still—  
The contrite heart's unfeigned tear.  
'Tis past—the hallowed time of grace  
By mercy's pitying impulse shown,  
When man beholds his Maker's face,  
And pleads before that glorious throne;  
And issuing from the low-browed gate,  
In dense and mingled current, pour  
Fair Youth, and Manhood's brow sedate,  
And Age with perished seasons hoar.  
Some linger by the osiered graves,  
Or at the scented hedge-row's side,  
Or pluck the azure flower, which laves  
Its leaflets in the rippling tide:  
On each the peace, to all decreed,  
Who seek those sacred courts, is shed;  
That balm—which heals the broken reed,  
That hope—which gilds the dying bed.  
Such were thy fair enjoyments, Earth!  
In days long past, and happier hours,  
Ere sin's polluting stain had birth,  
Or evil lurked in Eden's bowers;  
Such *shall* be thine—when sorrow's reign  
Within thy wasted bounds is o'er,  
And He, thy God, descends again  
To soothe, and comfort, and restore.



*From the Emmanuel.*

## ON THE HEAVENS.

BY J. T. BARKER.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work!" This devout exclamation of the Royal Poet, though it does not in reality possess a higher value now than when it flowed from his rapturous lips, comes with increased force to the contemplative mind, as it surveys the starry regions in connexion with the discoveries of modern astronomy. The shining frame of the heavens, the regular revolutions of the sphere, and the precise movements of the sun, moon, and planets, were calculated to excite the admiration of the most insensible in the early ages of the world, and exalt the piety of those who, like David, considered the heavens the work of the finger of God, and the moon and the stars as ordained by him; yet little was known then of the distances, magnitudes, and complicated motions of the planetary train; nothing whatever of the splendid retinue of Jupiter, or the stupendous apparatus of Saturn—these beautiful bodies had unostentatiously pursued their circling way, not forcing their splendid equipages on the gaze of man, but declaring, in silent and impressive language, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

*Comets* advanced to, and retreated from the sun, and were by the sages of antiquity considered as transient meteors; their elevated situation in the system, the courses they described, and their unerring laws of motion, were unconceived of till within the last few centuries—still these "aërial racers" held on their sublime paths, and invited the regard of man to the works of the Lord, and the operations of his hand.

The *Fixed Stars* had shed their lustre, and incessantly sent forth streams of radiance from their glittering orbs; the sweet influences of the Pleiades had been diffused, notwithstanding the crimes of the old, and the idolatrous rites of the new world; the belt of Orion had beamed forth in beauty, and Arcturus, with his sons, had pursued his course around the glowing pole, long before, and unceasingly since, the attention of Abraham had been directed to the spangled firmament by the great Creator of its shining glories: "Look now towards heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." The value of this mighty promise, in its literal and spiritual sense did then, as it were, repose itself in microscopic concealment; but the light of modern astronomy has shown how infinite is the realm of creative power, and generates the most delightful confidence in the mind relative to the preserved seed of Israel, but more especially of "those who are not of his seed through the law, but through the righteousness of faith."

Passing by the moon walking in brightness, and the nearer planets that roll above and beneath our world, circling the resplendent sun, with calm and simple grandeur, we review some of the recent discoveries of science: the

four minute bodies which move between Mars and Jupiter in close proximity to each other, so minute as not to exceed in magnitude some of the islets of the British seas, present anomalies in the solar system,—moving in paths very considerably inclined to those of the larger planets; these paths crossing each other, but in such a manner, that the revolving bodies cannot come in contact; the form of these paths so eccentric, that one of them at its greatest distance from the sun, is then double of its least; the immense atmosphere of two, so great as almost to assimilate to those of the cometary train,—yet such are but a few of the wonderful phenomena connected with these four interesting bodies.

Beyond the orbit of that which was for thousands of years considered the most remote planet (Saturn) revolves one surrounded by a splendid train of moons, moving nearly at right angles to the course of the primary (Uranus), and from east to west, while those of the other planets move in paths not much inclined to their primaries, and from west to east.

We notice other remarkable phenomena relative to the solar system, which have been discovered within a very few years. The comet of Halley, whose period is about seventy-five years, and which is expected to return in the year 1834,—this comet, whose greatest distance from the sun is double that of Uranus, was considered the "Mercury of Comets," but within the past ten years it has been discovered that there are three at least which never leave the planetary system; one whose period is three years and a quarter, included within the orbit of Jupiter; another, the period of which is six years and three quarters, and extends not so far as Saturn; and a third, whose period is twenty years, and ranges not beyond Uranus. As it respects the boundary of the solar system, the vast distances to which some comets are now known to roam fully prove how very far the attraction of the sun extends; though they stretch their courses to such depths in the abyss of space, yet by virtue of the sun's power they return and bathe themselves in the effulgence of his beams. Wonderful as it may seem, the vast area comprised within the orbit of the most distant comet, sinks into a point, when compared with the awful void between the boundary where our sun's attraction terminates, and the distance of the nearest fixed star!

The most ardent attention of astronomers is now directed in scanning the wondrous space which separates our sun from those of other systems. In pursuing the investigation, they find there is ground for concluding that those fixed stars are not the nearest which appear the largest, and shine with the greatest brilliancy; that probably, among those that emit but feeble rays, may be found stars, whose distance from our sun will admit of being ascertained. This inquiry is connected with the discovery of the revolutions of two or more stars round a common centre of gravity, the orbits of some of which are exceedingly complicated, and performed in periods of time varying from sixty years to many centuries. This real motion traced in double, triple, and other combinations of stars, connected with another mo-

tion, which is only apparent, and which affects the whole of the starry frame, suggest the idea that our sun forms one of such a system, and that it is moving onward through space; but though science succeeds in pointing out the direction in which it moves, it fails in declaring the nature, and the rate of its motion.

Among this wilderness of stars are some that periodically change their brilliancy; others, appearing where none before had been observed, and others missed from places which they had been accustomed to occupy: these bright bodies not only shining with different degrees of brightness, but exhibiting the most lovely and variegated hues,—from the soft blue to the colour of the amethyst,—from the delicate green to the emerald,—from a pale yellow to a bright orange,—from a rosy tint to the intense brilliancy of the ruby.

"Some barely visible, some proudly shine,  
Like living jewels."

But we have hitherto only entered the vestibule of the vast temple of the universe; we penetrate still further into its awful mysteries in search of new wonders. From the earliest ages, one or two bright spots had been noticed in the heavens, called nebulae; since the invention of the telescope, the heavens are found to be replete with them, various in their shapes, magnitudes, and brilliancy; some of these appearing as solid balls, compressed into a blaze of light,—one like a partially opened fan, along the centre of which are three bright telescopic stars of different magnitudes; others like the feeble flame of a taper—a circular nebula composed of striated streams of light,—a lock of silvery hair,—a ring or wreath of soft splendour,—a large proportion like faint streaks of light, such an appearance as it may be supposed the milky way would assume if beheld from some remote region of space—and nearly the whole of these mysterious apparitions, resolvable into clusters of stars. From hence it is inferred, that all the stars of the universe are collected into nebulae, and that those bright stars that figure conspicuously on our midnight sky are only members of that nebula, to which our sun belongs!

Here then we pause, and from the station to which we have been introduced by the discoveries of modern astronomy, look above, beneath, around us. How awful the survey! Our sun, the centre of a system of worlds—lunar, planetary, and cometary; this sun, but a member among millions of others, each of which may have a similar system; all these, if viewed from some distant point of space, appearing as some rich cluster of stars amidst myriads of others; further still, our stellar system resembling an indistinct nebula, and from a place of observation still more remote, melting away into a soft tint of light, or no longer visible in the deep azure of the midnight sky; these hosts of stellar systems probably in motion through the vast fields of ether, for which there is room in the unbounded realms of space, and ample time in the rolling ages of eternity!

But art, reason, and even imagination, fail to ascend higher in this wonderful progression, for who will essay to point out the top-

stone of the stupendous structure of the universe?—"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power not one faileth." And lest a consideration of these displays of creative power should overwhelm the faculties of the weak believer, with the fear that amidst these exhibitions of Omnipotence, and these realms of boundless grandeur, he shall be overlooked, the soft voice of heavenly love calms the perturbation. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to those that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

*From the same.*

## A MORNING IN SUMMER.

A SKETCH.

WHEN Sleep her shadowy curtains hath withdrawn,  
And at the throne of Grace I've offered up  
The fervent incense of a grateful heart,—  
How sweet it is to climb the eastern hill,  
And gather health from every freshening breeze;  
While, circling through the veins, with vigorous rush  
The blood mounts up, and Nature's rosy hue  
O'erspreads the pallid cheek!—O, who would lose  
The fragrant odours of the morn! Sloth cheats  
The senses of the bounteous gifts of Heaven,  
Robs us of every fair delight, and steepes  
The soul in dark and dull mortality.

Now silence reigns around,  
Save where the skylark carols in the air—  
Greeting the God of day, and from his couch  
The husbandman uprousing to his toil.—  
In robes of light arrayed, the glorious orb  
From his celestial chamber issues forth,  
Gilding the clouds, and round his orient path  
Effulgent glories spreading. Hill, and dale,  
And tower, and tree, his golden smiles reflect;  
Along the flow'ry meads, in sinuous course,  
The dimpled waters sparkle in his beams,  
And every bush with dewy gems is hung.—  
And hark! with what melodious rivalry  
The feather'd choristers their songs repeat,  
Till the full chorus charms the ravish'd ear,  
And all our senses glow with sympathy.

Eternal Power! there is not one among  
The meanest of Thy works—the worm that crawls,

Or mote scarce visible to human eye,  
That is not fraught with Thy omnipotence—  
That is not emblematic of Thy love!

S. M.

*From the New Monthly Magazine.*

# CHILDHOOD.

"Oh Life! how pleasant is thy morning."—*Rogers.*

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn-laws, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt, the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men with full grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened; teach women of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl on all fours.

Selfishness is so decidedly the most besetting and most prejudicial of the faults of mankind, that the mere circumstance of caring earnestly for another appears to make a rapid and favourable improvement of character. That other indeed, is more than half ourselves; pride, instinct and custom, unite to enforce its claims, but still it is not the identical *ego* about which too many of us are so exclusively interested, and he must be incorrigibly unamiable who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labour for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest, and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable! The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from

which he is luckily free, hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour, who has half-a-dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him. The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see without feelings of regret rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures by a noisy game at romps the weariness and head-ache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are alighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child, and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads; but these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children, are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Bonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase.—They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which

their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, ready only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech or Satan's address to the Sun, but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors.—The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogre; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen, to avoid the Funds or the Catholic Question, free trade, or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

But notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil Nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance in the goddess which allows of only partial success, and numbers of sweet children exist to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence:—the recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father, and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense, and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, matter afforded for twenty long letters, and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous de-

monstration of intellect in a creature in long-clothes, who cannot hold its head straight. But however this may be, for it is dangerous to pronounce judgment in a case I have not investigated, and in which all womankind would be my opponents, as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness, as soon as it smiles at a familiar face and stares at a strange one, as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crawls and leaps from the excess of animal contentment, it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us, an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny; interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian. Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate! When we send an inquiring glance into the destiny of men, we have certain data of character, principles, and tastes to guide us; we may venture to say, "let Fortune do her worst, she cannot render our friend vicious, or cruel, or dishonourable;" but no such assistance is given us when we gaze on the imperious curtain which hides the eternal as well as temporal lot of a child. Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate in any thing; better is it when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspecting confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won, to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to "justify the ways of God to men," and to teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

I love a Children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise, preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told, satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host, by which he may dis-



cover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

"There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart;"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unhappy hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar plums. Those occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious; those animated voices and bright faces assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are my favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sister's peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

"Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind—"

But to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Wo to

those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

"That man was never born whose secret soul,  
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,  
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,  
Was ever open'd to another's scan."

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness, will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasant cast, will now learn for the first time that "every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of *La Belle Assemblée*, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks or oyster shells, or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed

fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe,—he is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "l'erreur a son mérite;" he now reads history till he doubts every thing, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future.—Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion: he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

W. E.

#### *From the Landscape Annual.*

#### GENEVA.

Lake Lemman wooed me with its crystal face,  
The mirror where the stars and mountains view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.

Byron.

THE city of Geneva claims the distinction of high antiquity. It is frequently mentioned by the name it now bears in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar.

It became a republic in the year 1535, and by degrees acquired the form of government which is maintained to the present day. Its earlier history, however, is involved in unusual obscurity; and notwithstanding the ingenious speculations of many who have endeavoured to reconcile the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, none have hitherto succeeded in removing the veil with which tradition and igno-

rance have so long obscured it. These *tenebræ seculorum* will be a sufficient excuse for not pursuing such an inquiry, more especially as Geneva presents us with subjects far more interesting than the investigation of remote tradition.

The city is built at the head of the Leman lake, which is considered the finest piece of water in Europe. The waters abound with fish, and are famous for trout, which are often found of a prodigious size. At the opposite end the Rhone falls into the lake, which at some distance separates into two rapid streams, forming a small island in the town, and then reuniting pursues its course into France. The lake is bordered on one side by the Pays de Vaud, a country which was formerly conquered by the Canton of Bern from the Dukes of Savoy. This may, indeed, be considered one of the most enchanting spots in Europe. As far as the eye can reach, it is studded with towns, hamlets, gardens, and vineyards, and is bounded by the hills of Mount Jura. The Savoy side has a wilder and more romantic appearance, presenting a pleasing contrast to the Pays de Vaud. Huge mountains and tremendous precipices meet the eye on all sides, rising behind each other in every wild and fantastic form with which the imagination may choose to invest them. On the one side Nature is displayed in her most sublime and awful form, while on the other, she exhibits her gayest and most attractive attire. Thus, by a happy combination of the softest imagery with the grander and more majestic scenery, the neighbourhood of Geneva abounds with objects of surpassing interest. The hand of Nature has indeed marked the scene as one of her happiest labours. Every material is here combined that the poet or the painter could desire to excite the imagination or to stimulate a lingering fancy. The silver lake, which extends like a huge mirror from shore to shore, reflecting from its bright and polished surface the numberless beauties that adorn its banks, the lofty mountains that rear on every side their majestic heads, some clothed with eternal snows, and others delighting the eye with freshness and verdure, and the city itself, embosomed in its woods and waters, present a scene which, for harmonious combination and variety of imagery must stand unrivalled, even where beauty and sublimity most predominate. The glowing language of Rousseau and the lofty verse of Byron have been, not unworthily, employed in throwing round these romantic and favoured regions a halo of which neither time nor circumstance can ever deprive them. Moore too thus beautifully describes his feelings on visiting the lake and valley for the first time at sunset.

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd

This last, intensest gleam of light—

Suddenly through the opening road

The valley burst upon my sight!

That glorious valley, with its lake,

And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,

Mighty and pure, and fit to make

The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

Now, never shall I lose the trace

Of what I've felt in this bright place;

And should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
Should I, oh God! e'er doubt thy power,  
This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
At this same calm and glowing hour,  
And here at the sublimest shrine  
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,  
Rekindle all that hope divine,  
And feel my immortality!

Beyond the beauty and romance of its situation, the city of Geneva has nothing in itself to merit particular notice. Few European towns of its size and importance are so sparingly decorated with public monuments. The upper part, which rises on a gentle acclivity, is exceedingly picturesque. The houses are of stone, and well constructed. But the lower part offers rather an unpleasant contrast. The houses are many stories high, and from their appearance would seem to have been built for ages. They have heavy, projecting roofs, and on each side of the streets are erected cumbersome wooden arcades, under which the trading classes exhibit their wares and merchandise. In the water which divides the town there are also erected many heavy and unseemly buildings, apparently for the sole use of the washerwomen of Geneva. Indeed, this portion of the city being chiefly inhabited by the mercantile part of the population, is not very likely to meet with speedy improvement, since expense on the one hand and prejudice on the other are most effectual securities for the adherence of the citizens to the wisdom of their ancestors. The public walks and the ramparts are, however, replete with interest. Thence the eye of the tourist will be delighted with the brilliant succession of romantic villas, which rise like fairy mansions along the margin of the lake, and, combined with the scenes around, present a series of views as beautiful as they are varied. The lake itself perhaps partakes more of softness than of grandeur, and the pleasure of gliding over its waters, when the setting sun casts a mellowed light over the vivid and glowing scenery around, would be the summit of such enjoyment, did not the frequency of those fogs or vapours, which are the bane of this part of Switzerland, too often intervene and involve the glorious scene in mist and obscurity.

The attachment of the Genevese to the pleasures of society renders their town a desirable residence to strangers. As in France, it is chiefly the evening that is devoted to society and conversation. The description which M. Simond gives of a *soirée* at Geneva might be mistaken for that of an evening party in some country town in England. "Soon after eight in the evening ladies sally forth, wrapped in a cloak and hood, a rebellious feather only appearing sometimes in front, and walk on tip-toe about the streets, preceded by their maid, who carries a lantern. When they reach their destination, the cloak and double shoes are thrown off in an ante-room appropriated to the purpose; their dress is shaken out a little by the attentive maid, their shawl thrown afresh over their shoulders with negligent propriety, their cap set to rights, and then they slide in lightly, to appearance quite unconscious of looks, make their curtsy, take their seats, and

try to be agreeable to their next neighbour; yet now and then they stifle a yawn, and change places under some pretence for the sake of changing, and curiously turn over young ladies' or young gentlemen's drawings, placed on the table with prints and books, upon which they would not bestow a look if they could help it, nor listen to the music, to which they now seem attentive. Tea comes at last, with heaps of sweet things; a few card-parties are arranged, and as the hour of eleven or twelve strikes, the maid and lantern are announced in a whisper to each of the fair visitors. Meanwhile the men, in groups about the room, discuss the news of the day, foreign or domestic politics, but mostly the latter, making themselves very merry with the speech in council of such-and-such a member (of course of the adverse party), who talked for two hours on the merest trifle in the world, and thought he was establishing his reputation as a statesman for ever."

Of all the important events which have contributed to the celebrity of Geneva, none claims so great a portion of interest as the Reformation, of which Geneva may be said to have been the cradle and the nurse. Had it not been for this precious home of liberty, which served as a rallying point for the reformers of all countries during the sanguinary terrors of persecution, the reformed doctrines would never have been so successfully promulgated, nor could their advantages have been so universally secured. The Genevese were early in the field, and to their exertions is the Protestant Church materially indebted for the rapid progress of its tenets, and for the foundation on which it at present stands.

The circumstance which led the great apostle of the Reformation, Calvin, to adopt Geneva as his residence is singular. Passing through that town on his route from France to Germany, he encountered his friend Farel, then resident at Geneva, who intreated him to remain there and to assist him in his ministry. Calvin, however, was desirous of proceeding, till Farel, *spiritu quodam heroico afflatus* (says Beza) threatened him, in the most solemn manner, with the curse of God if he did not stay to assist him in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Calvin accordingly complied, and was appointed professor of Divinity. It was at Geneva that the singular interview took place between Calvin and Eckius related to Lord Orrery by Deodati.

"Eckius being sent by the pope legate into France, upon his return resolved to take Geneva in his way, on purpose to see Calvin, and if occasion were, to attempt reducing him to the Romish church. Therefore, when Eckius was come within a league of Geneva, he left his retinue there, and went, accompanied but with one man, to the city in the forenoon. Setting up his horses at an inn, he inquired where Calvin lived, which house being shown him, he knocked at the door, and Calvin himself came to open it to him. Eckius inquired for Mr. Calvin; he was told he was the person. Eckius acquainted him that he was a stranger, and having heard much of his fame he was come to wait upon him. Calvin invited him to come in, and he entered the house with him;

where, discoursing of many things concerning religion, Eckius perceived Calvin to be an ingenious, learned man, and desired to know if he had not a garden to walk in; to which Calvin replying he had, they both went into it, and then Eckius began to inquire of him why he left the Romish church, and offered him some arguments to persuade him to return; but Calvin could by no means be persuaded to think of it. At last, Eckius told him that he would put his life into his hands, and then said he was Eckius the pope's legate. At this discovery Calvin was not a little surprised, and begged his pardon that he had not treated him with the respect due to his quality. Eckius returned the compliment; and told him if he would come back to the church he would certainly procure for him a cardinal's cap; but Calvin was not to be moved by such an offer. Eckius then asked him what revenue he had; he told the cardinal he had that house and garden and fifty livres per annum, besides an annual present of some wine and corn, on which he lived very contentedly. Eckius told him that a man of his parts deserved a better revenue; and then renewed his invitation to come over to the Romish church, promising him a better stipend if he would. But Calvin, giving him thanks, assured him that he was well satisfied with his condition. About this time dinner was ready, when he entertained his guest as well as he could, excused the defects of it, and paid him every respect. Eckius after dinner desired to know if he might not be admitted to see the church, which anciently was the cathedral of that city. Calvin very readily answered that he might; accordingly he sent to the officers to be ready with the keys, and desired some of the syndics to be there present, not acquainting them who the stranger was. As soon, therefore, as it was convenient, they both went towards the church; and as Eckius was coming out of Calvin's house he drew out a purse with about one hundred pistoles, and presented it to Calvin; Calvin desired to be excused; Eckius told him he gave it to buy books, as well as to express his respect for him. Calvin with much regret took the purse, and they proceeded to the church; where the syndics and officers waited upon them, at the sight of whom Eckius thought he had been betrayed, and whispered his thoughts in the ear of Calvin, who assured him of his safety. Thereupon they went into the church; and Eckius having seen all, told Calvin he did not expect to find things in so decent an order, having been told to the contrary. After having taken a full view of every thing, Eckius was returning out of the church, but Calvin stopped him a little, and calling the syndics and officers together, took out the purse of gold which Eckius had given him, telling them that he had received that gold from this worthy stranger, and that now he gave it to the poor; so put it all in the poor-box that was kept there. The syndics thanked the stranger; and Eckius admired the charity and modesty of Calvin. When they were come out of the church, Calvin invited Eckius again to his house; but he replied that he must depart; so thanking him for all his civilities, offered to take his leave; but Calvin waited on him to

his inn, and walked with him a mile out of the territories of Geneva, where with great compliments they took a farewell of each other."

The last moments of Calvin were remarked as the finest of his life. Like a parent who is about to leave a beloved family, he bade farewell to those whom he had watched over so long with a truly parental care. To the elders of the republic and the citizens he gave his parting advice, that they should steadily pursue the course in which he had directed them. His remains were conveyed, without any pomp, to the burial-place called Plain Palais. His tomb was simple, and without inscription; but the feelings of gratitude were deeply engraven on the hearts of the Genevese, and he was honoured with the sincere mourning of his adopted countrymen, to whom he had been so long a father and a friend.

Among the numerous places in the neighbourhood of Geneva that are deserving of attention, perhaps none awakens a more vivid curiosity, or excites a more powerful interest, than Ferney, the retreat of Voltaire. Literati and tourists of every country have considered it a pleasing duty to undertake a pilgrimage to that celebrated shrine of genius. The house has had many masters, but such is the almost superstitious veneration in which every thing that once belonged to the great poet has been regarded, that the mansion itself, with every article of decoration, remains the same as when he died.

There is a large picture in the hall, wretchedly executed by some itinerant artist whom Voltaire met with by accident, and who painted the picture according to the design of the poet. One hardly knows which to condemn most, the miserable attempt of the painter, or the vanity and egotism of the designer. Voltaire is represented in the foreground presenting the *Henriade* to Apollo; the Temple of Memory is seen, around which Fame is flying and pointing to the *Henriade*; the Muses and Graces surround Voltaire, and the personages represented in the poem stand apparently astonished at his surprising talents; the authors who wrote against him are descending to the infernal regions, and Envy is expiring at his feet!

The saloon is ornamented with a beautiful design in china, intended for the tomb of a lady who was thought to have died in child-birth, but who, horrible to relate, was buried alive! In the bed-room are portraits of Voltaire's most intimate friends, amongst which are those of the celebrated actor Le Kain, and the great king of Prussia; there is also one of Voltaire himself. On one side of the room is the Marquise de Chatelet, his mistress; and on another the Empress of Russia and Clement XIV., better known as Ganganelli, of whom the following memorable reply is recorded:—The Baron de Gluchen, when travelling into Italy, took the opportunity when at Geneva of paying Voltaire a visit at Ferney. He inquired of the poet what he should say from him to the pope? "I have been favoured by his holiness," replied Voltaire, "with many presents and numerous indulgences, and he has even condescended to send me his blessing; but I would give all these, if Ganganelli would send



me one of the ears of the Head Inquisitor." On the baron's return he called at the retreat of Voltaire, and informed him that he had delivered the message which he gave him to his holiness. "Tell him," replied the pope, "that while Ganganelli rules the church, the Head Inquisitor shall have neither ears nor eyes." There are many other portraits, but indifferently painted; his own, indeed, appears to have been more carefully executed. A vase of black marble is placed in this room, which once contained the heart of the philosopher. On it is the following affecting inscription:—*SON ESPRIT EST PARTOUT, ET SON CŒUR EST ICI.* Over the vase is written—*MES MANES SONT CONSOLES PUISQUE MON CŒUR EST AU MILIEU DE VOUS.* The portrait of Frederick the Great is so wretchedly painted that it is hardly fit to grace a sign-post. Le Kain is in crayons, but executed with no better skill; and if it bears any resemblance to the great actor, he has certainly no reason to accuse the artist of flattery, for there never could be a man less indebted to nature. The bed of Voltaire and its hangings are somewhat impaired by time, and have diminished considerably by the hands of visitors still less ceremonious, who always consider themselves justified in committing this kind of pious larceny.

The town of Ferney was entirely of the poet's creation, and many instances are recorded of the kind interest he took in the welfare of its inhabitants. The church close to his own residence is of his own building, which gave occasion to the remark of a witty traveller—"The nearer the church the farther from God."

Dr. Moore, who visited Voltaire about the year 1779, has left an amusing account of his appearance, and of his mode of life at Ferney.

"The first idea which has presented itself to all who have attempted a description of his person is that of a skeleton. In as far as this implies excessive leanness it is just; but it must be remembered, that this skeleton, this mere composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful. The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year. His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. In the morning he has a look of anxiety and discontent, but this gradually wears off, and after dinner he seems cheerful; yet an air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features whether he frowns or smiles. When the weather is favourable he takes an airing in his coach with his niece, or with some of his guests, of whom there is always a sufficient number at Ferney. Sometimes he saunters in his garden; or if the weather does not permit him to go abroad, he employs his leisure hours in playing at chess with Père Adam; or in receiving the visits of strangers (a continual succession of whom attend at Ferney to catch an opportunity of seeing him) or in dictating and reading letters, for he still retains correspondents in all the countries in Europe, who inform him of every remarkable

occurrence, and send him every new literary production as soon as it appears. By far the greater part of his time is spent in his study; and whether he reads himself or listens to another, he always has a pen in his hand to take notes or to make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney. He lives in a very hospitable manner, and takes care always to keep a good cook. He has generally two or three visitors from Paris, who stay with him a month or six weeks at a time. When they go their places are soon supplied, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. These, with Voltaire's own family and his visitors from Geneva, compose a company of twelve or fourteen persons, who dine daily at his table whether he appears or not. For when engaged in preparing some new publication for the press, indisposed or in bad spirits, he does not dine with his company, but satisfies himself with seeing them for a few minutes, either before or after dinner. All who bring recommendations from his friends may depend on being received, if he be not really indisposed. He often presents himself to the strangers who assemble almost every afternoon in his anti-chamber, though they bring no particular recommendation. But sometimes they are obliged to retire without having their curiosity gratified.

"The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour; besides, he is then apt to be querulous, whether he suffers by the infirmities of age, or from some accidental cause of chagrin. Whatever is the reason, he is less an optimist at that part of the day than at any other. It was in the morning, probably, that he remarked, '*que c'étoit dommage que le quinquina se trouvoit en Amérique, et la fièvre en nos climats.*' Those who are invited to supper have an opportunity of seeing him in the most advantageous point of view. He then exerts himself to entertain the company, and seems as fond of saying what are called good things as ever; and when any lively remark or *bon mot* comes from another, he is equally delighted, and pays the fullest tribute of applause. The spirit of mirth gains upon him by indulgence. When surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibilities of youth. His genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing and spirited observation, and delicate irony. He has an excellent talent for adapting his conversation to his company. The first time the Duke of Hamilton waited on him, he turned the discourse on the ancient alliance between the French and the Scotch nations, reciting the circumstance of one of his Grace's predecessors having accompanied Mary Queen of Scots, whose heir he at that time was, to the court of France: he spoke of the heroic characters of his ancestors, the ancient Earls of Douglas, of the great literary reputation of some of his countrymen then

living, and mentioned the names of Hume and Robertson in terms of high admiration."

Voltaire was irascible and jealous to a great degree; an instance of which is related in an accidental interview with Piron. Piron was a rival wit, who took a strange delight in tormenting him, and whom he consequently most sincerely hated. Voltaire never missed an opportunity of lashing his rival in the keen encounter of wit; and Piron, equally liberal, left him but few advantages to boast.

One morning Voltaire called at the mansion of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, and was awaiting her coming in the salon. He had comfortably established himself on a fauteuil, anxiously expecting the arrival of the lady; for though Voltaire was a philosopher, he was nevertheless a keen-scented courtier, and seldom neglected an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the powers that were. The door opened, and Voltaire, arrayed in his best smiles, sprang forward, to pay his homage to the arbitress of patronage, when who should meet him, smirking as it were in mockery of the poet, but the hated Piron! There was no retreating; Voltaire, therefore, resolving to play the hero, drew himself up with an air of hauteur, and bowing slightly to Piron, retired to the fauteuil from which he had risen. Piron acknowledged the salutation with an equally indifferent movement, and placed himself on a fauteuil exactly opposite Voltaire. After some few moments passed in silence, the author of the *Henriade* took from his pocket a black silk cap, which he usually wore when at home, or in the presence of any one with whom he thought he could take such a liberty, and putting it on his head, observed in a dry tone and with great indifference of manner,—"Je vous demande pardon, monsieur; mais mon médecin m'ordonne de—"

"Point de cérémonie, monsieur," interrupted Piron, "d'autant plus que mon médecin m'ordonne la même chose." So saying, he very coolly put on his hat.

Voltaire stared at this unequivocal demonstration of contempt; but as he had provoked it, he was obliged to put up with the affront. He was therefore compelled to limit his indignation to the expression of his countenance, which was any thing but amiable or conciliating, and occupied himself exclusively with his own reflections. Piron took notice of him; and the situation of the two poets became every moment more embarrassing. Madame Pompadour did not arrive; and Voltaire was evidently out of humour. He again applied to his pocket, and drawing from it a biscuit he began to eat it, offering as an apology that his health was delicate. "Pardon, monsieur, mais mon médecin m'a commandé de manger."

"Point de cérémonie, monsieur," repeated the imperturbable Piron, with an obsequious bow; and drawing from his pocket a small bottle or flask, with which he was usually provided, he uncorked it, and swallowed the contents at a draught, at the same time testifying his approval by smacking his lips with a violence perfectly petrifying.

This was too much. The irascibility of the philosopher prevailed, and starting up, with indignation in his countenance, and darting a

fierce look at the unceremonious Piron he exclaimed, "Est-ce que monsieur se moque de moi?"

"Excusez, monsieur," mildly retorted Piron, enjoying the rage and confusion of his rival, "mais ma santé est si faible que mon médecin m'a commandé de boire."

Fortunately, at this moment Madame de Pompadour entered, in time to prevent the progress of hostilities; and if it was beyond her power to promote a good understanding between the poets, she at least contrived to engage their attention on subjects more worthy of their talents.

Before we leave Geneva, it will not be improper to mention the claim which the public library has to notice. It contains many rare and curious books and manuscripts, and a very singular piece of antiquity, an ancient Roman shield of massive silver. It was found in the bed of the Arve in 1721.

The traveller who beholds a storm on the lake of Geneva will not forget Lord Byron's beautiful description.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change!

—Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light

Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among

Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone

cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!

Thou wert not made for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—

A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,

And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!

And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain

mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:

For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,

Flashing and east around; of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath

fork'd

His lightnings,—as if he did understand,

That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever

therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightning! ye!

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a

soul

To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful; the  
far roll

Of your departing voices is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?  
Are ye like those within the human breast?  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high  
nest?"

From the *Emmanuel*.

# THE FATHER'S CURSE—A VILLAGE TALE.

BY EDWARD W. COX.

I WELL remember, many years ago,  
How we had gather'd under the elm tree,—  
A noisy group, to gambol and to laugh  
The summer noon away. But scarcely then  
The dial of my life had told ten years,  
And I was fickle as the mountain breeze,  
And fearless as the inexperienced lamb  
That hath not learned to know what danger is.  
With a few village children, like myself  
Sipping of life's full cup, I sat and smiled,  
Because a smile was pleasure's messenger,  
And not for any joy, unless it were  
That we unconsciously reflected it  
From the eye-cheering flowers that deck'd the  
place.

With such gay prattle we consumed the hours  
As childhood's uniform'd intellect may well  
Approve, but which declare the unfolding  
mind,—  
Like the grey buds in early spring, ere yet  
Their winter vestments they have shaken off,  
But which proclaim the promise of the year.

Thus were we gather'd, when there came  
to us

An old—old man, whose hair was very grey,  
His face all wither'd, and his palsied limbs  
Shaking like aspen leaf in the night air.  
A rudely fashioned staff—a little dog,  
That seem'd to share his sorrows, were the  
sole

Companions of his pilgrimage. The man  
Sat himself down upon a rustic seat  
That hospitable hands had framed, and known  
To all the country as the "Traveller's Rest."  
Reclining there, he wiped his furrow'd brow  
Which the hot sun had kiss'd too rudely, and  
Opening his scrip he took a hard brown crust,  
Of which he gave the dog a part, and part  
Reserved to his own share. The faithful brute  
Lick'd the thin hand that minister'd to him,  
And then, methought, a small unconscious  
tear

On the grey lashes of the old man lay.  
He asked us many things of Lydford Green,  
(The village where we dwelt) and of the men  
Who tenanted its cottages; and much  
He queried of an unfrequented place,  
Whither none dared after nightfall to go,  
And which was called by us "the Father's  
Curse."

It was a strange, secluded spot, far down  
Amid the valley, and through a thick wood  
Your path must be ere you arrive at it:

A low and half dismantled ruinous wall  
Clasp'd in the firm embraces of the weed  
That, like pale envy, feeds upon the fallen,  
First meets the eye; and if through the rude  
gate

You go, a garden overgrown with grass  
And flowers that have sprung up untrain'd and  
wild,

Wakens a silent shudder in your breast.  
There stands a cottage covered with grey  
moss;—

Its windows curtain'd with the tapestry  
That spiders weave, and all along the roof  
The clustering houses of the swallow tribe.  
Within—but none did dare to search within;  
For strange, unearthly seeming voices came  
From the dark rooms, as if held revel there  
All spirits that infest the night.

Without  
The rose and honeysuckle clad the walls  
With bloom that was a mockery, seen thus  
In solitude and desolation. Wild  
They waved their slender arms, and shed their  
sweets  
Upon the unbreathed air, nor in their bloom  
Was ever gazer glad.

'Twas of this place  
That the old man made question; and we told  
How that it was accurs'd with ill report—  
And how the villagers would point to it  
In eloquent silence, and with shaking heads  
To our young curiosity reply.

The pilgrim heard us patiently, and traced  
With his strong staff strange characters in the  
dust,

Which were no sooner written than erased.  
From his sunk eyes the tears fell long and  
fast;—

The faithful dog redoubled his caress,—  
And we, with childhood's pity, pluck'd some  
flowers

And offered them to the poor weak old man.

He kiss'd the smiling jewels of the field  
And thrust them in his bosom; then to us  
He beckon'd to draw nigh, saying that he  
Had somewhat to relate which after years  
Perchance might profit by. Then thus he  
spake.

"I had a father once—but in the grave  
He lies and sleeps most calm and pleasantly.  
I had a mother too—but she with him  
Dwells in the churchyard. 'Twas my fate  
to be

Their only child, and so they lavish'd love  
Upon me until love could do no more:  
When age had braced my limbs I used to trip  
With my fond father, when he went about  
His rustic business, and drink draughts of  
health

From the fresh breezes. Sometimes to attend  
On the hill-dwelling sheep, and on the plough  
To wait sometimes,—but sometimes nothing  
craved

His jealous care;—then he would set me down  
Upon some mossy hedge-row or the green  
Gay mantle of the field, and in rude phrase  
Would hold sweet converse about holy things—  
God and the Saviour's love, and seraph forms

That wander on the earth, hymning such strains

As on the grossness of our mortal ears  
May tremble, but the dull sense waken not—  
He told me too how after death our souls  
Shall be like angels, and then was I glad;  
And afterwards inethought all things around  
Look'd gayer, lovelier, heavenlier than before.  
For a good man my father was, and served  
His God in spirit and in truth, and read  
His holy word, when round the cheerful fire  
We sat and smiled the winter nights away.  
I was his pride—his joy—and every morn  
And every evening did he offer up,  
On bended knee, a prayer that heaven would  
pour  
Its choicest blessings on my head; and so  
Years past, and I grew up and he grew old.

"But I was prone to evil in my youth,  
And bad companions lured me to forsake  
The ways of virtue;—long my father closed  
The eyes of love upon my gathering guilt,—  
And long he wept—entreated,—but in vain.  
The seeds of piety that in my heart  
He had implanted were all rooted up,  
And, in their stead, the tall rank weeds of vice  
Flourish'd and flung their shadows o'er my soul.

"It was a chilly night, and, by a star  
That twinkled in the middle heaven, I knew  
That darkness had done half its work. The frost

Had bound the breezes up, and on the clouds  
Laid its cold finger that they moved not, but  
Like spectres stood upon the spangled sky.  
I was returning from a revel, flush'd  
With the strong drink, that, though it made  
me mad,

Deprived me not of feeling, thought, or sense.  
I gain'd our cottage door, and enter'd it—  
My father sat before the fire alone,  
For my poor mother, having anxiously  
Counted the distant clock till it toll'd twelve,  
Being worn out with watching, went to rest.  
An open Bible on the table lay,  
And, by the burning redness of his eye,  
I could perceive he had been weeping much.  
He tried to frown upon me, but could not,  
Nature so work'd within him; but he pass'd  
His hand across his unsmooth brow and swept  
A tear from the grey lashes.

"'Richard, son,'  
He said, in solemn tone, 'why are you thus?  
Why does the midnight find you not at home,  
And why are you estranged from me, my son?'  
But I made answer in some hasty words,  
Whereat the old man anger'd, and his brow  
Figured the frown it sought in vain before.  
'Rash boy!' he said, 'God's curse will light  
on thee,

If from thy wicked ways thou turn not soon.  
Then wilt thou be a shame to us, and ill  
Will wait upon thee, and my old grey hairs  
Thou wilt send down in sorrow to the grave.'

"Then much he question'd me of those to  
whom

My hours were dedicate; and many threats,  
From his own anguish'd spirit and the book  
That lay before him, he shower'd down on me.

But I, being drunken, answered angrily,  
And, when the old man urged reproaches  
much,  
I struck him;—yes—I struck him;—struck—  
like this.

With a loud groan he fell back from his seat;  
My head grew giddy and my brain whirl'd  
round;

I saw—I think I saw—great drops of blood  
Red, fiery red, upon the hearthstone glare.  
I heard a rushing, as if hell were loosed,  
And howling fiends:—I sallied from the cot,  
And the cold night breathed very bleak on me.

"Upon the many twinkling face of Heaven  
A change had been since last I look'd on it.  
The winds had broken loose, and in their rage  
Swept over the thick wood, and through the  
cliffs

And passes of the perpendicular mountain  
scream'd,

Singing most drearily. The cheerful stars  
Were all erased,—save that one star alone  
Of which I spake as showing me the hour.  
Upon the wind's wings rode enormous clouds  
That flung their drifting fleeces to the earth  
And clothed it with a soft white mantle. Still  
The howlings echoed in mine ears, and still  
I saw the red drops blazing in mine eye,  
And still my brain spun round. The gather'd  
snows

Received my hasty feet and wore the print  
Of what had trodden them;—I turn'd and  
curs'd

The tell-tale fleeces, and, in my despair,  
Went back to sweep away the imprinted marks,  
And so made others;—then I thought indeed  
That God had set his curse upon my brow,  
And that the earth bore witness of my crime;  
A burning weight did sit upon my brain;—  
I ran—I flew—the fierce winds beat on me—  
The snow-storms swept my cheeks, but could  
not quench

The fire that made me mad.

"Then morning came  
And found me flying still, unconscious where;  
And evening kiss'd the hills,—and morn again  
Hung out his lamp, ere, in the dwelling-place  
Of man, I dared to ask a little food.

"At length I came to the sea-shore where  
ships

Rode the white-crested waves, and multitudes  
Of weeping warriors to their mother earth  
Lisp'd an adieu,—a few brief moments more  
I was a soldier and upon the sea—  
Alone,—unfriended,—desolate,—accurs'd.

"I could not sleep for frightful dreams of  
blood

And of the old man on the hearth-stone dead;  
And if, in the first watches of the night,  
I could perchance forget myself, as sure  
As in the middle Heaven that star was throned  
I did awake, and feel a strange impulse  
To go from my warm bed to look on it.  
Then would thin phantoms float before mine  
eyes—

The gory drops enkindled into flame;—  
The rushing sound rang in my ears, and words  
Of horrible import would come to me.  
So till the pale star mingled with the morn,



I watch'd its travelling, and in the ship  
I was accounted mad.

"At length we gain'd  
The port, and, though my comrades all re-  
joiced,

Yet I did not rejoice, for sea or shore,  
City or desert, was the same to me.  
Into uncivilized places then we pass'd,  
Where dwelt wild men—untutor'd savages,—  
With whom we waged incessant war, and  
woke

The voice of the proud cannon in the woods  
And in the mountain solitudes, that before  
Had never heard but Heaven's artillery.  
The battle was a bliss to me,—for there  
I hoped to die; and into the thick  
Of clubs and spears, like a distracted man,  
I rush'd, and of the poison'd arrow ask'd  
For pity and destruction;—but in vain.  
The weapons hiss'd about me in the air,—  
And hostile crowds encircled me, but none  
Answer'd my invocations;—'twas as if  
On me as upon Cain a mark were set  
Whereby I might be known.

"At length there came  
One to us from my country, and perchance  
In passing talk he told how he had seen  
And known my birth-place;—nay, that but of  
late

He had beheld it. Then my cheek grew pale,  
And my heart smote within me at the name,—  
And (for none knew me), hesitating much,  
I ask'd of its inhabitants. The man  
Then said 'how an unnatural son had hurl'd  
His father from the seat whereon he sat,  
And stricken him so, that they who found him  
there,

Bathed in his own blood, did believe him dead.  
But that they put him on a couch and tried  
Their rustic surgery, so that at length  
His eyes he open'd and look'd on the light,  
And shriek'd and call'd upon his wretched boy,  
Curses and prayers commingling in strange  
sort.

But the wound heal'd; and from his bed he  
rose;—

But men say that the windows of his mind  
Were never well uncurtain'd more—for morn  
And noon and night he spake no word, save  
when

His spouse recall'd remembrance of old time.  
Daily he went about his rural work,  
With face composed and calm, and tearless  
eyes,

Which yet told that the night had seen him  
weep.

But sorrow soon extinguish'd Reason's torch,  
And his mind was a blank—an utter blank—  
And then he died—and to the sheltering tomb  
His widowed helpmate quickly followed him.'

"Desperately that day I rushed into the  
fight—

Seeking to die. It was high noon when first  
The strife began, and at the evening hour  
I was a prisoner wounded grievously.

"Heaven so ordain'd that he who captured  
me  
Was mighty in the land, and had a wife  
Whose virtues would put many to the blush

In this our Christian country; and they shone  
Amid the rudeness of those savage tribes  
Like a green-mantled tree by traveller seen  
Alone upon the desert. She bewail'd  
My piteous state, and, as a mother kind,  
Tended me, ministering wholesome food  
And simple medicines such as herbs will make.  
Then to a cavern in the forest shades  
She led me, signifying that her lord  
Had destin'd me for sacrifice. At night  
Thither she came, laden with delicate meats,  
And, having sooth'd my hurts, departed  
straight.

In these deep solitudes my thoughts were  
turn'd

Upon my father and the blood-red drops;—  
And every night I sat upon the turf  
While the dews dropp'd around me, and dis-  
till'd

On my uncover'd head;—and on that star  
Bent an unswerving glance, till it went down  
Behind the hill-top,—for in that far place  
Low in the heaven its highest travel was;  
And every night, methought, the dreadful deed  
I acted o'er again.

"'Twas whilst I kept  
This awful vigil, that my Indian friend  
Once came to me, in her hand carrying  
A little book that had been spoil'd, she said,  
From my fierce countrymen, and knowing not  
The use of it herself, she deem'd it best  
To give it to my care.

"I read that book,  
And from that moment was a better man;  
The visions came no more, and though some-  
times

I could not but go gaze upon the star,  
After a little while it vanish'd all  
From the revolving vault. Peace came again,  
Though pleasure could not, and for God's good  
time

I waited patiently.

"When I was well  
The Indian bade me go, and pointed out  
The way which I should traverse. Many tears  
We shed at parting, and the woman wept,  
'Because,' she said, 'I was so like her son  
Who dwelt in the far country of the dead.'  
After much toil and travel I return'd  
To where lived civilized man, and there abode  
In penitence. Children, what book was that  
Which shed so soft a balm on my despair?  
It was the BIBLE.

"But at length I felt  
A longing to behold my home once more,  
Ere I lay down to sleep;—'twas not a wish,  
But a strong, maddening impulse yet again  
To gaze upon the hearth-stone where the blood  
Glared at me, and to kneel upon the floor  
Where the old man lay stunn'd by my rash  
arm.

Long time I journey'd, and at length am come  
To die amid those scenes that first I loved,  
The places of my pleasures and my crimes.  
My children, I am he for whose dark deed  
That cottage is accurst,—there first I drank  
Of life's uncertain stream, and there grew up.  
What do ye call it now?"

"The Father's Curse."

*From the same.*

## THE CAPTIVE.—AN ALLEGORY.

*From the Russian of Glinka.*

BY W. H. LEEDS.

THE allegories of Phœdor Glinka are not less remarkable for the pure morality they inculcate, and the simple but sublime truths they illustrate, than for the elegance of their style, and the poetical fancy they display. From a volume of them, lately published at St. Petersburg, the following is selected, in the hope that it will prove neither an uninteresting nor unfavourable specimen of one of the most popular living authors of Russia.

A BEAUTIFUL and noble maiden was once affianced to a youth of surpassing loveliness; when her father said to her, "It behoves, my child, that thy constancy be tried, that it be proved whether thou wilt remain faithful to thy betrothed, however thou mayest be assailed by temptation." He then commanded his servants to equip the young bride for a journey to a foreign and far distant land. This being done, they brought her a golden cup filled with the water of oblivion. No sooner had she emptied the chalice than a lethargic sleep benumbed her senses, while some irresistible power, like that which is the property of the magnet, carried her away in her state of insensibility.—Scarcely was the farewell tear dry upon her cheek, ere the maiden awoke, and found herself beneath another heaven, and transported into an unknown region that seemed to her altogether another world.

She found herself no longer free as before, but a prisoner confined within a curiously constructed moving cage, fashioned by the hand of some skilful artificer—deprived of her liberty, but still retaining her will. Here she was given in charge to the guardianship of five attendants, who were appointed to be at once her gaolers and her slaves, and to act as the sole interpreters between her and all that surrounded her. Yet might she not trust them without extreme caution, as they were naturally inclined both to deceive and to be deceived. It was, however, the will of the maiden's father, that she should not regain her freedom before she clearly ascertained where she was, and understood for what purpose she had been sent thither. Another condition annexed to her present lot was, that she should not be liberated until such time as her prison-house should fall to pieces of itself, like ice that is thawed by the sunbeams; then—should she still retain the recollection of her former home, and of her destined bridegroom—who although born before the creation of time, was young and beautiful as the blush of morn;—should she still remember her noble origin and descent, awakening as from a deep slumber, she would find herself once more in the happy abode she had quitted, and in the society of her beloved friends. Should she, on the contrary, forget all her former attachments, her pure and noble feelings, she would be doomed to endure still greater degradation.

Yet how was the poor captive to know either where she was, or for what purpose she was sent hither? so completely had the

draught of oblivion effaced the recollection of her former glorious state. She had only some confused and indistinct reminiscence of what she had once been, and of that from which she was now separated—apparently for ever. For a long time she only gazed vacantly around her, scarcely seeing any object beyond herself: every thing alarmed, every thing astonished her. At length she began to distinguish, although very imperfectly, such objects as were immediately close to her; but perceived with grief that they only tended to strengthen and support the cage in which she was enclosed, and which now waxed firmer and firmer every day, as did likewise the fetters that bound her to this strange and unknown spot.

After a considerable interval, the captive became conscious of her power over her five attendants, and tried to fulfil one of the conditions attached to her banishment, namely, to discover, through their means, where it was that she was placed. She accordingly sent them out to explore in every direction, both high and low, and near and far. Obedient to her mandates, they flew away to execute them; but careless, or erring in their observations, and intent upon their own pleasures, they returned with false and deceitful intelligence. In order to obtain any trustworthy report, it was necessary that she should compare the testimony of one with that of another. What, too, tended greatly to impede her in these researches was, that she was surrounded by a number of perverse and seductive enchantresses, who, from morning till night, would relate to her wondrous tales of her present abode, and insinuate that she was sent hither as a guest to a banquet, to partake of the indulgences that surrounded her. They discoursed to her merely of honours, of titles, of wealth, of enjoyment. Yet the innocent maiden yielded not to their allurements and specious counsel; but refused the proffered advantages, when she discovered that they could not be attained without staining her native purity. "No," exclaimed she, "these things are not esteemed in the country I have left, and whither I hope to return." But where is that beloved land? Alas! this was a question she herself could not answer. The enchantresses, in the meanwhile, ridiculed what they termed her fancies; censured, as absurd, her ideas both of her former state and of the future—the gloomy, doubtful future, and invited her to partake of the enjoyments now within her reach. They were seconded in all their seductive wiles by a skilful artist, who depicted, with the most brilliant tints, and with a voluptuous pencil, images of happiness, delight, and enjoyment. Still nothing was able completely to satisfy the melancholy captive, who dreaded to lose that which she could neither entirely forget nor clearly remember; and which, although she at times felt it with such consciousness, she could not describe. But some unseen guardian watched over and consoled her: frequently in the shadows of midnight, when those her subtle seducers were lulled asleep, an invisible visitor hovered o'er her couch, and whispered to her, "Do not resign thyself to despondency." And this voice, though but heard for a moment, and as fleet-

ing as all else that is most fair in this life, sufficed to remind her of the ineffable delight it once had been her lot to enjoy.

Whatever was most touching in music, sublime in poetry, noble in art, appeared to her to be some reminiscence of her former state of existence, and affected her as powerfully as a memorial of his distant native land does the solitary stranger. The joy, however, that she felt on such occasions was quickly succeeded by vexation, as often as involuntary comparisons obtruded upon her. "Here," she exclaimed, "I am often compelled to hate; while in the happy region I have quitted, there was but one universal law, and that was—to love. There love ever breathed with the genial warmth of eternal spring; while here self-love constantly freezes the affections. There the thoughts and feelings of the heart were as palpable to sense as colours and sounds; here, on the contrary, we are obliged to make use of very imperfect expedients in order to express them—how many inanimate letters, how many ambiguous and obscure words are requisite to convey a single feeling, a single thought, however powerful be the one, or however luminous the other! I well remember, that in my former habitation there was neither yesterday, nor to-morrow, but existence was one continued day, uninterrupted by gloom or by night. Here how grudgingly is time bestowed, and on what mean uses it is employed! There whole ages seemed but as a minute, while spent in contemplating Him to whom I was then so near, and from whom I am now removed so far."

She admired the pictures of nature, and loved to contemplate their sublime beauty in the rolling storm, when the waters of the deep foam against the granite rocks, and the creaking forests bend beneath the steps of the giant power that strides through the air. Yet was her bosom filled with a holier joy in the mild evenings of spring, when nature, like a young mother watching beside the cradle of her infant, breathes new life and fragrance over the new-born year;—when every flower is gemmed with dewy crystals that reflect the full-orbed moon, or the radiant stars. At such times she would exclaim, "Well does this brief moment of tranquillity remind me of that abode of ever-during peace, in which I once dwelt!"

Thus did the captive bride abandon herself to secret longings for her beloved: comparing herself to a ray of light immured in a dark fog, she endeavoured to preserve her lustre unobscured. At length she succeeded in making herself acquainted with the place of her banishment; and now that she discovered how valueless are all its pretended treasures, she resisted the enticements of those who laboured to seduce her, and no longer trusted their officious services, or their winning allurements. To their arts, or rather to her own frail desires, she now opposed the commands of her parent and the shield of truth. From this moment their blandishments were rendered ineffectual; for nothing that is corrupted with falsehood is able to pass through the gates of truth. It was then that for the first time she comprehended her own mysterious

fate, and her lofty destination. But the term of her imprisonment was not yet completed: however powerfully she felt the recollections of her native region revive within her, she was so weakened by her captivity, that she had not sufficient force to break asunder the fetters that yet retained her in durance. Still must she continue in bondage,—a prisoner and a slave.

But time hastened to work her release, and she perceived, with satisfaction, that the cage in which she was confined daily became weaker and weaker; while the enchantresses also desisted from their seductions; till at length she exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "The hour of my liberation is at hand!"

And lo! that prison which once seemed so firm, now threatens every instant to fall to pieces—its bars yielded almost to a touch. Even the captive herself became as much changed as her abode: wings seemed to grow from her shoulders. "I feel," she cried, "that I shall not much longer be separated from my betrothed. Soon—very soon, shall I fly to meet him,—fly, as a liberated dove, to his embrace; to the happy region of my birth; there will my affection be repaid; there will my patience obtain its reward."

*From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Hast thou e'er stray'd along the twilight Lea,  
And paused to listen; when the withering  
trees  
Resign'd their sere leaves, and the impatient  
breeze  
Griev'd on the half-strip'd boughs. When o'er  
the sea  
The summer bird had flown, and melody  
Was silent, save the lonesome redbreast  
singing?  
Then haply hast thou felt the sad scene  
flinging  
A cold, mute air of joyless vacancy,  
O'er all thy thoughts, a dreary something,  
telling  
How fragrant once was summer's rosy  
dwelling;  
Thus my lone heart felt when thou wert with-  
drawn;  
I look'd—nor smile, nor gentle eye appear'd;  
Listen'd—nor voice, nor tapping footstep  
heard;  
Thought—and remembrance told me—thou  
wert gone.

*From the Emmanuel.*

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

If "sermons may be found in stones,  
And good in every thing,"  
If universal nature owns,  
Throughout her varied ring,  
No time or scene that is not fraught  
With information sage;  
A book that calls to serious thought  
Where'er we ope the page—

Then let me not with scorn asperse

Her trite philosophy,  
But found a monitory verse,  
My first grey hair, on thee.

Welcome thou art, thy greeting kind,  
For thou hast made me feel  
How scant a space remains behind  
Of earthly wo or weal:

Thou form'st an era in our span,  
A note of finish'd days—  
A summons to regardless man  
Upon the past to gaze—

The chaos of tumultuous years  
To young delusions given,  
The idol shrines that Fancy rears  
When earth looks bright as Heaven!

It is not pain, nor sorrow's throes,  
It is not withering care,  
That will not let thee blend with those  
Which Youth's gay livery wear:

But angel-like—I know not whence—  
Thou floatest o'er my brow,  
To bid me muse on Providence,  
And to my Maker bow;

In His great power to put my trust,  
Which, as it changed thee,  
Shall change this breathing form to dust,  
And set the spirit free:

To re-unite them once again,  
When peals the trump of doom,  
And He who bare the sins of men  
Demands them of the tomb.

Redeemer! in that hour of dread,  
When every knee must bow,  
Be thou the uplifter of my head,  
My crown of glory thou!

H. H.

*From the Emmanuel.*

### A DREAM OF WORLDS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Those starry wonders, everlasting worlds  
Of life and loveliness,—I saw them all,  
As on the magic wings of mystery borne  
Methought my unembodied spirit swept  
Immensity! Vast multitudes there shone  
Of beauteous orbs, whose brightness was intense,

Beyond the noon in its most sunny reign.—  
Magnificent, along infinity  
Of azure, moved these huge immortal spheres,  
Less terrible in beauty, but more shaped  
To mortal vision;—as they onward roll'd,  
Each sounded like a world of melody!

'Twas but an eye-glance that such pomp revealed:

And yet, before it pass'd a heaven-like host  
Of forms and phantoms that can never die,  
While mem'ry lives.—Who hath not charm'd  
the air

To rapturous delusion?—Who hath lived,  
And yet not loved?—and loved, and hath not  
shaped

His angel?—Who not dream'd a paradise,  
When from within a glorious longing woke

For that, which earth and earthliness to none  
Supply?—let nature answer; she will tell  
What shapes of beauty throng'd a Dream of  
Worlds.—

The midnight!—how we gaze upon her pomp  
Of orbs, and waft ourselves among their host,  
As though they were bright dwellings for the  
soul

When clay doth not corrupt it. Who shall  
prove

That such are not the palaces of light  
Where myriads reap eternity? On high  
The seer\* of old undyingly was rapt  
To blessedness: aloft Elijah soar'd,  
Whirling in thunder through the sounding  
skies,

'Mid fiery chariots and emblazon'd clouds!—  
And He, the sanctifying Lord of life,  
Through air ascended to His throne eterne:  
Ever hath awe and glory, love, and hope  
Divine, the gaze of rapture skyward turn'd.—  
And oh! the cold may laugh, the worldly jeer,  
Mocking whate'er their miserable clay  
Partakes not, of the mind's diviner hue,—  
Yet there are dreams of beautifying power  
And passion, which a stern reality  
Can never reach. Go, ask the widow'd heart  
Of young affection, when she walks the night  
As in a vision of departed hours,—  
If all that day-charms yield can turn her love  
To such a blissful heaven of memory,  
As that sweet lonely star, whose angel-gaze  
Like mercy looks upon her lifted eye!  
Or ask the friend, in friendly sorrow left,  
When oft the starry wanderers roam the skies,  
What radiant solace from their smile is caught,  
While Fancy sighing thinks,—“my friend is  
there!”

Ye holy watchers, who this earth have view'd  
In darkness rolling on to destiny,  
Through many an age, and yet are dimless  
still,—

With no feign'd worship sing I your romance.  
My boyhood was Chaldean; and your beams  
Like rays of feeling quiver'd round my heart!—  
Yes, I remember me, when calm and still  
My school-companions on their couches slept,  
With moon-light on their beautiful young  
brows,

Like holiness, arraying them for heaven,  
Unhinder'd to my casement I would steal,  
And muse, and gaze upon the midnight orbs,  
Until my spirit seem'd to float the skies!

Such adoration hath not died away.  
For now, when weary of the heartless stir  
Around me, and the nothings which o'erwhelm  
The daylight, and disease our nobler mind;—  
When sadden'd by unkindness, or deceived  
By finding clouds where sunshine should pre-  
vail;

In such dark mood, upon those peaceful worlds  
That shame us with their bright sublimity,  
I gaze, and woo unheavenly fancy off  
By visioning eternity.—This earth  
Too great a burden on our spirit lays,  
We bow before our idols, and adore  
The glittering falsehood of her fading scene;  
Forgetful of yon glorious sky, where, day

\* Enoch.



And night, Divinity is marching forth,  
In sun and darkness, thunder or in worlds!

We know not *what* these heaven-illuming orbs  
May be; to us,—but mysteries that roll  
And shine. Yet none upon them ever gazed,  
Whose eye could gather beauty for the soul,  
To feed on, nor within him felt a flush  
Of admiration, spreading o'er the mind  
Till it became a mirror of delight,  
Reflecting back the glory that it hail'd.  
How often have I such proud influence caught  
When sick of some high festival, where smiles  
Are tutor'd till the heart forget to play,  
And eyes are beaming with hypocrisy,—  
While the soft tongue whose angel accents  
fall

In honied sweetness on the flatter'd ear,  
Can play the dagger when the moment comes!  
How often tired with such delightful pomp,  
I've hail'd my homeward solitary way.  
Here, once again the immeasurable sky  
Around me, and a starry wilderness  
Open and free for spirit to expand,—  
With what a worship has my soul return'd  
To midnight nature!—to itself, and Heaven.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

SERMONS AND TRACTS; including *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton, and of Fenelon; and an Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*. By W. E. Channing, D.D., of Boston, America. 8vo. London: reprinted 1829.

Or the later American writers, who, besides Dr. Channing, have acquired some reputation in England, we can only recollect Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Cooper. To the first of these we formerly paid an ample tribute of respect; nor do we wish to retract a title of what we said on that occasion, or of the praise due to him for brilliancy, ease, and a faultless equability of style. Throughout his polished pages, no thought shocks by its extravagance, no word offends by vulgarity or affectation. All is gay, but guarded—heedless, but sensitive of the smallest blemish. We cannot deny it—nor can we conceal it from ourselves or the world, if we would—that he is, at the same time, deficient in nerve and originality. Almost all his sketches are like patterns taken in silk paper from our classic writers;—the traditional manners of the last age are still kept up (stuffed in glass cases) in Mr. Irving's modern version of them. The only variation is in the transposition of dates; and herein the author is chargeable with a fond and amiable anachronism. He takes old England for granted as he finds it described in our stock books of a century ago—gives us a Sir Roger de Coverley in the year 1819, instead of the year 1700; and supposes old English hospitality and manners, relegated from the metropolis, to have taken refuge somewhere in Yorkshire, or the fens of Lincolnshire. In some sequestered spot or green savannah, we can conceive Mr. Irving enchanted with the style of the wits of Queen Anne;—in the bare, broad, straight, mathematical

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streets of his native city, his busy fancy wandered through the blind alleys and huddled zig-zag sinuosities of London, and the signs of Lothbury and East-Cheap swung and creaked in his delighted ears. The air of his own country was too poor and thin to satisfy the pantings of youthful ambition—he gasped for British popularity,—he came, and found it. He was received, caressed, applauded, made giddy: the national politeness owed him some return, for he imitated, admired, deferred to us; and, if his notions were sometimes wrong, yet it was plain he thought of nothing else, and was ready to sacrifice every thing to obtain a smile or a look of approbation. It is true, he brought no new earth, no sprig of laurel gathered in the wilderness, no red bird's wing, no gleam from crystal lake or new discovered fountain (neither grace nor grandeur plucked from the bosom of this Eden state like that which belongs to cradled infancy); but he brought us *rifacimientos* of our own thoughts—copies of our favourite authors: we saw our self-admiration reflected in an accomplished stranger's eyes; and the lover received from his mistress, the British public, her most envied favours.

Mr. Brown, who preceded him, and was the author of several novels which made some noise in this country, was a writer of a different stamp. Instead of hesitating before a scruple, and aspiring to avoid a fault, he braved criticism, and aimed only at effect. He was an inventor, but without materials. His strength and his efforts are convulsive throes—his works are a banquet of horrors. The hint of some of them is taken from Caleb Williams and St. Leon, but infinitely exaggerated, and carried to disgust and outrage. They are full (to disease) of imagination,—but it is forced, violent, and shocking. This is to be expected, we apprehend, in attempts of this kind in a country like America, where there is, generally speaking, no *natural imagination*. The mind must be excited by overstraining, by pulleys and levers. Mr. Brown was a man of genius, of strong passion, and active fancy; but his genius was not seconded by early habit, or by surrounding sympathy. His story and his interests are not wrought out, therefore, in the ordinary course of nature; but are, like the monster in Frankenstein, a man made by art and determined will. For instance, it may be said of him, as of Gawin Douglas, "Of Brownies and Bogies full is his Buik." But no ghost, we will venture to say, was ever seen in North America. They do not walk in broad day; and the night of ignorance and superstition which favours their appearance, was long past before the United States lifted up their head beyond the Atlantic wave. The inspired poet's tongue must have an echo in the state of public feeling, or of involuntary belief, or it soon grows harsh or mute. In America, they are "so well policed," so exempt from the knowledge of fraud or force, so free from the assaults of the flesh and the devil, that in pure hardness of belief they hoot the *Beggar's Opera* from the stage: with them, poverty and crime, pickpockets and highwaymen, the lock-up-house, and the gallows, are things incredible to sense! In this orderly and

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undramatic state of security and freedom from natural foes, Mr. Brown has provided one of his heroes with a demon to torment him, and fixed him at his back;—but what is to keep him there? Not any prejudice or lurking superstition on the part of the American reader: for the lack of such, the writer is obliged to make up by incessant rodomontade, and face-making. The want of genuine imagination is always proved by caricature: monsters are the growth, not of passion, but of the attempt forcibly to stimulate it. In our own unrivalled novelist, and the great exemplar of this kind of writing, we see how ease and strength are united. Tradition and invention meet half way; and nature scarce knows how to distinguish them. The reason is, there is here an old and solid ground in previous manners and opinion for imagination to rest upon. The air of this bleak northern clime is filled with legendary lore: not a castle without the stain of blood upon its floor or winding steps; not a glen without its ambush or its feat of arms; not a lake without its lady! But the map of America is not historical; and, therefore, works of fiction do not take root in it; for the fiction, to be good for any thing, must not be in the author's mind, but belong to the age or country in which he lives. The genius of America is essentially mechanical and modern.

Mr. Cooper describes things to the life, but he puts no motion into them. While he is insisting on the minutest details, and explaining all the accompaniments of an incident, the story stands still. The elaborate accumulation of particulars serves not to embody his imagery, but to distract and impede the mind. He is not so much the master of his materials as their drudge: he labours under an epilepsy of the fancy. He thinks himself bound in his character of novelist to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Thus, if two men are struggling on the edge of a precipice for life or death, he goes not merely into the vicissitudes of action and passion as the chances of the combat vary; but stops to take an inventory of the geography of the place, the shape of the rock, the precise attitude and display of the limbs and muscles, with the eye and habits of a sculptor. Mr. Cooper does not seem to be aware of the infinite divisibility of mind and matter; and that an "abridgment" is all that is possible or desirable in the most individual representation. A person who is so determined, may write volumes on a grain of sand or an insect's wing. Why describe the dress and appearance of an Indian chief, down to his tobacco-stopper and button-holes? It is mistaking the province of the artist for that of the historian; and it is this very obligation of painting and statuary to fill up all the details, that renders them incapable of telling a story, or of expressing more than a single moment, group, or figure. Poetry or romance does not descend into the particulars, but atones for it by a more rapid march and an intuitive glance at the more striking results. By considering truth or matter-of-fact as the sole element of popular fiction, our author fails in massing and in impulse. In the midst of great vividness and fidelity of description, both of nature and man-

ners, there is a sense of jejuneness,—for half of what is described is insignificant and indifferent; there is a hard outline,—a little manner; and his most striking situations do not tell as they might and ought, from his seeming more anxious about the mode and circumstances than the catastrophe. In short, he anatomizes his subjects; and his characters bear the same relation to living beings that the botanic specimens collected in a port-folio do to the living plant or tree. The sap does not circulate kindly; nor does the breath of heaven visit, or its dews moisten them. Or, if Mr. Cooper gets hold of an appalling circumstance, he, from the same tenacity and thralldom to outward impressions, never lets it go: he repeats it without end. Thus, if he once hits upon the supposition of a wild Indian's eyes glaring through a thicket, every bush is from that time forward furnished with a pair; the page is studded with them, and you can no longer look about you at ease or in safety. The high finishing we have spoken of is particularly at variance with the rudeness of the materials. In Richardson it was excusable, where all was studied and artificial; but a few dashes of red ochre are sufficient to paint the body of a savage chieftain; nor should his sudden and frantic stride on his prey be treated with the precision and punctiliousness of a piece of *still life*. There are other American writers, (such as the historiographer of *Brother Jonathan*.) who carry this love of veracity to a pitch of the marvellous. They run riot in an account of the dishes at a boarding-house, as if it were a banquet of the gods; and recount the overturning of a travelling-stage-wagon with as much impetuosity, turbulence, and exaggerated enthusiasm, as if it were the fall of Phaeton. In the absence of subjects of real interest, men make themselves an interest out of nothing, and magnify mole-hills into mountains. This is not the fault of Mr. Cooper: He is always true, though sometimes tedious; and correct at the expense of being insipid. His *Pilot* is the best of his works; and truth to say, we think it a master-piece in its kind. It has great unity of purpose and feeling. Every thing in it may be said

—"To suffer a sea-change  
Into something new and strange."

His *Pilot* never appears but when the occasion is worthy of him; and when he appears, the result is sure. The description of his guiding the vessel through the narrow strait left for her escape, the sea-fight, and the incident of the white topsail of the English man-of-war appearing above the fog, where it is first mistaken for a cloud, are of the first order of graphic composition; to say nothing of the admirable episode of Tom Coffin, and his long figure coiled up like a rope in the bottom of the boat. The rest is *common-place*; but then it is American *common-place*. We thank Mr. Cooper he does not take every thing from us, and therefore we can learn something from him. He has the saving grace of originality. We wish we could impress it, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," especially upon our American brethren, how precious, how invaluable *that is*. In art, in literature, in science,

the least bit of nature is worth all the plagiarism in the world. The great secret of Sir Walter Scott's enviable, but unenvied success, lies in his transcribing from nature instead of transcribing from books.

Anterior to the writers abovementioned, were other three, who may be named as occupying (two of them at least) a higher and graver place in the yet scanty annals of American literature. These were Franklin, the author (whoever he was) of the *American Farmer's Letters*, and Jonathan Edwards.

Franklin, the most celebrated, was emphatically an American. He was a great experimental philosopher, a consummate politician, and a paragon of common sense. His *Poor Robin* was an absolute manual for a country in leading-strings, making its first attempts to go alone. There is no where compressed in the same compass so great a fund of local information and political sagacity, as in his *Examination before the Privy Council* in the year 1754. The fine *Parable against Persecution*, which appears in his miscellaneous works, is borrowed from Bishop Taylor. Franklin is charged by some with a want of imagination, or with being a mere prosaic, practical man; but the instinct of the true and the useful in him, had more genius in it than all the "metreballad-mongering" of those who take him to task.

The *American Farmer's Letters*, (published under a feigned name a little before the breaking out of the American war,) give us a tolerable idea how American scenery and manners may be treated with a lively, poetic interest. The pictures are sometimes highly coloured, but they are vivid and strikingly characteristic. He gives not only the objects, but the feelings, of a new country. He describes himself as placing his little boy in a chair screwed to the plough which he guides, (to inhale the scent of the fresh furrows,) while his wife sits knitting under a tree at one end of the field. He recounts a battle between two snakes with a Homeric gravity and exuberance of style. He paints the dazzling, almost invisible flutter of the humming-bird's wing: Mr. Moore's airiest verse is not more light and evanescent. His account of the manners of the Nantucket people, their frank simplicity, and festive rejoicings after the perils and hardships of the whale fishing, is a true and heartfelt picture. There is no fastidious refinement or cynical contempt: he enters into their feelings and amusements with the same alacrity as they do themselves; and this is sure to awaken a fellow-feeling in the reader. If the author had been thinking of the effect of his description in a London drawing-room, or had insisted on the most disagreeable features in the mere littleness of national jealousy, he would have totally spoiled it. But health, joy, and innocence, are good things all over the world, and in all classes of society; and, to impart pleasure, need only be described in their genuine characters. The power to sympathize with nature, without thinking of ourselves or others, if it is not a definition of genius, comes very near to it. From this liberal unaffected style, the

Americans are particularly cut off by habitual comparisons with us, or upstart claims of their own;—by the dread of being thought vulgar, which necessarily makes them so, or the determination to be fine, which must for ever prevent it. The most interesting part of the author's work is that where he describes the first indications of the breaking out of the American war—the distant murmur of the tempest—the threatened inroad of the Indians like an inundation on the peaceful back settlements: his complaints and his auguries are fearful. But we have said enough of this *Illustrious Obscure*; for it is the rule of criticism to praise none but the over-praised, and to offer fresh incense to the idol of the day.

It is coming more within canonical bounds, and approaching nearer the main subject of this notice, to pay a tribute to the worth and talents of Jonathan Edwards; the well-known author of the *Treatise on the Will*, who was a Massachusetts divine and most able logician. Having produced him, the Americans need not despair of their metaphysicians. We do not scruple to say, that he is one of the acutest, most powerful, and, of all reasoners, the most conscientious and sincere. His closeness and candour are alike admirable. Instead of puzzling or imposing on others, he tries to satisfy his own mind. We do not say whether he is right or wrong; we only say that his method is "an honest method:" there is not a trick, a subterfuge, a verbal sophism in his whole book. Those who compare his arguments with what Priestley or Hobbes have written on the same question, will find the one petulant and the other dogmatical. Far from taunting his adversaries, he endeavours with all his might to explain difficulties; and acknowledges that the words *Necessity*, *Irresistible*, *Inevitable*, &c., which are applied to external force, acting in spite of the will, are misnomers when applied to acts, or a necessity emanating from the will itself; and that the repugnance of his favourite doctrine to common sense and feeling, (in which most of his party exult as a triumph of superior wisdom over vulgar prejudice,) is an unfortunate stumbling-block in the way of truth, arising out of the structure of language itself. His anxiety to clear up the scruples of others, is equal, in short, to his firmness in maintaining his own opinion.

We could wish that Dr. Channing had formed himself upon this manly and independent model, instead of going through the circle of reigning topics, to strike an affected balance between ancient prejudice and modern paradox; to trim to all opinions, and unite all suffrages; to calculate the vulgar clamour, or the venal sophistry of the British press, for the meridian of Boston. Dr. Channing is a great tactician in reasoning; and reasoning has nothing to do with tactics. We do not like to see a writer constantly trying to steal a march upon opinion without having his retreat cut off—full of pretensions, and void of offence. It is as bad as the opposite extreme of outraging decorum at every step; and is only a more covert mode of attracting attention, and gaining surreptitious applause. We never saw any thing more guarded in this re-

spect than Dr. Channing's *Tracts and Sermons*—more completely suspended between heaven and earth. He keeps an eye on both worlds; kisses hands to the reading public all around; and does his best to stand well with different sects and parties. He is always in advance of the line, in an amiable and imposing attitude, but never far from succour. He is an Unitarian; but then he disclaims all connexion with Dr. Priestley, as a materialist; he denounces Calvinism and the Church of England; but to show that this proceeds from no want of liberality, makes the *amende honorable* to Popery and Popish divines;—is an American Republican and a French Bourbonist—abuses Bonaparte, and observes a profound silence with respect to Ferdinand—likes wit, provided it is serious—and is zealous for the propagation of the Gospel and the honour of religion; but thinks it should form a coalition with reason, and be surrounded with a halo of modern lights. We cannot combine such a system of checks and saving clauses. We are dissatisfied with the want not only of originality of view, but of moral daring. And here we will state a suspicion, into which we have been led by more than one American writer, that the establishment of civil and religious liberty is not quite so favourable to the independent formation, and free circulation of opinion, as might be expected. Where there is a perfect toleration,—where there is neither Censorship of the press nor Inquisition, the public take upon themselves the task of *surveillance*, and exercise the functions of a literary police, like so many familiars of the *Holy Office*. In a monarchy, or mixed government, there is an appeal open from the government to the people; there is a natural opposition, as it were, between prejudice, or authority, and reason: but when the community take the power into their own hands, and there is but one body of opinion, and one voice to express it, there can be no reaction against it; and to remonstrate or resist, is not only a public outrage, but sounds like a personal insult to every individual in the community. It is differing from the company; you become a *black sheep in the flock*. There is no excuse or mercy for it. Hence the too frequent cowardice, jesuitism, and sterility, produced by this republican discipline and drilling. Opinions must march abreast—must keep in rank and file, and we to the catiff thought that advances before the rest, or turns aside! This uniformity, and equal purpose on all sides, (leads if not checked) to a monstrous Ostracism in public opinion. Whoever outstrips, or takes a separate path to himself, is considered as usurping an unnatural superiority over the whole. He is treated not with respect or indulgence, but indignity.

We like Dr. Channing's *Sermons* best; his *Criticisms* less; his *Politics* least of all. We think several of his Discourses do great honour to himself and his profession, and are highly respectable models of pulpit-composition. We would instance more particularly, and recommend to the perusal of our readers, that *On the Duties of Children*. The feeling, the justness of observation, the tenderness, and the severity, are deserving of all praise. The au-

thor here appears in a truly amiable and advantageous light. This composition alone makes us believe, that he is a good, and might, with proper direction and self-reliance, have been even a great man. We shall give a long extract with the more pleasure, as we are assuredly actuated by no ill-will towards the revered author, and only wish to point out how very considerable ability, and probably uprightness of intention, may be warped and injured by a wrong bias, and a candidateship for false and contradictory honours.

"First, You are required to view and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, and conduct yourselves with modesty; that you respect the superior age, and wisdom, and improvements of your parents, and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming you; nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than froward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children, and I wish I could say there are only a few, who speak to their parents with rudeness, grow sullen at their rebukes, behave in their presence as if they deserved no attention, hear them speak without noticing them, and rather ridicule than honour them. There are many children at the present day who think more highly of themselves than of their elders; who think that their own wishes are first to be gratified; who abuse the condescension and kindness of their parents, and treat them as servants rather than superiors. Beware, my young friends, lest you grow up with this assuming and selfish spirit. Regard your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence and inferiority which suit your age. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear, instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore ask instead of demanding what you desire, and you should receive every thing from your parents as a favour, and not as a debt. I do not mean to urge upon you a slavish fear of your parents. Love them, and love them ardently; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Feel a confidence in their kindness; but let not this confidence make you rude and presumptuous, and lead to indecent familiarity. Talk to them with openness and freedom; but never contradict with violence; never answer with passion or contempt.

"Secondly, You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness,—when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves,—when you could neither speak nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth, and perished. Observe with atten-



tion the infants which you often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are: you were only a burden and a care, and you had nothing with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries! When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state; and what do you now possess which you have not received from their hands? God, indeed, is your great parent, your best friend, and from him every good gift descends; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort: you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusements, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favours, ought not you to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed by the daily expressions of parental solicitude; who, instead of requiting his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks his parents will do nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires? Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations, your health would be destroyed, your minds would run to waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves. Submit, then, cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know, that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove, then, your sense of this goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says, louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them, but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Do not expect that your parents are to give up every thing to you, but study to give up every thing to them. Do not wait for them to threaten, but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labours. In this way you will make their house pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse, and stubborn, you will make home a place of contention, noise,

and anger, and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobliging to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be loved, let me advise you to begin your life with giving up your wills to your parents.

"Again, You must express your respect for your parents, by placing unreserved confidence in them. This is a very important part of your duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, open-hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is so ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake any thing, ask their consent. Never begin any thing in the hope you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehoods, to practise artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, he is the worst who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but as soon as they have turned away, does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents learn your faults from your own lips, and be assured they will never love you the less for your openness and sincerity."—(*Sermons and Tracts*, p. 233.)

The whole discourse is prettily turned, and made out with great simplicity and feeling. There is a want neither of heart nor head. Dr. Channing here does well, for he trusts to his own observations and convictions. We may also give what he says in answer to Fenelon, on the subject of *self-annihilation*, as another favourable specimen of free inquiry, and of a higher or more philosophical cast.

"We have said that self-crucifixion and love to God are, in Fenelon's system, the two chief constituents, or elements, of virtue and perfection. To these we will give separate attention, although in truth, they often coalesce, and always imply one another. We begin with self-crucifixion, or what is often called self-sacrifice, and on this we chiefly differ from the expositions of our author. Perhaps the word *self*, occurs more frequently than any other in Fenelon's writings, and he is particularly inclined to place it in contrast with, and in opposition to, God. According to his common teaching, God and self are hostile influences or attractions, having nothing in common; the one the concentration of all evil, the other of all good. Self is the principle and the seat of all guilt and misery. He is never weary of pouring reproach on self; and, generally speaking, sets no limits to the duty of putting it to a painful death. Now, language like this has led men to very injurious modes of regarding themselves and their own nature, and made them forgetful of what they owe to themselves. It has thrown a cloud over man's condition

and prospects. It has led to self-contempt, a vice as pernicious as pride. A man, when told perpetually to crucify *himself*, is apt to include under this word his whole nature; and we fear that, under this teaching, our nature is repressed, its growth stunted, its free movements chained, and, of course, its beauty, grace, and power impaired. We mean not to charge on Fenelon this error of which we have spoken, or to hold him responsible for its effects. But we do think that it finds shelter under his phraseology; and we deem it so great, so pernicious, as to need a faithful exposition. Men err in nothing more than in disparaging and wronging their own nature. None are just to themselves. The truth on this great subject is indeed so obscured, that it may startle as a paradox. A human being, justly viewed, instead of being bound to general self-crucifixion, cannot reverence and cherish himself too much. This position, we know, is strong; but strong language is needed to encounter strong delusion. We would teach that great limitations must be set to the duty of renouncing or denying ourselves, and that no self-crucifixion is virtuous but that which concurs with, and promotes self respect. We will unfold our meaning, beginning with positions which we presume will be controverted by none."

Dr. Channing, after showing that the mind, the body, and even self-love, are parts of our nature which cannot well be dispensed with, thus proceeds:—

"Now, it is not true that self-love is our only principle, or that it constitutes ourselves any more than other principles; and the wrong done to our nature by such modes of speech, needs to be resisted. Our nature has other elements or constituents, and vastly higher ones, to which self-love was meant to minister, and which are at war with its excesses. For example, we have reason or intellectual energy given us for the pursuit and acquisition of truth; and this is essentially a disinterested principle, for truth, which is its object, is of a universal, impartial nature. The great province of the intellectual faculty is to acquaint the individual with the laws and order of the divine system; a system, which spreads infinitely beyond himself, and of which he forms a small part; which embraces innumerable beings equally favoured by God, and which proposes, as its sublime and beneficent end, the ever growing good of the whole. Again, human nature has a variety of affections, corresponding to our domestic and most common relations; affections, which in multitudes overpower self-love, which make others the chief object of our care, which nerve the arm for ever recurring toil by day, and strengthen the wearied frame to forego the slumbers of the night. Then there belongs to every man the general sentiment of humanity, which responds to all human sufferings—to a stranger's tears and groans, and often prompts to great sacrifices for his relief. Above all, there is the moral principle, that which should especially be called a man's self; for it is clothed with a kingly authority over his whole nature, and was plainly given to bear sway over every desire. This is evidently a disinterested principle. Its very essence is impartiality. It has

no respect of persons. It is the principle of justice, taking the rights of all under its protection, and frowning on the least wrong, however largely it may serve ourselves. This moral nature especially delights in, and enjoins a universal charity, and makes the heart thrill with exulting joy, at the sight or hearing of magnanimous deeds, of perils fronted, or death endured in the cause of humanity. Now, these various principles, and especially the last, are as truly ourselves as self-love. When a man thinks of himself, these ought to occur to him as his chief attributes. He can hardly injure himself more than by excluding these from his conception of himself, and by making self-love the great constituent of his nature.

"We have urged these remarks on the narrow sense often given to the word *self*, because we are persuaded that it leads to degrading ideas of human nature, and to the pernicious notion that we practise a virtuous self-sacrifice in holding it in contempt. We would have it understood, that high faculties form this despised self, as truly as low desires; and we would add, that when these are faithfully unfolded, this self takes rank among the noblest beings in the universe. To illustrate this thought, we ask the reader's attention to an important, but much neglected view of virtue and religion. These are commonly spoken of in an abstract manner, as if they were distinct from ourselves—as if they were foreign existences, which enter the human mind, and dwell there in a kind of separation from itself. Now, religion and virtue, wherever they exist, are the mind itself, and nothing else. A good man's piety and virtue are not distinct possessions; they are himself, and all the glory which belongs to them, belongs to himself. What is religion? Not a foreign inhabitant—not something alien to our nature, which comes and takes up its abode in the soul. It is the soul itself, lifting itself up to its Maker. What is virtue? It is the soul listening to, and revering and obeying a law which belongs to its very essence—the law of duty. We sometimes smile when we hear men decrying human nature, and in the same breath extolling religion to the skies, as if religion were any thing more than human nature acting in obedience to its chief law. Religion and virtue, as far as we possess them, are ourselves; and the homage which is paid to these attributes, is in truth a tribute to the soul of man. Self-crucifixion, then, should it exclude self-reverence, would be any thing but virtue.

"We would briefly suggest another train of thought leading to the same result. Self-crucifixion, or self-renunciation, is a work, and work requires an agent. By whom, then, is it accomplished? We answer, by the man himself who is the subject of it. It is he who is summoned to the effort. He is called by a voice within, and by the law of God, to put forth power over himself, to rule his own spirit, to subdue every passion. Now, this inward power, which self-crucifixion supposes and demands, is the most signal proof of a high nature which can be given. It is the most illustrious power which God confers. It is a sovereignty more than that over outward

nature. It is the chief constituent of the noblest order of virtues; and its greatness, of course, demonstrates the greatness of the human mind, which is perpetually bound and summoned to put it forth. But this is not all; self-crucifixion has an object, an end. And what is it? Its great end is to give liberty and energy to our nature. Its aim is not to break down the soul, but to curb those lusts and passions which "war against the soul," that the moral and intellectual faculties may rise into new life, and may manifest their divine original. Self-crucifixion, justly viewed, is the suppression of the passions, that the power and progress of thought, and conscience, and pure love, may be unrestrained. It is the destruction of the brute, that the angel may unfold itself within. It is founded on our godlike capacities, and the expansion and glory of these is the end. Thus the very duty, which by some is identified with self-contempt, implies and imposes self-reverence. It is the belief and the choice of perfection, as our inheritance and our end."

This is extremely well meant, and very ably executed. There is a *prima philosophia* view of the subject, which is, we think, above the ordinary level of polemical reasoning in our own country. In the line of argument adopted by our author, there is a strong reflection of the original and masterly views of the innate capacity of the soul for piety and goodness, insisted on in Bishop Butler's *Sermons*—a work which has fallen into neglect, partly because of the harshness and obscurity of its style, but more because it contains neither a libel on human nature, nor a burlesque upon religion. There is much in the above train of thought silently borrowed from this profound work. Dr. Channing's argument is, we think, good and sound against the misanthropes in philosophy, and the cynics in religion, who alike maintain the absolute falsity of all human virtue; but the Bishop of Cambray might say, that, with respect to him, it was not a practical answer, so much as a verbal evasion; neither meeting his views nor removing the source of his complaints. Fenelon assuredly, in wishing to annihilate self, did not wish to extirpate charity and faith, but to crush the old serpent, the great enemy of these. There is no doubt of the capacity of the soul for good and evil; the only question is, which principle prevails and triumphs. The satirist and the man of the world laugh at the pretension to superior sanctity and disinterestedness; the pious enthusiast may then be excused if he weeps at the want of them.

How far does that likeness to God, and sympathy with the whole human race, which Fenelon deprecates the want of, and Dr. Channing boasts of, as the inseparable attribute and chief ornament of man, really take place or not in the present state of things, and as a preparation for another and infinitely more important one? If we regard the moral capacity of man, *self* is a unit that counts millions. Its essence and its glory, says our optimist, is to comprehend the whole human race in its benevolent regards. Does it do so? The understanding runs along the whole chain of being; the affections stop, for the most part,

at the first link in the chain. Sense, appetite, pride, passion, engross the whole of this self, and leave it nearly indifferent, if not averse, to all other claims on its attention. In order that the moral attainments should keep pace with the vaunted capacity of man, knowledge should be identified with feeling. We know that there are a million of other beings of as much worth, of the same nature, made in the image of God like ourselves. Have we the same sympathy with every one of these? Do we feel a million times more for all of them put together, than for ourselves? The least pain in our little finger gives us more concern and uneasiness, than the destruction of millions of our fellow beings. Fenelon laments bitterly and feelingly this disparity between duty and inclination, this want of charity, and eating of self into the soul. What is the consequence of the disproportionate ratios in which the head and the heart move? This paltry *self*, looking upon itself as of more importance than all the rest of the world, fancies itself the centre of the universe, and would have every one look upon it in the same light. Not being able to sympathize with others as it ought, it hates and envies them; is mad to think of its own insignificance in the general system; cannot bear a rival or a superior; despises and tramples on inferiors, and would crush and annihilate all pretensions but its own, that it might be *all in all*. The worm puts on the monarch, or the god, in thought and in secret; and it is only when it can do so in fact, and in public, and be the tyrant or idol of its fellows, that it is at ease or satisfied with itself. Fenelon was right in crying out (if it could have done any good) for the crucifying of this importunate self, and putting a better principle in its stead.

Dr. Channing's *Essays on Milton and Bonaparte* are both done upon the same false principle, of making out a case *for* or *against*. The one is full of common-place eulogy, the other of common-place invective. They are pulpit criticisms. An orator who is confined to expound the same texts and doctrines week after week, slides very naturally and laudably into a habit of monotony and paraphrase; is not allowed to be "wise above what is written;" is grave from respect to his subject, and the authority attached to the truths he interprets; and if his style is tedious or his arguments trite, he is in no danger of being interrupted or taken to task by his audience. Such a person is unavoidably an advocate for certain received principles; often a dull one. He carries the professional license and character out of the pulpit into other things, and still fancies that he speaks "with authority, and not as the scribes." He may be prolix without suspecting it; may lay a solemn stress on the merest trifles; repeat truisms, and apologize for them as startling discoveries; may play the sophist, and conceive he is performing a sacred duty; and give what turn or gloss he pleases to any subject,—forgetting that the circumstances under which he declares himself, and the audience which he addresses, are entirely changed. If, as we readily allow, there are instances of preachers who have emancipated themselves from these profes-

sional habits, we can hardly add Dr. Channing to the number.

His notice of Milton is elaborate and stately, but neither new nor discriminating. One of the first and most prominent passages is a defence of poetry:—

"Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry; and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, after something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we have now said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those moods of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifests its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of

a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created."

There is much more to the same purpose: The whole, to speak freely, is a laboured and somewhat tumid paraphrase on Lord Bacon's definition of poetry, (which has been often paraphrased before,) where he prefers it to history, "as having something divine in it, and representing characters and objects not as they are, but as they ought to be." This is the general feature of our author's writings; they cannot be called mere common-place, but they may be fairly termed *ambitious* common-place: That is, he takes up the newest and most plausible opinion at the turn of the tide, or just as it is getting into vogue, and would fain arrogate both the singularity and the popularity of it to himself. He hits the public between what they are tired of hearing, and what they never heard before. He has here, however, put the seal of orthodoxy on poetry, and we are not desirous to take it off. If he is inclined to stand sponsor to the Muses, and confirm their offspring at the fount, he is welcome to do so. It is curious to see strict professors for a long time denouncing and excommunicating poetry as a wanton, and then, when they can no longer help it, clasping hands with her as the handmaid of truth; and instead of making her the daughter of "the father of lies," identifying her with the vital spirit of religion and our happiest prospects.

Dr. Channing is aware, however, that poetry is sometimes liable to abuse, and has given a handle to the ungodly; and as a set-off and salvo to this objection, has a fling at Lord Byron, as the demon who scatters "poison and death;" while Sir Walter Scott is the beneficent genius of poetry, unfolding and imparting new energies and the most delightful impulses to the human breast. In pronouncing the latter sentence, he bows to popular opinion; in the former, he considers just as properly what he owes to his profession.

The bulk of the account of Milton, both as a poet and a prose-writer, is, we are constrained to say, mere imitation or amplification of what has been said by others. He observes, *ex cathedra*, and with due gravity, that the *forte* of Milton is sublimity—that the two first books of *Paradise Lost* are unrivalled examples of that quality. He then proceeds to show, that he is not without tenderness or beauty, though he has not the graphic minuteness of Cowper or of Crabbe; he next praises his versification in opposition to the critics—dwells on the freshness and innocence of the picture of Adam and Eve in *Paradise*—maintains that our sympathy with Satan is nothing but the admiration of moral strength of mind—acknowledges the harshness and virulence of Milton's controversial writings, but blames Dr. Johnson for doing so. All this we have heard or said before. We are not edified at all, nor are we greatly flattered by it. It is as



if we should convey a letter to a friend in America, and should find it transcribed and sent back to us with a heavy postage.

We do not, then, set much store by our author's criticisms, because they sometimes seem to be, in a great measure, borrowed from our own lucubrations. We set still less store by his politics, for they are borrowed from others. We have no objection to the most severe or caustic probing of the character of the late ruler of France; but we *do* object, in the name both of history and philosophy, to misrepresentations and falsehoods, as the groundwork of such remarks. When England has exploded them, half in shame, and half in anger, the harpy echo lingers in America. The ugly mask has been taken off; but Dr. Channing chooses to lecture on the mask in preference to the head. It would serve no useful purpose, however, to follow him in the details of his *Analysis of the Character of Bonaparte*. But we shall extract one of his most elaborate passages, in which he favours us with his opinion of the victors at Waterloo and Trafalgar:—

"The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison, in point of talent and genius, between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom, and fervid, impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exercised over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius, in both hemispheres;—who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warriors, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?"

We are here forcibly reminded of Fielding's character of Mr. Abraham Adams. "Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a Schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all

schoolmasters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army." So Dr. Channing very gravely divides greatness into different sorts, and places himself at the top among those who *talk* about things—commanders at the bottom among those who only *do* them. He finds fault with Bonaparte for not coming up to his standard of greatness; but in order that he may not, raises this standard too high for humanity. To put it in force would be to leave the ancient and modern world as bare of great names as the wilds of North America. To make common sense of it, any one great man must be all the others. Homer only sung of battles, and it was honour enough for Alexander to place his works in a golden cabinet. Dr. Channing allows Bonaparte's supremacy in war; but disputes it in policy. How many persons, from the beginning of the world, have united the two in a greater degree, or wielded more power in consequence? If Bonaparte had not gained a single battle, or planned a single successful campaign; if he had not scattered Coalition after Coalition, but invited the Allies to march to Paris; if he had not quelled the factions, but left them to cut one another's throats and his own; if he had not ventured on the *Concordat*, or framed a Code of Laws for France; if he had encouraged no art or science or man of genius; if he had not humbled the pride of "ancient thrones," and risen from the ground of the people to an equal height with the gods of the earth,—showing that the art and the right to reign is not confined to a particular race; if he had been any thing but what he was, and had done nothing, he would then have come up to Dr. Channing's notions of greatness, and to his boasted standard of a hero! We in Europe, whether friends or foes, require something beyond this negative merit: we think that Cæsar, Alexander, and Charlemagne, were "no babies;" we think that to move the great masses of power and bind opinions in a spell, is as difficult as the turning a period or winding up a homily; and we are surprised that stanch republicans, who complain that the world bow to birth and rank alone, should turn with redoubled rage against intellect, the instant it became a match for pride and prejudice, and was the only thing that could be opposed to them with success, or could extort a moment's fear or awe for human genius or human nature.

Dr. Channing's style is good, though in general too laboured, formal, and sustained. All is brought equally forward,—nothing is left to tell for itself. In the attempt to be copious, he is tautological; in striving to explain every thing, he overloads and obscures his meaning. The fault is the uniform desire to produce an effect, and the supposition that this is to be done by main force.

In one sermon, Dr. Channing insists boldly and loudly on the necessity that American preachers should assume a loftier style, and put forth energies and pretensions to claim attention in proportion to the excited tone of public feeling, and the advances of modern literature and science. He reproaches them with their lukewarmness, and points out to

them, as models, the novels of Scott, and the poetry of Byron. If Dr. Channing expects a grave preacher in a pulpit to excite the same interest as a tragedy hero on the stage, or a discourse on the meaning of a text of Scripture to enchain the feelings like one of the Waverley Novels, it will be a long time first. The mere proposal is *putting the scill for the deed*, and an instance of that republican assurance and rejection of the idea of not being equal to any person or thing, which convinces pretenders of this stamp that there is no reason why they should not do all that others can, and a great deal more into the bargain.

*From the Landscape Annual.*

### LAUSANNE.

Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Stael,  
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,  
Thy shore of names like these; wert thou no more,  
Their memory thy remembrance would recall!

*Byron.*

LAUSANNE is a neat picturesque town, about eight hours' drive from Geneva, and is deservedly celebrated for the singular beauty of its situation. The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a summer's evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond mount Jura, the alpine summits reflect for a long time the bright ruddy splendour, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn-fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams.

Rousseau expresses his rapture at this scene, in the person of the hero of his celebrated romance, who, returning from a voyage round the world, thus exclaims at the sight of his native Pays de Vaud, "Ce paysage unique, le plus beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé, ce séjour charmant auquel je n'avais rien trouvé d'égal dans le tour du monde."

Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The church is a magnificent gothic building, and was the cathedral when the country was subject to the dukes of Savoy. It was taken from the house of Savoy by the canton of Bern, under whose dominion it remained for nearly two centuries and a half, until the French revolution altered the whole face of affairs in Europe. Switzerland caught the cry of liberty and equality, and the government of Bern, which had hitherto been vested in an aristocracy, was transferred to a representative council, chosen by the people.

The inhabitants of Lausanne are Calvinists, although none of that mortifying spirit is discernible which characterizes their brother Presbyterians of Scotland. The only point on which they appear to feel the necessity of a

strict observance is the time of divine service on the Sabbath day. Every thing then is as quiet and still as though all classes were convinced of the necessity of, at least, an appearance of religious duty, and few persons are seen in the streets, unless on their way to church. But so soon as the services are ended, the day is devoted to gaiety and recreation. As in France, the neighbouring places of amusement are crowded with visitors, and every thing exhibits a more than usual appearance of gaiety. Their festivities, however, are conducted on a more moderate scale; for great attention is paid by the government to repress the growth of luxury which, despite of the endeavours of the Swiss republicans, is making a rapid progress. Many of the foreign residents find it extremely difficult to accommodate their habits to the regulations imposed on the inhabitants, and sometimes incur the penalties awarded in cases of infringement of their sumptuary laws.

Lausanne, in addition to the natural beauties with which it so richly abounds, derives new interest from the associations to which it gives rise.

The house of Gibbon, one of the most attractive objects at Lausanne, is visited by every stranger. To this retreat he retired to complete those great historical labours which have immortalized his name. The little impression which he had made in public life—the loss of his seat at the Board of Trade—and the neglect of the coalition ministry, who "counted his vote on the day of battle, but overlooked him in the division of the spoil;" all seemed to render his voluntary banishment desirable; while his attachment to the society and scenery of Lausanne, and his intimate acquaintance with the people and the language, gave that banishment almost the air of a restoration to his native country. Familiar as he had been with the society of the learned, the noble, and the great, he valued it too correctly to mourn over its loss. "Such lofty connexions," he observes, "may attract the curious and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shown me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life." The historian's choice was well made, nor did it subject him to repentance. "Since my establishment at Lausanne," he says, "seven years have elapsed, and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment has occurred in which I have repented of my choice."

In a letter addressed to Madame Severy, during his visit to England in 1787, he expresses very beautifully, his attachment to his Swiss residence, and the pain which he had experienced in leaving it.

"Je perdrois de vue cette position unique sur la terre, ce lac, ces montagnes, ces riants côtes; ce tableau charmant, qui paroit toujours nouveau aux yeux mêmes accoutumés dès leur enfance à le voir. Je laisserais ma bibliothèque, la terrasse, mon berceau, une maison riante, et tous ces petits objets de commodité journalière que l'habitude nous rend si ne-

cessaires; et dont l'absence nous fait à tous moments sentir la privation. Sur tous les pays de l'Europe, j'avous choisi pour ma retraite le Pays de Vaud, et jamais je ne me suis repêché un seul instant de ce choix."

During his residence at Lausanne, Gibbon in general devoted the whole of the morning to study, abandoning himself in the evening to the pleasures of conversation, or to the lighter recreation of the card-table. "By many," he observes, "conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school; but after the morning has been occupied with labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind, and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards."

In a letter to his kind and excellent relative, Mrs. Potter, Gibbon has described what he terms the "skeleton of his life at Lausanne."

"In this season (the winter) I rise, not at four in the morning, but a little before eight; at nine I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone in the English style, and with the aid of Caplin I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred, and formidable to strangers. I dress at half-past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled,) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession and accustomed to the taste of every nation, as, for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist at shillings or half-crowns is generally the game I play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables."

The gifted conversation and kind manners of Gibbon attracted the friendship of some of the most estimable of his neighbours, and in the society of the family of De Severy he found some consolation for the loss of his friend Deyverdun.

"Amongst the circle of my acquaintance at Lausanne I have gradually acquired the solid and tender friendship of a respectable family: the four persons of whom it is composed are all endowed with the virtues best adapted to their age and situation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we seek and find the opportunities of meeting; yet even this valuable connexion cannot supply the loss of domestic society." It was indeed this feeling of solitude and loneliness which "tinged with a

browner shade the evening of his life." After enumerating, with the pride and partiality which its comforts and its beauties justified, the many advantages of his literary retreat, he touchingly adds—"but I feel, and with the decline of years I shall more painfully feel, that I am alone in Paradise."

The summer-house in which the great historian completed his lengthened labours may still be seen. "It was on the day," says he, "or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1757, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

The sentiment of regret thus breathed by Gibbon has been no less beautifully expressed in the verse of Lord Byron, who has made Tasso lament in the same spirit over the dismissal of the Jerusalem:

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done,  
My long-sustaining friend of many years!  
If I do blot thy final page with tears,  
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.

But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!  
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,

And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,—

Thou too art gone, and so is my delight;  
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed  
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.

The terrace which the historian used to perambulate still remains. Here, not unfrequently, he was accustomed to walk and converse with the distinguished strangers who sought him in his retreat. In one of his letters to Lady Sheffield, he has recorded, with excusable pride, a memorable assemblage of rank and of talent upon his terrace. "A few weeks ago, I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the '*Tableau de Paris*;' the Abbé Raynal; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural son of Louis XV.; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen counts, barons, and extraordinary persons, amongst whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia.—Are you satisfied with the list, which I could enlarge and embellish without departing from the truth?"

When visited by M. Simond, a few years since, the house of Gibbon exhibited symptoms of dilapidation and decay. "The principal

rooms are now used as a counting-house; the few trees on the terrace have been cut down, and the grounds below are very littery" (we copy the English version, and M. Simond was his own translator), "and planted with shabby fruit-trees, but were no doubt better in Gibbon's time, yet it could never have been any great things; you go down to this terrace by a long flight of narrow stone stairs inside the house, as if to a cellar; the terrace itself is a mere slip, seventy or eighty yards long, by ten in width, with a low parapet wall towards the prospect. An old fashioned arbour of cut *char-mille* (dwarf-beech) at the end of the terrace, encloses the *petit cabinet*, where Gibbon says he wrote the last lines of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' It is itself declining and falling into ruin. In short, every thing has been done to *disenchant* the place."

Lausanne and Ferney as the abodes of Voltaire and of Gibbon, have been finely apostrophised by Lord Byron:

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the  
abodes

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a  
name;

Mortals, who sought and found, by danger-  
ous roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:—

They were gigantic minds, and their steep  
aim

Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder,  
and the flame

Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the  
while

On man and man's research could deign do  
more than smile

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or  
wild,—

Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents: but his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the  
wind,

Blew where it listed, laying all things  
prone,—

Now to overthrow a fool, and now to shake a  
throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought  
And living wisdom with each studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
The lord of irony,—that master spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew  
from fear,

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently  
well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by  
them,

If merited, the penalty is paid;

It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;

The hour must come when such things shall  
be made

Known unto all,—or hope and dread alloy'd

By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie de-  
cay'd;

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Lausanne and its neighbourhood are also rendered illustrious by their having afforded a residence to Necker and his most celebrated daughter. In a country house, near Lausanne, before he removed to Coppet, Necker composed his "Treatise on the Administration of the Finances," and it was here that Gibbon became acquainted with the ex-minister. At that period Mademoiselle Necker was only a gay and giddy girl. "Mademoiselle Necker," says the historian in a letter to Lord Sheffield, "one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, with a much greater provision of wit than of beauty." It does not appear that Gibbon at this time appreciated the talents and the genius which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in the writings and conversation of Madame de Stael. Not unfrequently the Neckers visited the historian in his humble mansion, where the great financier conversed freely with him on the subject of his administration and his fall. Occasionally also, Gibbon spent a few days with his friends at Coppet, and the correspondence, which has been published, between himself and Madame Necker, proves the very amicable terms on which they stood to one another, and from which, perhaps, the recollection of their youthful attachment did not detract. In visiting the scenes formerly illustrated by the lofty genius and graceful society of Madame de Stael, the traveller will regret that there is no adequate memoir of a person so truly distinguished. "Some one," it is well observed by Lord Byron, "some one of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit and of easy hospitality attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets than seen in the outward management of family intercourse; and which indeed it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever varied and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother, tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved; the friend, unboundedly generous, but still esteemed; the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and to the sorrow of very many friends, and of more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublime scenes of the



Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

Many amusing and interesting anecdotes of Madame de Stael are, however, given in the "Notice" prefixed to her ("Œuvres inédites") by Madame Necker Saussure. From her we learn that the "wild, vain, but good-natured" Mademoiselle Necker actually proposed to her parents that she should marry Mr. Gibbon in order that they might secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of his society! Her devotion to her father is said almost to have amounted to idolatry, as the following anecdote will sufficiently prove. Madame Necker Saussure had come to Coppet from Geneva in M. Necker's carriage, and had been overturned on the way, but without receiving any injury. On mentioning the accident to Madame de Stael on her arrival, she asked, with great vehemence, who had driven; and on being told that it was Richel, her father's ordinary coachman, she exclaimed, in an agony, "My God! he may one day overturn my father!" and rung instantly with violence for his appearance. While he was coming, she paced about the room in the greatest possible agitation, crying out at every turn, "My father! my poor father! he might have been overturned!" and turning to her friend, "at your age, and with your slight person, the danger is nothing; but with his age and bulk, I cannot bear to think of it." The coachman now came in; and this lady, usually so mild, and indulgent, and reasonable with all her attendants, turned to him in a sort of frenzy, and in a voice of solemnity, but choked with emotion, said, "Richel! do you know that I am a woman of genius?" The poor man stood in astonishment, and she went on louder: "Have you not heard, I say, that I am a woman of genius?" Coachman was still mute. "Well, then! I tell you that I am a woman of genius—of great genius—of prodigious genius! and I tell you more, that all the genius I have shall be exerted to secure your rotting out your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father!" Even after the fit was over, she could not be made to laugh at her extravagance, and said, "And what had I to conjure with but my poor genius?"

It is singular, that though her youth was passed amidst the most enchanting scenery of Switzerland, Madame de Stael had little relish for its charms. "Give me the Rue de Bac," said she to a person who was expatiating on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; "I would prefer living in Paris, in a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year."

M. Simond has sketched with considerable ability the character of this celebrated woman. "I had seen Madame de Stael a child, and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel I shall remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard as it were her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from an-

other world into this may be deemed something like those of posterity. \* \* \* Madame de Stael lived for conversation; she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself; it was the best mirror she could get, and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been noble and a beauty; yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour but all pleasure; conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the deep things, and the good things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was every evening of her life, in a circle of company the very Corinna she depicted, although in her attempts to personify that Corinna, in her book, and make her speak in print, she utterly failed, the labour of the pen extinguishing the fancy."

An amusing anecdote is related by M. Simond of the early wit and vivacity which distinguished Madame de Stael. "While at Coppet, an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (M. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then five-and-twenty, she a sprightly child of five or six years old; and walking about the grounds as we were then doing, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree; turning round he observed the little rogue laughing. "Maman veut," she called out, "que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayais!"

Among the literary associations which Lausanne affords, it must not be forgotten that it was the last residence of that very amiable and highly accomplished man, John Philip Kemble.

A few miles distant from Lausanne is the small town of Vevay, a place which, like a thousand other places near it, is associated with the recollection of one of the most singular and highly-gifted men of modern times, who has peopled these beautiful regions with the undying offspring of his own imagination. "J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef," says Rousseau, "et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour que m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles—allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas."

Lord Byron, with equal rapture, has celebrated this favoured spot in verse and in prose:

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affections; but he found  
It was the scene which passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground  
Where early Love his Pysche's zone unbound,  
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound  
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

In reference to the passage from Rousseau just given, Lord Byron has said, "In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva, and as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his '*Heloise*,' I can safely say that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrance of the Rhone,) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled." In surveying these scenes, it is, indeed, painful to reflect that they were rather polluted than sanctified by the presence of those whom the genius of Rousseau has invested with qualities so graceful and so captivating. It is still more painful to know that the character of Rousseau himself exhibited the same inconsistency, presenting an external surface of romance and sentiment, beneath which festered many of the meanest and most debasing of human passions. Moore has poured out in some very spirited lines his indignation against the blind worshippers of Rousseau.

'Tis too absurd,—'tis weakness, shame,  
This low prostration before fame.—  
This casting down before the car  
Of idols, whatso'er they are,  
Life's purest, holiest decencies  
To be career'd o'er, as they please.  
No—let triumphant genius have  
All that his loftiest wish can crave:  
If he be worshipp'd, let it be  
For attributes, his noblest, first—  
Not with that base idolatry,  
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

The house in which Rousseau resided is agreeably situated in a valley surrounded with mountains; but the garden to which he alludes in his *Confessions* as having cultivated with his own hands, is now no longer to be traced.

At Vevay may still be seen the house in which Ludlow the Republican, one of the most honest and manly adherents of the Parliament, in their great struggle with Charles I., lived and died. The mansion stands near the gate leading to the Vallais, and over the door are inscribed the words,

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA  
QUIA PATRIS.

Of his residence at Vevay, and of the infamous attempts there made to assassinate him, Ludlow has left an account in his *Memoirs*. The parties employed to perpetrate this crime had already succeeded in destroying Mr. Lisle, another of the regicides, who, in the language of one of the royalist writers, was "overtaken by divine vengeance at Lausanne, where the miserable wretch was shot dead by the gallantry of three Irish gentlemen, who attempted the surprisal of him and four more impious parricides." One of these attempted surprisals is thus related by Ludlow: "According to our information, some of the villains who were employed to destroy us had, on the 14th of November, 1665, passed the lake from Savoy in order to put their bloody design in execution the next day, as we should be going to the church. They arrived at Vevay about an hour after sunset; and having divided themselves, one part took up their quarters in one inn and the other in another. The next day, being Sunday, M. Dubois, our landlord, going early to the church, discovered a boat at the side of the lake with four watermen in her, their oars in order and ready to put off. Not far from the boat stood two persons, with cloaks thrown over their shoulders; two sitting under a tree; and two more in the same posture a little way from them. M. Dubois, concluding that they had arms under their cloaks, and that these persons had waylaid us with a design to murder us as we should be going to the sermon, pretending to have forgotten something, returned home and advised us of what he had observed. In his way to us he had met one Mr. Binet, who acquainted him that two men, whom he suspected of some bad intention, had posted themselves near his house, and that four more had been seen in the market-place; but that, finding themselves observed, they had all retired towards the lake. By this means, the way leading to the church through the town being cleared, we went to the sermon without any molestation, and said nothing to any man of what we had heard; because we had not yet certainly found that they had a design against us. Returning from church, I was informed that the suspected persons were all dining at one of the inns, which excited my curiosity to take a view of the boat. Accordingly I went with a small company and found the four watermen by the boat, the oars laid in their places, a great quantity of straw in the bottom of the boat, and all things ready to put off. About an hour after dinner, I met our landlord, and having inquired of him concerning the persons before-mentioned, he assured me they could be no other than a company of rogues; that they had arms under the straw in the boat; and that they had cut the withes that held the oars of the town-boats, to prevent any pursuit if they should be forced to fly. But these ruffians, who had observed the actions of M. Dubois, and suspected he would cause them to be seized, came down soon after I had viewed the boat, and in great haste caused the watermen to put off, and returned to Savoy. This discovery being made, the chatelain, the banderet, together with all the magistrates and people of the town, were much troubled that we had not given them timely

notice that so they might have been seized. We afterwards understood that one Du Pose, of Lyons, Monsieur Du Pre, a Savoyard (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more largely,) one Cerise of Lyons, with Riardo before-mentioned, were part of this crew."

Du Pre was subsequently seized, and having been convicted of attempting to assassinate the English and of another crime, was sentenced to lose his head. The account of his execution is dreadful. "The day appointed for his execution being come, he was brought down; but the terrors of death, with the dismal reflections on his past life, seized upon him to such a degree that he fell into a rage, throwing himself on the ground, biting and kicking those who stood near him, and asking if there were no hopes of pardon. He was told that he ought to remember that, if he had been taken in his own country, where he had murdered his brother-in-law, and had been broken in effigy on the wheel, he should not have been used so gently. He refused to go to the place of execution any otherwise than by force; so that about two hours were spent before he arrived at the place where he was to die, though it was within musket-shot of the prison. Here the executioner put a cap on his head, and placed a chair that he might sit; but he took off the cap and threw it away, and kicked down the chair among the people. When the executioner saw this, he tied his hands between his knees; and having assured him that if he persisted in his resistance he would cut him into forty pieces, after about an hour's contest, he at last performed his office."

On the revolution Ludlow returned to England, with the view of serving against James II. in Ireland; but a motion having been made in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Seymour, for an address to the king, praying that he would cause Ludlow to be apprehended, he returned to Switzerland, where he died in the year 1693. A monument was erected to his memory in the principal church of Vevay, by his wife, which Addison has copied in his *Travels*.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

# LOVE AND DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

By thy birth, so oft renew'd  
From the embers long subdued;  
By the life-gift in thy chain,  
Broken links to weave again;  
By thine Infinite of woe,  
All we know not, all we know;  
If there be what dieth not,  
Thine Affection! is its lot!

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!

Ye are the strong in this world of ours,  
Ye meet at the banquets, ye strive midst the  
flow'r—

—Which hath the Conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!

Thou art the peerless, the crown'd, the free—  
The strength of the battle is given to thee,  
The spirit from above.

Thou hast look'd on death and smiled!

Thou hast buoy'd up the fragile and reed-like  
form

Through the tide of the fight, through the  
rush of the storm,  
On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone:  
Thou hast watch'd by the wheel through the  
torturer's hour,

And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,  
Till the conflict hath been won.

No—thou art the victor, Death!

Thou comest—and where is that which spoke  
From the depths of the eye, when the bright  
soul woke?

—Gone with the flitting breath!

Thou comest—and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought  
Of the spirit lorn and reft?

Silence is where thou art!

Silently thou must kindred meet;  
No glance to cheer, and no voice to greet;  
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death! [power—  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's  
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,  
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign [still:  
O'er the look and the voice, which he bids be  
—But the sleepless thought and the fiery will  
Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above!

And so with the root whence affection springs,  
Though buried, it is not of mortal things—

Thou art the victor, Love!

## A HYMN OF CHARITY FOR THE RICH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "POSTHUMOUS PAPERS."

LORD, when I lay me down to sleep,  
And close mine eyes—which never weep  
For want of raiment, house, or food,—  
Oh, let my last thought be employ'd  
In praise for all I have enjoy'd  
Of bounteous and of good!

Lord, when I lay me on that bed  
Where grief comes not, nor harm, nor dread,  
To mar my mind's refreshing rest,  
Touch me with pain for other's smart,  
And turn me with a gentle heart  
To pity the distressed!

Whilst I in comfort sleep, the poor  
And homeless lie at Hardship's door;  
A porch and stone is all they have  
For house and bed—whilst I am warm,  
And safe from cold and pelting storm,  
Nor sleep upon my grave.

Lord, when at morning I arise,  
And look to Thee with thankful eyes,  
Still for the wretched let me feel;  
Guide me where misery doth live,  
That I of thy great gifts may give,  
And sooth what thou must heal:

The wounds and remediless ills—  
The hunger-pangs and winter-chills  
Which outcast wretches bear!—  
I would not a hard steward be  
Of gifts thou didst intrust to me,  
Not to deny, but share!

*From the Monthly Magazine.*

## THE BRITISH EMBASSIES, AMBASSADORS, AND THEIR SALARIES.

## AMBASSADORS.

THERE are seven Classes of Embassies. So much for the arts of subdivision and contrivance, for the wants and wishes of political dependency. Of those, the first class consists of five—Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, and the Netherlands; and for each the salary and allowances are the same: the salary being eleven thousand pounds sterling a year! A sum of no less than four thousand pounds being allowed for the ambassador's outfit, and one thousand pounds a year being allowed for house rent. But this is not all. The ambassador thus showily provided for in money, must be provided for in brains; and this costs the salary of a secretary of embassy, at the rate of one thousand one hundred pounds a year, and four hundred pounds a year for a house, &c.

In this statement, which is *official*, we have omitted the infinite minor charges of all kinds, for journeys, estafettes letters, snuff-boxes, douceurs, the whole inferior tribes of attachés, &c. As it is not our purpose to enter into minute matters here, we must limit ourselves to a few general observations.

That it may be of importance to have agents at foreign courts is unquestionable. But that unless they are men of ability, vigilance and knowledge, they are useless or directly injurious, is equally unquestionable. Now, from what rank of mankind are the candidates for those five great appointments chosen? In nine instances out of ten they are peers, or chosen from the class of noble blood, the sons or immediate relatives of the peerage; and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, men less fitted for those appointments or any others, could not be chosen.

But let us look at their enormous emoluments. A place of twelve thousand pounds a year, would be an abuse, even in the high salaries of English office, and would be an enormous income even in the dearth of every article of English life. But those emoluments are not for the scale of English, but of foreign life. To take the most expensive capital of the continent: in Paris, though £300 a year will scarcely support a family better than in London, yet the proportion decreases prodigiously as the scale of property rises. A man who spends £3,000 a year in Paris, will have as much luxury for it, as he could have for £6,000 in London; because in Paris, though the necessities of life may be not much cheaper than in London, the luxuries are. The scale varies still more with the advance, and a British functionary with an income in Paris of £12,000 a year, would be on the footing of an Englishman spending in London £30,000 a year—a sum actually equal to the viceroyalty of Ireland, without any of the establishments of a court, and with scarcely any necessity for keeping up an official show.

This, no man knows better than Lord Stuart, who lives on an expenditure even ridiculously narrow, and whose notorious want of hospitality is the laugh of the English in Paris. Some

of his lordship's pursuits may be costly enough, but as they are certainly not displayed in the house of embassy, we leave them to other inquirers. This ill mannered and very niggardly personage, may make no model for diplomatic courtesy; but it is certain that one fourth of the salary would be sufficient for all the necessary hospitality, and even for all the ceremonial and show of an English embassy in Paris.

We should mention that there is no obvious allowance for a house, the British government having some years ago purchased a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré; and as the ambassador has thus no rent to pay, none is allowed; but the house requires furniture, repairs, &c., and the repairs are no trifle, for a short time since the bill amounted to fifteen thousand pounds!

Thus, between outfit, secretary, and so forth; the first year of the English ambassador in Paris, costs £16,500! and every following one £12,500, independently of the interest and repairs of his house of embassy. But we have not done with him yet. He claims a retiring pension after a term of service, and the weight of this on the country in his person, may be estimated by the extraordinary fact, that in 1816, the period when the last public returns were made, those retired pensions amounted to no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds a year!

The Embassy at Vienna has the same outfit, salary, secretaryship, &c., but with still higher advantages in point of emolument. Austria is one of the cheapest countries in Europe; and in Vienna, the English pound, even when exchange is at par, is worth very little short of four pounds in London. This would raise the ambassador's salary of £12,000, to not much less than £40,000. But the exchange is always greatly in favour of England; and the English pound is often worth half as much more from the mere depression of the Austrian money. This would raise the salary to between 50, and £60,000, on the lowest calculation; and this we pay for the services of the Duke of Wellington's brother at Vienna. His services ought to be extraordinary! Vienna is the favourite location of ministers' brothers, and no wonder.

The next in the list is Madrid, where the same allowances are made, though Spain is proverbially a country of excessive cheapness, the dollar, in Madrid, actually purchasing as much as the English pound in London; the habits of the court being remarkably secluded; those of the population, even in the higher classes, singularly frugal; the chief luxuries of life being sleep, fresh air, and cold water; and the chief expense of entertainments, consisting of cigars for the gentlemen, and lemonade for the ladies.

The Netherlands' Embassy has the 12,000*l.* a year and the same outfit, &c. The Netherlands being also proverbially cheap, as our men of broken fortunes know, and fly to them; the court being as Dutch in its habits as in its origin, and the value of English gold being as highly appreciated in Brussels, as on the counter of any usurer in Europe. At this quiet court, for ten years, resided the Earl of Clan-



carty, transacting satisfactorily all that was necessary to be done; receiving his 12,000*l.* a year, and doing his duty as well as any of his contemporaries. He was no diplomatist, and was too honest a man to pretend to any thing of the kind. But no diplomatist is necessary to play whist with the king of the Netherlands, and send his compliments, on every Sunday morning, to ask after the health of the queen. He was a much better thing; an Irish gentleman, without a particle of exaggerated passion, or restless ability in his composition; an excellent silent member of the Peers, and a Ballinasloe sheep-feeder on the soundest principles.

St. Petersburg is expensive; yet the chief expense is in show, &c., which, however, is chiefly left to the court and the noblesse of the highest rank. From these the Ambassador is exempted; the principal drain on the income of the nobles being from the multitude of servants, with whom an idle national custom, and a barbarian pride, induce them to crowd their establishments, to the amount of hundreds. But with those a stranger is, of course, unburdened; and the British Ambassador's contribution to the pomps and glories of Russian life, is generally limited to a few balls, and dressing himself and his suit in muffs and tippets, on the sight of the first snow. Nothing could exceed the courteous manners, or the moderate hospitality of Sir Charles Bagot, during his sojourn in the capital of the Czar.

The second class of the Embassies contains but Constantinople, where the salary is 8,000*l.*, and the outfit 3,000*l.*, with two secretaries—the Secretary of Embassy, with 1,000*l.* a year, and 300*l.* for an outfit, and an Oriental Secretary at 1000*l.* A palace having been given by the Sultan, after the battle of Aboukir, no allowance for house-rent is made. But, from the rate of exchange, and the cheapness of Pera, the salary may be calculated on an average of 16,000*l.* a year. But the Ambassador has other profits. The sole privilege of licensing merchant vessels, under his ambassadorial protection, is of high value; and used to produce large sums. Whether the Russian conquests and the opening of the Dardanelles will change the direction of those profits, in some degree, is a question; but, while the Porte stands, the situation of Ambassador will be commercially lucrative.

#### *Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary.*

The second order of Foreign Diplomacy are the Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary. Their mission comprehends the third, fourth, and fifth Classes.

Prussia forms the third class of embassies. The Envoy to Prussia receives 7,000*l.* a year, with an outfit of 2,500*l.*; and for house-rent 500*l.* a year. Attached to this appointment is a Secretary of Legation at 700*l.* a year, and with an allowance of 250*l.* for outfit.

The expense of Berlin is about a third of that of London. Entertainments among the men of rank are frequent, and (for the country) costly. But the British Envoy is generally some untitled dependent, exempted, by his inferiority in diplomatic rank, from the necessity

of giving entertainments, and generally extremely willing to avail himself of his lucrative immunity. The only man, during the last thirty years, who made himself in any degree conspicuous in the Prussian Embassy, was Sir George Rose, a gentleman by habit and accomplishment. His predecessor was a flighty person of the name of Jackson. Who the present Envoy may be, we leave to the research of the Court Calendar.

The fourth class comprehends Portugal, the Two Sicilies, and America. All with the same allowances. The Envoy at 5,500*l.* a year, 2,000*l.* for outfit, and 500*l.* for the rent of a house; and a Secretary of Legation at 550*l.*

Of those, Portugal was the most expensive, the exchange having been sometimes against England; though, for this, allowance has been claimed. But since the return to cash payments this can seldom occur. At present there is no English Envoy in Portugal; but Mr. Mackenzie, lately appointed Consul, may be considered as acting Minister.

The fifth class comprehends Sweden, Bavaria, Denmark, and Sardinia. The Envoy's salary being, in cash, 4,500*l.*, the outfit 2,000*l.*, and the house-rent 400*l.*; with a Secretary of Legation at 500*l.*, and for outfit 200*l.*

#### *Envoys Extraordinary.*

The Envoys Extraordinary form the third and lowest order of Foreign Ministers, and are appointed to the sixth and seventh classes of Embassy.

The sixth class contains Wirtemberg, Tuscany, Switzerland, and Saxony. The Envoy having an allowance of 3,600*l.* a year, 1,500*l.* for outfit, and 300*l.* for a house; and the Secretary of Legation having an allowance of 500*l.*, and 150*l.* for an outfit.

The seventh class is Hamburg; where the Envoy's allowance is 2,300*l.*, the outfit 1,000*l.*, and 300*l.* for a house; and the Secretary of Legation has 300*l.* a year, and 100*l.* for an outfit.

On a recapitulation, the whole of this expensive machinery costs the country, in direct salaries to the various classes of Ambassadors, 135,850*l.*

In house-rent, 9,100*l.*

In pensions to retired Ministers, 52,000*l.*

Making the formidable sum of 196,950*l.* for our higher Diplomacy.

But the affair is not done with yet; for, besides those Envoys and Plenipotentiaries, we have a host of Consuls, whose salaries amounted at the time at which the estimate was made (twelve years ago) to 30,000*l.* And since that period, Mr. Canning's poetical determination to balance the East by the West augmented the Consular ranks. The South American allowances amounting to about 20,000*l.*, and all those officials becoming successively pensioners upon the country in their retired allowance.

Nor have we yet exhausted our list; for the South American governments have been, within the last five years, honoured with Envoys, with allowances of, we believe, from three to five thousand pounds a year—but of these we have yet seen no return.

The whole Diplomatic Expenditure may be,  
2 A 2

fairly calculated, about 300,000*l.* a year, which, at the rate of three per cent., for which money can now be had, and which is nearly the rate of the government stock, is equivalent to ten millions of pounds sterling!

That this enormous expenditure will not be curtailed for any representation of ours, or any body else, we have the most positive conviction. But we have a conviction equally decided—that the whole business of England, at any court in Europe, might be transacted at a fifth part of the expenditure; and that, for 2,000*l.* a year, men might be found adequate to the utmost vigour of Lord Cowley, or Mr. Lamb, or Lord Stuart, or Sir Robert Gordon; nay, men who would transact the business with ten times the activity, ability, and knowledge, of any one of them. As to the supposition that such men would not be found to accept of the situations at the lowered salaries, we must laugh, and the Duke of Wellington must laugh as loudly as we; for he well knows what a troop of applicants wait on the steps of patronage, and how reluctantly men, even of the highest ranks, would see an office of 2,000*l.* a year slipping through their hands.

The fact is, that the whole is an antiquated abuse, which cannot be put an end to too soon. The whole diplomacy of England, and of every other country, ought to be transacted by individuals little above the rank or allowances of consuls; men not sent out to provide for them, but men accustomed to the country in which they are to have their appointments; thoroughly acquainted with the habits, the language, the prejudices, and the passions of the nation. The present system sends out an incumbrance of the Foreign Office, who knows no more of foreign life than he could learn from flirtation in the green-room of the Opera; or some dandy peer who hangs heavy on the minister's hands, and who, if he but speak the worst French that ever issued from the lips of man, and can fold a letter, looks on himself as qualified for the conduct of affairs. The system is old, and its result has been, that British diplomacy has been a proverbial subject of burlesque on the continent; that we have been admonished to our teeth, by the fact, and that the sneer has amounted to an established political maxim, that whatever the English have won by the sword, they have lost by the ambassador.

But if we are to be told that every other country sends ambassadors with high appointments to England, and that we must, in decorum, do the same to them, the answer is obvious. It was the early custom of foreign countries to send men of rank, because, from the general slavery and ignorance of those countries, men of rank were almost the only men of education, except the priesthood; and because, from the aristocratic nature of those governments, nobles were almost the only leaders of armies, ministers of state, or directors of national business. The original embassies too, were temporary, brief, and occupied with little more than the immediate object of the mission. Large expenditure was a natural concomitant of a rank equal to that of princes, and the briefness of their stay render-

ed that expenditure a matter merely temporary. Thus when the embassies became permanent, the system of rank had been settled. England, at all times a much dearer country than the continent, required a large allowance; and the English government, partly not to be outdone in liberality, gave its ambassador, in the cheap country, the same sum which was sufficient for the expenditure of the foreign minister in England. What pride sanctioned, the spirit of patronage stimulated. And on this principle we have, at this hour, an English ambassador in the Rue St. Honoré, with an income equivalent to three times the income of the French ambassador in Portland-Place.

But whatever may be the foreign necessity of looking to the noblesse for diplomatic functionaries, the necessity has long passed by in the general information and manly ability of the middle orders of England. America had the merit of first proving, that a man might be a diplomatist without supporters to his arms; and Franklin, Silas Deane, and Jefferson, managed their business as well as if their coats were covered with orders, or their pedigree dated from some imperial bastard, or Italian desperado.

The American system, thus shown to be efficient, should be instantly adopted. The American minister is seldom suspected of doing his country's business ill, though he may not make the most graceful bow at Almack's, and though he gives but few diplomatic banquets, and perhaps no balls. But his country consoles herself for the humiliation, by recollecting that he costs her but 2,000*l.* a year.

As to our offering any offence to foreign courts by substituting plain Mr. A. or B., for my Lord C. or Marquis D., every one who knows what the mind of foreign courts is on the subject, knows the idea to be an absurdity.

The fact is, that nothing would delight them, one and all, so much, as to see a total change. However we may feel the expenditure, they feel it ten times worse. No foreign court is rich; scarcely any one among them can more than pay the year; and they groan in their inmost souls at the idea of the enormous sums wrung from them by the intolerable etiquette of vying with the richest, and certainly the most wasteful, nation of Europe. Nothing would rejoice them more than to see the whole painted and gilded system that plunders them of so many thousands yearly, knocked into fragments; and, instead of the lounging coxcombs, or worn down Lord Lumbeccourts of the ministerial bench, insolent in proportion to their imbecility, to see a succession of English gentlemen in plain coats, unceremoniously attending to the concerns of England and her allies.

The breaking up of the system would be attended with the most obvious advantages to England. In the first place, its general tendency would be to substitute men who had no claim but their ability, for a race of men who had no claim but their rank. Lords and lordlings would still, of course, be found, glad to get any thing that they could get; but the great leviathans, the huge wallowers in court patronage, would fall off; the country's purse

at home, and character abroad, would be equally relieved; and for the most incapable *genus* of public pensioners, we should have able and useful men.

Another advantage would be, the thinning of that minor swarm of *attachés* which make the scoff of the English name at every foreign residence, and return to this country only to pervert public habits by foreign vices and foreign foppery. It is from this export of our raw material to return upon our hands fabricated in the foreign pattern, that we have the crowd of miserable coxcombs, whom one meets in every public place, and whose lisping and lounging, whose smatter of broken French and Italian, and whose degrading effeminacy of manner and mind, make them fitter for a coterie of French milliners, than for association with English gentlemen. This is the cigar and mustachio generation that disfigures our streets, and look more like the representatives of a community of baboons, than a portion of rational mankind.

But, with the silliest exterior of the silliest part of foreign life, they introduce evils of a more revolting nature. The idler of rank abroad has seldom more than two resources for getting rid of the burden of time—gaming and intrigue. The wretched and almost universal corruption of the higher orders abroad, gives all the requisite facilities for both; and the taste which this flower of diplomacy has learned abroad, follows him across the channel. It would be only offensive to the delicacy of the English mind, for us to enter into the results. But the perversion of manners in the higher circles since the peace, is notorious; and we know where to look for the principal cause.

Abroad, the habits and acquirements of this brood of diplomatists are proverbially puppyish, idle, and offensive. If the traveller has any difficulty to encounter, let him not go to one of the English *attachés*—the Royal Lumbertroop of ambassadorship. He will find the young official either too busy with his friseur or his guitar, or pulling on his boots to visit his favourite Countess of Bocca-grande; or immersed in writing a billet-doux to the more favourite Duquesa di Trema-mondo; or be received with a sneer, and, after lingering for his answer and his passport a week, be consigned to a valet, who consigns him to the consul, or his own banker—the luckiest thing that can happen to him after all.

The whole tribe of this coxcombery must be swept away like chaff. The Lord Fredericks and Lord Alphonso—the whole *élite* of that incomparable caste of younger brotherhood, should be cashiered, or sent back to school, and their place supplied with the educated and manly young men, who are so easily to be found in the middle classes of English life.

Mr. Peele's palpable and mean neglect of the rising ability of our colleges ought to be exchanged for a zealous cultivation of the vigorous minds that are there hourly rising into life, and from whom the true and only efficient ministers and ambassadors are to be formed. The foundation once laid in solid scholarship and manly English feeling, a few years' residence abroad in the subordinate stations of di-

plomacy, would qualify those young men for the most serious services to the State, whether at home or abroad; and the Lord Aramintas might be happily left at home to carry the pocket-handkerchiefs of the Lady Aramintas, or hang their legs out of the balcony of the Guards' club-room.

But the system, let its change of men be what it may, should be reformed in point of expense. Three-fourths of the diplomatic stations are at courts, where they are no more necessary than if they were planted in the belfry of St. Paul's. Of what conceivable importance can be a British ambassador at such courts as Sardinia, Tuscany, Saxony, Switzerland, Bavaria, Denmark, and Hamburg? What influence have such courts on either English or continental affairs? or what is there among them that could not be transacted much more efficiently by a Consul? Yet the embassies to those utterly unimportant courts cost, without considering the outfit, rent, or minor charges, in the simple salaries of the ambassador and the secretary, not a shilling less than £35,000 a-year, or a sum little short of the interest of a million.

What is the actual business of an ambassador at any of those minor courts? To deliver his credentials, and be asked to a ball at court; to give a ball in return, and thenceforward to receive the London newspapers daily, a despatch from an under-clerk of the foreign office once a month; draw his salary once a quarter; and act as master of the ceremonies to the young English of rank, who look in upon him at his hotel in the Jungferstrasse, or the Teufel's Platz, on the grand tour.

The solemn occupations of such diplomacy may be judged from the state of the Tuscan legation, where Lord Burghersh finds leisure to make an opera every three months; see it damned in his own palace, in spite of Italian pliancy; and have another ready before the laugh has expired. An ambassador thus weightily employed, naturally selects an assistant of similar faculties; and a few years ago the Italians were at once delighted and astonished by seeing his lordship select for his fellow-diplomatist, an English music-master. The thing is beyond question. The man had been a public teacher of singing in London, had even exhibited his faculties at Vauxhall, and was known in the concerts about town. The situation suited the music-master: if the pen was stubborn in his touch, the piano at least was responsive; and he threw accordingly.

It is worth while to pursue the fortunes of this lucky manipulator of crotchets and quavers. After a few years' residence at the embassy, a foolish Irish countess came in his way; she was a widow, and with a large jointure. The man of diplomacy and pianos fell desperately in love with her at first sight, as was natural. The lady had something of the ambassador's taste, and thought that a mastery of the keys must comprehend all perfection. They married, and the secretary is now master of the countess, and ten thousands a-year.

This is said in no disparagement of the man: he was a very well-behaved, well-looking, and simple performer on the piano. Nor is it said

in the slightest disparagement of my Lord Barchersb, who, though the most luckless composer on this side of the Styx, is yet a very honest and well-behaved man, for an ambassador, and in Italy too; and is by no means a contemptible performer on the piano.

But the blame is not his; if he scribbles the most unmanageable harmonies from morning till night, he has only to say, and with acknowledged truth, that he has nothing else to do; that he might have done much worse things, and that, compared to the general life of the ladies and gentlemen of all complexions round him, the most atrocious discords, or the most illegitimate counter-point, may be a virtue.

The subject is exhaustless; but we must close. Of course, no one will deny the importance of having agents at the leading foreign courts. But those agencies ought to be conducted exclusively by sensible men, and at the rate which would be the fair remuneration for a sensible man, not pampered by the ridiculous extravagance of English high life. Let us adopt the American standard in both, and perhaps we shall have our public business done as well as the American. We must "broom away," as Napoleon used to say, the whole insect brood of noble second sons, and so forth; and if we deprive noble lords of the opportunity of feeding their families at the public expense in this quarter, we may safely leave it to the peerage-instinct for the national money, to take care that they shall not starve for want of a salary in some more domestic shape.

But the grand evil is, the ruinous and profitless waste that pervades every part of the system. Of the expenditure of the inordinate sum of £300,000 a-year, two-thirds might be returned to the public, and with no less practical advantage than financial. We should have the business not merely done, with the relief of an enormous burden; but with the change of activity for indolence, and talent for hereditary blockheadism. The race of buffoons would be put out; and if fewer returned to us, degrading our manners by the fopperies of the Continent, and infecting our morals by their vices; we might be reconciled to the loss of those "gay creatures of the element," those diamond snuff-box-men, those "*dulcissimi verum*," by the recollection that we escaped an infinite mass of blunders, and saved two HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS A-YEAR besides.

*From the New Monthly Magazine.*

### THE DIVER.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

—Wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral grow,  
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;  
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,  
Thou searcher of Ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth of  
old,  
Midst wrecks where the brave have striven;

—The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,  
But thou its bars hast riven.

A wild and weary life is thine,  
A wasting toil and lone!  
Though the treasure-grots for thee may shine,  
To all besides unknown.

A weary life!—but a swift decay  
Soon, soon shall set thee free;  
Thou art passing fast from the strife away—  
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
Well are the death signs read:

—Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in Beauty's coronal  
That glistening gem shall be;  
A star to all in the festive hall—  
But who shall think on thee?

None!—as it gleams from the queen-like head,  
Not one midst throngs will say,  
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,  
For that pale, quivering ray."

Wo! for the wealth so dearly bought!  
—And are not those like thee,  
Who win for earth the gems of thought,  
O wrestler with the sea?

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,  
Where the passion-fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava-veins the fire  
That o'er bright words is pour'd:  
Learning deep sounds, that make the lyre  
A spirit in each chord!

But oh! the price of bitter tears  
Paid for the lonely power,  
That throws at last, o'er desert-years,  
A darkly-glorious dower!

As flower-seeds far by the wild wind spread,  
So precious thoughts are strew'd;  
—The soul, whence those high gifts are shed,  
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,  
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gush'd with every word?

None! none!—his treasures live like thine,  
He strives and dies with thee;  
—Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark  
shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea!

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### ON THE PORTRAIT OF WICKLIFFE.

BY DELTA.

"Had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our pro-  
lates, against the divine and admirable spirit of Wick-  
liffe, to suppress him as a schismatic or innovator, per-  
haps neither the Bohemian Husse, and Jerome, no, nor  
the name of Luther or of Calvin, had ever been known."  
*Nulton, for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

WHEN Superstition overspread the realm,  
And Truth's bright star was shaded;  
When Tyranny struggled to overwhelm  
A world by a gloom pervaded;



From out that midnight, so dark and deep,  
A voice cried, "Ho—awaken!"  
Till the sleepers aroused themselves from sleep,  
And the thrones of earth were shaken.

Wickliffe! that noble voice was thine,  
Which called the free to their stations;  
Thou gavest the light of Heaven to shine  
Again on the blinded nations:—  
When foes were many, and friends were none,  
Though pitfalls yawn'd around thee,  
On the hill of defiance aloft—alone—  
The hour of danger found thee.

I love to trace the lines of that face,  
So calm, yet so commanding;  
Thy white beard's venerable grace  
O'er thy russet vest expanding;  
Thine eyebrows so deeply arch'd—thy look  
Of serene contemplation,  
At whose kindling glance the guilty shook  
In pitiful consternation.

Methinks I note thy youthful gaze,  
Truth's holiest pages perusing,  
Where summer boughs exclude the rays,  
An emerald calm diffusing;  
I follow thy steps from bower to bower,  
Still pondering on what enthral'd thee,  
Till the bell of Merton's toll'd forth the hour,  
Which to vesper service call'd thee.

Fear never smote thy dauntless heart,  
That, spurning at craft and folly,  
Burn'd, in its ardours, to impart  
The Gospel unmarr'd and holy;  
'Mid persecution's storm it rose,  
And, triumphing nobly o'er it,  
Pierc'd through the corslet of Craft, and bore  
Superstition to earth before it.

The purple pride of the Papal See  
Could not to silence win thee;  
Its loudest thunders were less to thee,  
Than the still small voice within thee.  
In the conclave hall, erectly tall,  
'Twas thine to stand undaunted,  
'Mid threat'ning throngs, that sought thy  
wrong,  
And insolent power that vaunted.

To the death 'twas thine to persevere,  
Though the tempest around thee rattled;  
And wherever Falsehood was lurking, there  
Thy spirit heroic battled:  
And though thy bones from the grave were  
torn,  
Long after thy days were ended,  
The sound of thy words, to times unborn,  
Like a trumpet-call descended.

A light was struck—a light which show'd  
How hideous were Error's features,  
And how perverted the law, bestow'd  
By Heaven to guide its creatures;  
At first, for that spark, amid the dark,  
The Friar his fear dissembled;  
But soon at the fame of Wickliffe's name,  
The throne of St. Peter trembled!

Oh! that the glory, so fair to see,  
Should from men's eyes be shrouded;  
Oh! that the day-dawn, which rose with thee,  
Illumining all, should be clouded!

In vain have heroes and martyrs bled—  
When all that they nobly fought for  
Is recklessly given, like carrion dead,  
To the dogs, whenever sought for!!

Oh! that the lamp of Faith burns dim—  
That our public men grow cravens—  
And oh! for the spirit that burn'd in him,  
An eagle amid the ravens!  
Of the book which had been a sealed-up book,  
He tore the clasps, that the nation,  
With eyes unbandaged, might thereon look,  
And learn to read salvation.

I turn me from him—I cannot gaze  
On the calm, heroic features,  
When I think how we have disgrac'd our days—  
Poor, miserable creatures!  
And when, how we have betray'd our trust  
The sons of our sons shall hearken,  
Can it be else than that o'er our dust  
The spittle of scorn should barken!

From the Landscape Annual.

VICENZA.

Mœnia, templa, domus, et propugnacula, et arces,  
Atque alia in multis sunt monumenta locis  
Istius ingenio, et æura fabricata decenter  
Fama unde illius vivet, honorque diu. *Bressani.*

VICENZA is to be visited as the city of Palladio. It is the Mecca of architects, adorned with a hundred shrines, each claiming the devotion of the pilgrim. "Vicenza," says an excellent critic (Mr. Forsyth), "is full of Palladio. His palaces here, even those which remain unfinished, display a taste chastened by the study of ancient art. Their beauty originates in the design, and is never superinduced by ornament. Their elevations enchant you, not by the length and altitude, but by the consummate felicity of their proportions, by the harmonious distribution of solid and void, by that happy something between flat and prominent, which charms both in front and in profile; by that *maestria* which calls in columns, not to encumber, but to support, and reproduces ancient beauty in combinations unknown to the ancients themselves. Even when obliged to contend with the coarsest Gothic at La Ragione, how skilfully has Palladio screened the external barbarism of that reversed bulk, by a Greek elevation as pure as the original would admit. His Vicenti villas have been often imitated in England, and are models more adapted to resist both our climate and our reasoning taste, than the airy extravagant structures of the south."

One of the latest and most singular triumphs of Palladio's genius, is the Tetro Olimpico, or Olympic Theatre, erected at the expense of the Olympic Academy, an association formed in the sixteenth century for the promotion of polite literature. This splendid edifice, framed upon the model of the ancient theatres, exhibits, in the place of the moveable scenery which decorates modern theatres, a stationary view. Looking through the proscenium, which consists of a magnificent archway, supported by columns, the spectator sees

five several streets or approaches to the stage, formed from actual models of buildings, so framed as to imitate an architectural perspective. The centre portion of the theatre is occupied by the orchestra, and around it rise the seats in the form of an ellipse, and above the seats a range of Corinthian columns.

Another celebrated structure of Palladio is the Rotonda, so called from its containing in the centre a large circular room with a cupola. The building itself is square, having four colonnades, each of six unfluted Ionic columns, with a flight of steps and a pediment. The Rotonda is situated on the Monte of Vicenza, a hill near the city, covered with the seats and casinos of the Vicentine gentry, and which may be ascended under the cover of porticos, resembling those near Padua, and leading to the church of Madonna di Monte. The extraordinary view from the summit of the Monte has been described by Mr. Stuart Rose. The Rotonda of Palladio was imitated by Lord Burlington in his villa at Chiswick, now the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

In examining the palaces designed by Palladio, it must be remembered that the architect was frequently compelled to sacrifice his own pure and beautiful conceptions to the false taste of the persons by whom he was employed. This appears not only from an inspection of his published works, but especially, as is stated by a writer in one of our literary journals, from a collection of original drawings by Palladio, now in the possession of the Signor Pinale of Verona. Amongst those drawings are many designs for buildings which were never executed, but which are more creditable to the architect than any of his existing edifices. Amongst others, there is a beautiful design for the bridge of the Rialto. It must not be forgotten that the modest and tasteful mansion built by Palladio for his own residence, is to be seen near his most celebrated work, the Teatro Olimpico.

While residing at Vicenza, Mr. Stewart Rose witnessed the exhibition of an improvisatore in one of the halls of the Teatro Olimpico. "Two understrappers appeared upon the stage with materials for writing, and a large glass vase; one of those took down, on separate scraps of paper, different subjects, which were proposed by such of the audience as chose to suggest them. The other having duly sealed them, threw them into the above-mentioned vase, which he held up and shook before the spectators. He then presented it amongst them for selection, and different subjects were drawn, till they came to 'Alfieri alla tomba di Shakspeare,' an argument which was accepted by universal acclamation.

"The two assistants now retired, and the principal appeared in their place. He was young and good-looking, and being of opinion that a neckcloth took from his beauty, wore his neck bare, but in other respects had nothing singular in his dress, which was precisely that of an Englishman. He received the paper on entering, and immediately threw himself on a chair, from whence, after having made a few Pythian contortions, but all apparently with a view to effect, he poured forth a volley of verse, without the slightest pause or

hesitation; but this was only a prelude to a mightier effort.

"He retired, and the two assistants re-appeared; subjects were proposed for a tragedy, the vase shaken as before, and the papers containing the arguments drawn.

"Amongst the first titles fished out was that of 'Ines de Castro,' which, as no objection was taken to it, was adopted, and communicated to the improvisatore. He advanced, and said, that, as he was unacquainted with the story, he desired to be instructed in the leading facts. These were communicated to him, succinctly enough, by the suggestor of the theme, and he proceeded forthwith to form his dramatis personæ, in the manner of one who thinks aloud. These were few after the example of Alfieri. As soon as the matter was arranged, he began, and continued to declaim his piece without even a momentary interruption, though the time of recitation, unbroken by any repose between the acts, occupied the space of three hours.

"Curiosity to see how far human powers can be carried, may tempt one to go and see a man stand upon his head; but to see a man stand on his head for three hours is another thing. As a *tour de force*, the thing was marvellous; but I have seen as wonderful in this country, which is fertile in such prodigies. I recollect once seeing a man to whom, after he had played other pranks in verse, three subjects for sonnets were proposed, one of which was, 'Noah issuing from the ark;' the other, 'The death of Cæsar;' and the third, 'The wedding of Pantaloon.' These were to be declaimed, as it may be termed, interlacedly; that is, a piece of Noah, a piece of Cæsar, and a piece of Pantaloon. He went through this sort of bread and cheese process with great facility, though only ten minutes were given him for the composition, which was moreover clogged with a yet more puzzling condition: he was to introduce what was termed a *verso obligato*, that is, a particular verse, specified by one of the audience, at a particular place in each of the sonnets. This last Somerset in fetters appeared to please the spectators infinitely, who proposed other tricks which I do not remember, but which were all equally extraordinary."

In the earlier part of the present century, the Signora Fantastici was the favourite improvisatrice of the day. Mr. Forsyth has described her performances, which displayed very extraordinary powers: "She went round her circle, and called on each person for a theme. Seeing her busy with her fan, I proposed the fan as a subject; and this little weapon she painted, as she promised, 'col pennel divino di fantasia felice.' In tracing its origin, she followed Pignotti, and in describing its use, she acted and analyzed to us all the coquetry of the thing. She allowed herself no pause, as the moment she cooled, her *estro* would escape. So extensive is her reading, that she can challenge any theme. One morning, after other classical subjects had been sung, a Venetian count gave her the boundless field of Apollonius Rhodius, in which she displayed a minute acquaintance with all the Argonautic fable. Tired at last of demigods, I proposed

the sofa for a task, and sketched to her the introduction of Cowper's Poem. She set out with his idea, but being once entangled in the net of mythology, she soon transformed his sofa into a Cytherean couch, and brought Venus, Cupid, and Mars on the scene; for such embroidery enters into the web of every improvisatore."

The curious philologist who visits Vicenza will not neglect the Sette Comuni, the descendants of some northern tribes, residing amongst the hills in the neighbourhood of Vicenza, and retaining not only the characteristic habits and manners, but even the language of their ancestors. Much controversy has arisen as to the original stock from which this tribe is derived, which, undoubtedly, from the language still spoken by them, was of northern extraction. It is said that one of the kings of Denmark, visiting Italy, found that the idiom of the Sette Comuni so much resembled the Danish, as to enable him with ease to understand their language. This tribe furnishes by no means a singular instance of a community retaining the language of their ancestors in the midst of another nation. On the borders of Transylvania a Roman colony is still in existence, by whom the Latin language is familiarly spoken. A late traveller, passing through this part of the country, was awakened one morning at his inn by the entrance of a Transylvanian Boots, with a glass in his hand, who addressed him in the following words, "*Domine, visne schnaps?*" The traveller, summoning up his classical acquirements, replied by another interrogatory, "*Quid est Schnaps?*" "*Schnaps est res,*" said the Boots, "*omnibus maxime necessaria omne die,*"—presenting to him the glass of brandy.

In the neighbourhood of Vicenza a singular contrivance is described by Ray, who visited Italy in 1663. "In the same village we had also sight of the famous Ventiduct, belonging to a nobleman of Vicenza, contrived for the coolness of his palace, during the heat of the summer, to effect which channels are cut through the rocks from a spacious high-roofed grotto to the palace, so that when they intend to let in the cool air, they shut up the gate at the cave, and by opening a door at the end of the channel, convey the fresco into the rooms of the palace, each of which has a conduit or hole to receive it."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### STANZAS.

Oh! would that I could think and feel  
As I have thought and felt before;  
But that sweet season's pass'd away,  
And life's delusions charm no more!

Oh! would that I could now renew  
The sunny dreams of former years,  
When Hope forbade the heart to grieve,  
And kissed away the falling tears:

When Inspiration sketch'd the scene,  
And Fancy with cold Reason strove,  
When the young soul, with pulse unquench'd,  
Could burn to fame, or throb to love.

But now, alas! those visions fled,  
Bleak Nature has no joys for me,  
For me the rose no fragrance yields,  
The wild bird has no minstrelsie.

This sullen reckless bosom can  
By nought to Pleasure's bower be woo'd,  
Man's mirth to me is discord—nay,  
E'en Woman's gentle voice sounds rude. V.

#### THE HARP-STRING.

Thou tell'st me, when entranced I stand,  
To hear thy harp's sweet tones awake,  
It little matters if thy hand  
With hurried touch a string should break;  
Since thou canst readily restore  
With practised skill the severed tie,  
And rouse the world of sound once more  
To all its former harmony.  
Oh! versed in Music's magic art,  
Yet little versed in Feeling's thrill,  
Say, didst thou deem the human heart  
Could thus be play'd on at thy will?  
Mine with thy harshness learn'd to bear,  
But thou hast rent the chords in twain,  
And now thy life's long toil can ne'er  
Repair the shatter'd strings again! M. A.

From the Emmanuel.

#### WINTRY SUNSHINE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE beams that gild the cloudless skies  
And light the laughing hours of May,  
With all their glories less I prize,  
Than that oblique and struggling ray  
Whose milder influence kindly tries  
To cheer and warm a wintry day,  
And through dark clouds and drifting snows  
A transitory brightness throws.  
For oh! that friendly radiance seems  
Like Hope's sweet smile midst wo appearing,  
As we through Fortune's adverse streams  
A wayward course are steering;  
Or glimpses caught of joy in dreams,  
Grief's troubled slumbers cheering,  
When o'er life's ills and faded flowers  
Returns the light of youthful hours.  
Not all the splendours, passing fair,  
That hover o'er the paths of gladness,  
Can with that lonely beam compare  
That breaks the chilling gloom of sadness,  
When Fate's stern strife and torturing care  
Have wrung the tortured heart to madness,  
And Friendship's pure and lovely ray  
Sheds sunshine on our wintry way.

#### Literary Intelligence.

Illustrations of Indian Zoology, from the collection of Major-General Hardwicke, selected and arranged by S. E. Gray, in folio.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa in 1827-8, and 9, intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented.

Records of Capt. Clapperton's last expedition to Southern Africa. By Richard Lander,

his faithful attendant, and only surviving member of that expedition. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Political Life of the Right Hon. George Canning, from his acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign department, in 1822, to his Death, By A. G. Granville, Esq., late his private Secretary. In 3 vols. 8vo.

A Journal of Occurrences and Events, during a residence of nearly Forty Years in the East Indies; to be illustrated with nearly 100 plates. By Colonel James Welsh.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. A new Edition. Edited and illustrated with numerous Biographical and Historical Notes. By the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. 5 vols. 8vo.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. By his Widow. With a portrait, map, and plates. 4to.

*Voyage aux Indes Orientales, par le Nord de l'Europe, les provinces du Caucase, la Georgie, l'Arménie, et la Perse; suivi détails topographiques, et statistiques, et autres, sur le Pegare, les Iles de Java, de Maurice et de Bourbon; sur le Cap de Bonne-Espérance et Ste. Hélène, in 4 vols. 4to., with 2 folio atlases containing 200 plates; 3 vols. will contain the Narrative, and the 4th Zoology and Botany.*

A French translation of Heeren's Polity and Commerce of the Great Nations of Antiquity.

Count Segur's History of France, Vol IX., the reign of Louis XI.

M. Caille's Travels to Timbuctoo, edited by M. Jomard. In 3 vols. 8vo.

Early in January will be published, in one volume, *Consolations in Travel*; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. late President of the Royal Academy.

Principles of Geology; being an attempt to explain the former changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to causes now in operation. In 2 vols. 8vo., with plates. By C. Lyell, Esq. F.R.S., Foreign Secretary to the Geological Society.

Mr. Leigh Cliffe, Author of "Margaret Coryton," &c., announces for publication, early in the present month, a volume of Original Anecdotes, under the title of "Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters, illustrated with numerous autographs."

Nearly ready, Letters of Locke to Mr. Furby, Mr. Clarke of Chiptey, and Sir Hans Sloane; also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney and of Lord Shaftesbury, Author of the Characteristics. Edited by T. Forster, M.D., who will prefix a short analytical account of Locke's Life, Writings, and Opinions. In one volume, post octavo.

Random Records, by the celebrated George Colman the Younger, will be published in a few days. The work will, it appears, be dedicated to His Majesty.

The new Historical Romance, entitled "Darnley," by the Author of Richelieu, may

soon be expected. It is spoken of as a stirring and splendid picture of the time of Henry the Eighth, so fertile in magnificence, chivalrous adventure, and sudden political and religious changes. The celebrated festivities of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," form a conspicuous feature of that story.

The forthcoming Life and Correspondence of Sir T. Munro, the late Governor of Madras, may be said to comprehend an accurate History of India during the last forty-five years, told in the vivid language of one who writes the impressions he feels at the moment. Nor is this, we are assured, the only charm attaching to the work: his private letters to his parents, his sister, and his wife, are said to be as replete with amiability, wit, humour, descriptive talent, and single-heartedness, as his official correspondence is comprehensive of accurate and extensive information; whilst his minutes and papers upon the opening of the trade, the system of internal government, and other questions relative to the general management of British India, will be read at this moment with the deepest interest.

Nearly ready, Captain Moorson's Letters from Nova Scotia, containing Sketches of a Young Country.

In the press, Travels in the Crimea, and various parts of the Turkish Empire.

The Rev. R. Warner is about to publish a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

Mr. C. Marsh is preparing for the press a Complete General History of the East Indies.

Dr. Paris is about to publish a Life of Sir Humphrey Davy.

Mr. Banister has in the press, An Inquiry into the Best Means of Preventing the Destruction of the Aborigines, usually incident upon the Settling of the New Colonies.

The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, in two volumes, is nearly ready for publication, from the pen of Mrs. Thomson, the popular author of the Life of Wolsey, and Memoirs of Henry VIII. and his times.

The Memoirs of Madame du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France, forming three vols. of "Autobiography" is announced.

The Stuart Papers, which were brought from Rome after the death of Cardinal York, (after being so unceremoniously torn from the hands of the individual who had purchased them,) are no longer to remain in obscurity. The King, it is said, has transferred these papers to Sir Walter Scott, for examination and publication: and Mr. Lockhart, his son-in-law, is already engaged in the important duty of arranging them.

An interesting Musical work is about to appear, entitled, *Peninsular Melodies*, containing the most beautiful National Airs of Spain and Portugal, including the various measures of the Bolero, Fandango, Sequidilla, and Modinha. The work is projected by Capt G. L. Hodges, who personally collected many of the Melodies in the Peninsula. The Poetry is from the pen of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Norton, with contributions from other distinguished sources. The Melodies are harmonized by Don M. de Ledesma.



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Painted by R. Smith. R.A.

Engraved by T. Hearne.

# CONDIGNATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

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